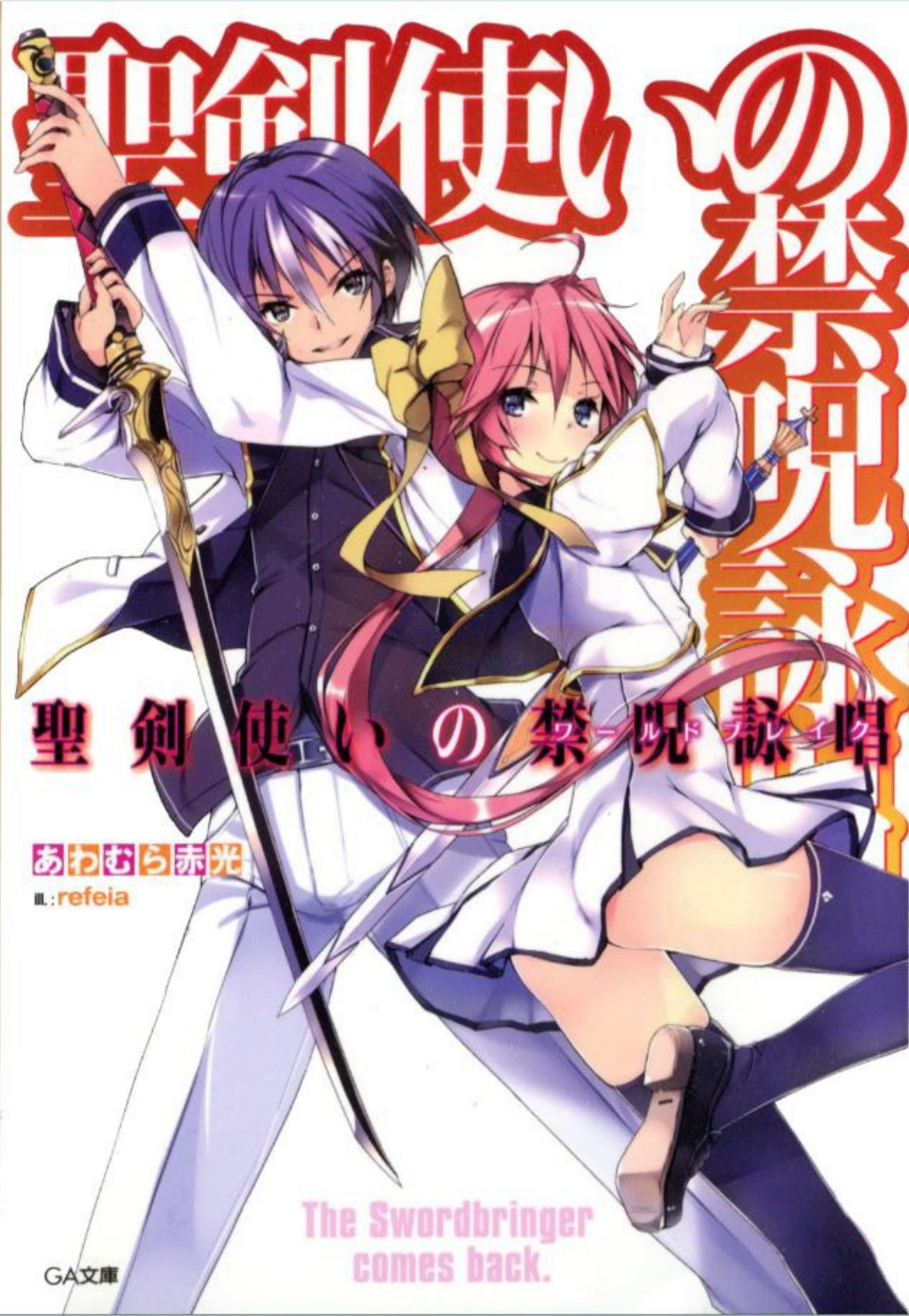
聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱



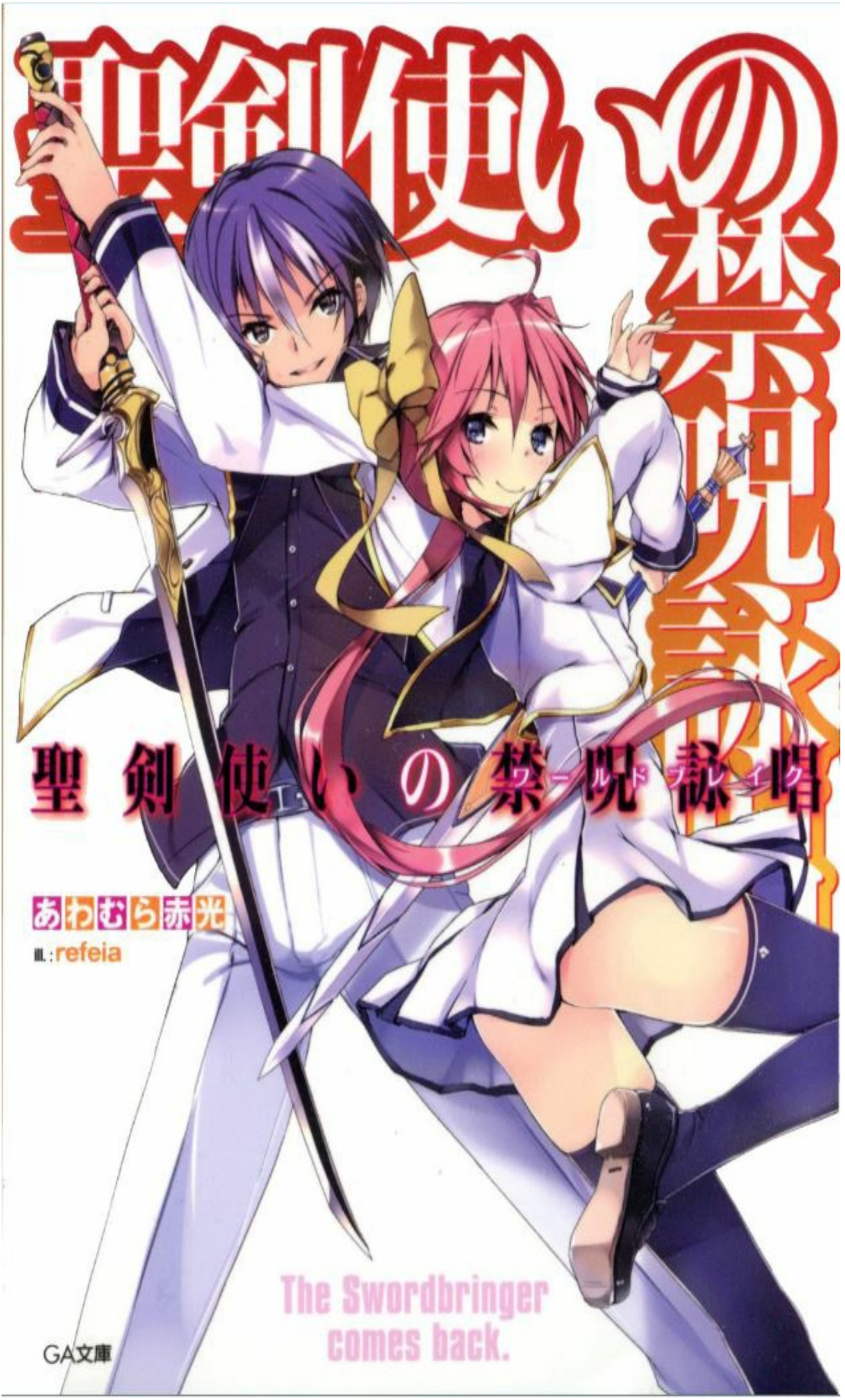
聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱（ワールドブレイク）

あわむら赤光
ill.:refeia

The Swordbringer comes back.

GA文庫

聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱



聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱（ワールドブレイク）

あわむら赤光
ill.:refeia

The Swordbringer comes back.

GA文庫

lang="en">

Seiken Tsukai no Kinju Eishou - Volume 01

Table of Contents

1. Novel Illustrations
2. Prologue
3. Chapter 1 - The School of <SAVIORS>
4. Chapter 2 - The Ideal Brother and the Unrealistic Sister
5. Chapter 3 - The Guardian of the Holy Sword
6. Chapter 4 - The Girl Named Ranjou Satsuki
7. Chapter 5 - The Dragon In Human Form
8. Chapter 6 - Rank C Promotion
9. Chapter 7 - Hell Fire, Reside In My Sword
10. Epilogue
11. Afterword

Novel Illustrations

-

  Cover

-

  Page 4

-

  Page 5

-

  Page 7

-

  Page 9

-

  Page 11

-

Page 13

-

Page 14

-

Page 26

-

Page 38

-

Page 49

-

Page 80

-

  Page 96

-

  Page 187

-

  Page 216

-

  Page 258

-

  Page 322

Prologue

'''***This is the Prologue of the third legend……'''***

Haimura Moroha is having a bizarre dream.

A beast-like roar across the battlefield, the miasma of iron hanging in the air, dry grit spreading through the mouth, the blood red dyeing the land……

A very vivid dream. Realistic enough that one can hear, smell, taste and see clearly within it.

Finally, the feel of a sword gripped in the hand. That's right, a sword.

Born a normal youth in peaceful Japan, Moroha shouldn't have any relationship with a weapon of war. In spite of this, the sword in his hand feels shockingly familiar. So much so that it feels like an extension of his body.

The beautiful holy sword with a dazzling mirror-like body is now dyed the same blood red as the land.

In the dream, Moroha is fighting alone on the battlefield, without companions. Literally, one against the multitude. Facing waves of the enemies, Moroha is just mechanically killing, killing killing—— Devoted fully to swinging his sword, he's already long lost count of his kills. Unclad in armour but protected by a white aura as dazzling as the sun; with titanic strength granted by the dense amount of prana he is generating, Moroha crashes through the battleground like a hurricane.

Even so, his attitude remains calm and unhurried, as if he is a monster that's only fulfilling its killing nature.

His brain argues that this is not his true self; yet in his heart he feels that this is his real self.

A truly mysterious feeling.

After an indeterminate amount of time, the massacre stops——Moroha finds himself the only person standing.

Surrounded by mountains of corpses the wind blows, whistling a haunting victory anthem.

Covered with wounds and with shaking legs, Moroha starts on his first steps home. A lone journey to the battlefield, a lone journey back —— is not what happened. From the distance, a white horse speeds towards him on thundering hoofs.

On the horse rode a beautiful girl.

Sparkling blue eyes, like stars scattered over the ocean.

Obviously highborn at one glance, with her elegantly cut white gown.

Ignoring high society etiquette by riding a horse in that gown, one can guess her to be a spirited, competitive personality.

“Fraga! Fraga Onii-sama!”

The girl calls out in a stern yet cute voice.

That’s Moroha’s name in the dream. Moroha smiles when he recognizes the person.

The dense fighting will and killing intent still coiling around his body disperse like mist.

“Salacia, didn’t you listen when I said not to carelessly come to the battlefield alone?” Like a chance meeting on a street, he nonchalantly calls out to the girl.

“Fraga, you also didn’t listen. Didn’t I beg you many times not to go to war alone?”

The girl—— Salacia jumped down the horse and hugs Moroha passionately. “Are we really that unreliable? Am I a burden?” Salacia complains as she proceeds to beat on Moroha’s chest.

Moroha scratches his head but seems to give tacit agreement by his silence.

“I know… Fraga is the Guardian of the Holy Sword. The Strongest Swordsman!” Salacia cries out emotionally in a rough voice.

“Still…even so…” Salacia looks at Fraga with tears gathering in her shining eyes. “I will worry for Fraga; so please forgive my impertinent remarks.”

While she is crying, Salacia desperately leans against him on her tiptoes. Moroha gently rubs her on her head.

“It’s fine. I should be the one asking for forgiveness. For you to worry and fear for me is such a sinful joy.”

Moroha gently kisses away her tears as Salacia starts blushing lightly.

“Do you love me?” She asked.

“I am able to fight only because of you.” He replied.

This bloody battlefield they are standing in is all for the sake of this girl.

To Moroha, she is his entire world.

“Please continue to worry for me. In return, I promise you this: no matter how difficult the battlefield, no matter how strong the enemy, no matter how far we are, even if fate threatens to tear us apart ——“ Moroha whispers softly into Salacia’s ears…

“I will always be victorious and return to your side.”

Salacia lowers her gaze as her blush deepens all the way to the tip of her ears. Moroha suddenly hug her tightly with his free left arm. Surprised, Salacia raises her gaze to meet his.

Their faces are close enough to feel each others breath. Without hesitation, she moves her face closer to Moroha’s.

As if to seal their promise, their lips——

With that, the dream ended and Moroha woke up.

◆◆◆

Fraga’s senses and thoughts dissolve along with the dream.

Yawning, Moroha chases away his sleepiness and reorganizes his thoughts.

“What a shame.”

The interrupted kiss that was just reaching the interesting part was all a

dream.

Moroha returns to reality, that is, the auditorium of the Independent high school, Akane Academy.

Although Moroha is a freshman, not a nervous vibe can be detect from him. In fact, even before the welcoming ceremony was halfway through, he was already napping in his chair. Still, it's not because he is being arrogant or anti-social.

It's just his natural state.

While this may be a paradox, he is the type that appears relaxed and casual in his attitude, but is surprisingly focused on his goals. And his small, small goal is to peacefully go through the next three years of high school without any major demerits.

Moroha is that kind of guy.

Swallowing back a second yawn, he rubs his eyes and slowly opens them, and was immediately stunned.

Unexpectedly, a beautiful face is right in front of him, close enough that they are breathing on each other.

Sparkling eyes, like stars scattered over the ocean.

These eyes are staring steadily at him as her whole body is leaning over the seated Moroha as if to cover him up.

The whole situation is screaming "Let's kiss."

It's like a continuation of his interrupted dream. Blue and black —— while the color is different, the girls' eyes are exactly the same as Salacia's.

Moroha quickly inspects the girl.

She's wearing the school-issued uniform for female and pinned on her small chest is a name tag written: **[1-1 (White) Ranjou Satsuki]**.

Mahora is also a Year 1 Class 1 student, thus it seems like she's a classmate. Still, although it's obvious, her name is not Salacia.

What the hell is going on? What's with this intimate distance?

While Moroha is frozen, the girl's —— Satsuki's face is looming closer.

Could that regretful interruption of the dream kiss be continuing in reality? Is that even possible?

Just thinking of the softness of those bud-like lips, his heart starts pounding and a squeak escape his throat. He reflectively closes his eyes, awaiting the moment.

“BANG”

As if using a blunt instrument, Satsuki swings her forehead back, and then forward hard into his. “…….?”

The supposed kiss, was actually a headbutt.

What was supposed to be lip to lip, was actually forehead to forehead.

What was supposed to be an expression of love, was actually a declaration of hostility.

Feeling overwhelmed, Moroha groans in a mixture of shock, disappointment and pain.

“Are you awake now?” Satsuki asked in a sarcastic voice.

Her rare, cute voice rang out like a clear bell. What a waste.

Holding her arms, the single ponytail tied on the left side of her head swaying around like a whip.

“What are you trying to do all of a sudden…?” Moroha glared at her while holding his forehead.

“It’s punishment. For rude people who sleep shortly into the welcoming ceremony,” declared Satsuki, looking down on him while emitting intense pressure.

“Everyone has already left for their classroom, but you are still dozing away. It’s simply unbelievable.”

The more than 100 freshmen had already disappeared, leaving an empty hall.

“I hate people with no enthusiasm.”

“Isn’t a headbutt too much just for that reason?”

“I was also enraged because you seem to be expecting something else.”

“About that, I apologize.”

“That’s right. Plus I already have someone I like.”

True. No way in the world would an unknown girl suddenly come up and give you a kiss.

Moroha sincerely reflected on his expectations.

“It’s not that I have no enthusiasm.” After reflecting, he feels that he should explain himself.

“It’s just that the principal’s welcoming address was too long, and I doze off unknowingly. I will be motivated from now, so please spare me.”

“Her speech wasn’t that long.” Although he has already lowered his head, it only resulted in Satsuki’s reproach.

Her upturned eyes started burning with zeal.

Moroha smiles bitterly. The girl is beautiful, even when piqued her attractiveness is not lowered.

(Ahhhh~. How should I appease her?)

Giving up on further protest, he started musing on how to escape from this situation. But —— “ The principal said this.” Satsuki starts orating with elation.

“ 'We are the <Saviors> specially chosen from everywhere in Japan. Ones who possess power. Thus, we cannot never forget our responsibilities and duties which must be taken up! Our gifts must be used for justice…….' That’s what the principal said. Don’t you think its valuable input?”

Satsuki, who is getting more excited as she goes on, started twisting her body. Originally holding her arms, it became like hugging herself with her face flushing red.

Moroha is shocked to silence.

(“Cannot understand. Totally cannot understand”). He swallowed back those words that he wanted to say.

Still, Satsuki notices his cold, pitying eyes and gives a cough. Feeling the near loss of her dignity, she tries to cover it up by extending a finger upward.

“So…so in conclusion. As you are a <Savior>, you must be a great person in your past life? Thus, have some awareness and train yourself seriously. Since we are classmates, let’s work hard together.”

A totally enthusiastic statement. She must be a kind person at heart to want to have a good relationship even with those that she dislikes for slacking.

Moroha scratches his head and his displeasure disappears.

“If you fall asleep again, I will start scolding,” says Satsuki as she smiles brightly for the first time.

A smile as bright as the sun, like pouring out from the boundless energy in her body. For Moroha, or anyone else, they’ll be charmed by that smile.

“Please take care of me from today onwards.”

Satsuki stretchs out her hand and Moroha holds it without hesitation.

When their hands touch, suddenly —— a familiar feeling shoots through him, sharp enough to tear at his heart. Even so, this feeling is relaxing. Like a migratory bird returning to nest after a long flight.

What is this? Moroha is thrown into confusion.

Satsuki’s smile froze.

“My brother once said……” Satsuki starts talking as if in a trance, face flushed as if feverish.

“No matter how difficult the battlefield, no matter how strong the enemy, no matter how far we are, no matter if fate threatens to tear us apart…”

To Satsuki’s words, Moroha never expected himself to reply automatically: “I will always be victorious and return to your side.”

A deep silence descends.

In the empty auditorium, Moroha and Satsuki stared at each other.

Like lovers reunited after being torn apart by fate and lost throughout time and space, they stared at each other.

That silence was broken by the school bell.

“You are Salacia right?” Moroha ask confidently.

His first impression of Satsuki, that sudden feeling of familiarity……did not appear to be wrong.

“Are you……Fraga?” Satsuki asked in a hoarse voice.

By saying each others name, hope turned to affirmation.

“Fraga……Fraga……” Satsuki looked as if her fondest dream has come true.

Her tearing gaze at Moroha turned hotter, and she says: “I had a feeling that I would find you here….”

Satsuki pulls the hand she’s holding towards her chest, as if a priceless treasure.

However Moroha’s expression turns bitter as he looks at Satsuki, who has totally switched to maiden-in-love mode, and says,” Sorry, but I don’t really have much recollection of my past life.”

Moroha strongly feels that it’ll be dishonest and unfair to her if he does not make that clear.

“Eh?”

Satsuki suddenly drops Moroha’s hand that she had been holding on to preciously just a moment ago.

“Really? You really don’t remember? How you were praised as the best in swordsmanship and Plana mastery? The strongest Guardian of the Holy Sword in any generation? How you destroyed the armies of the Empire almost single-handedly?”

At her frantic questions, Moroha just shake his head.

All those accomplishments seemed so unreal that he never bothered to take note of them.

Satsuki paused, and whispers with a horrified face:

”Did you forget…..about me?”

“I’m sorry,” replied Moroha. Satsuki’s face turned white.

“Didn’t they explain right at the start of the ceremony? About how much one can recall their past life is dependent on the individual. For me, I almost have no recollections,” Moroha tried explaining in a vague manner.

“In certain point of view you may be right to say that I’m unfaithful. Am I…I mean Fraga, in my past life……lovers with you?” Moroha asked delicately.

Salacia expression turns sickly.

(What a waste when she so pretty….), Moroha can only bemoan silently.

Still, her childish behavior was really interesting and cute,

“No, we were nothing of that sort,” Satsuki angrily turned her head to the side, with the side ponytail swinging along.

“You were JUST my Brother and I was JUST your younger sister,” grumbled Satsuki, still not looking at him.

“I see. Did you call me Onii-sama?” Moroha tried to remember the dream he just had.

“I can’t say with that atmosphere…..we're of a pair of siblings.” (“I can’t say that given that atmosphere…we were JUST of a pair of siblings.”) “That’s not true. We were JUST a normal pair of siblings.”

Satsuki is emphasizing the word “JUST” again.

Their behaviours were more akin lovers in Moroha’s opinion.

(Still, if she says so, it should be true…I guess?) Moroha thought as he completely let his doubts show on his face.

At his expressions, Satsuki screams out, "Irritating! We were not in that kind of relationship!"

Just when he wanted to mentioned that she is finally facing him again, Satsuki’s eyes tighten in anger.

A full posture of denial——tightened fists, thrown back shoulders, angry loud voice.

“ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! THERE IS NOTHING! WE DIDN'T GO OUT ON DATES WHEN WE HAD FREE TIME! WE DIDN’T KISS……” She screamed out with her full strength.

“……AND WE ABSOLUTELY DIDN’T FALL INTO A FORBIDDEN LOVE!”

Moroha’s mind goes blank.

He wasn't looking for trouble, but he definitely had stepped on a landmine and is now stuck in an awkward situation.

He can only think that the world is playing some kind of a joke on him.

This is not the time to be fantasizing. But looking at the steaming Satsuki who is covering her mouth with both hand and a look of [Oops, I said it]; he cannot help but recall that scene in his dream again.

"……"

Silently looking at each other, and simultaneously looking away.

Satsuki with a flustered face, and Moroha looking everywhere but her.

The mood is really awkward and embarrassing, and cannot be easily escaped.

Moroha is looking everywhere in a desperate hope for something in the surrounding to allow him to escape——and he found it.

Behind where Moroha was sitting, further to the back of the hall.

Originally thought to be an empty auditorium, is another girl sitting on a chair, sleeping.

"Ummm, hey…over there."

"Ah…there's another rude person! I need to go wake her up!"

At Moroha's pointing finger, Satsuki leaped towards the new target. Like partners in crime, both are in tune with each other for a way to gracefully exit the situation just now.

Both moved quickly to the side of the sleeping girl.

◆◆◆

The girl is a beauty who easily matched Satsuki. If one were to make a comparison, Satsuki would be the energetic and cheerful type, while this girl is the graceful and serene type. Even at this location, sitting on a metal frame chair, she's still very charming.

Long black hair flowing over the chair back, her looks just makes you want to sigh in appreciation. To the extent that one would think of her as a work of art by some master craftsman.

The name tag on her chest states:

[1-1 (Black) Urushibara Shizuno]…

It seems that this girl is also a classmate.

Subsequently, after looking at the name tag, even if you are unwilling you will notice it. This beautiful girl that's like a doll has a huge chest that's straining the limits of the front of her uniform. In terms of their sensuality or voluptuousness, they cannot be said to be compatible with her quiet beauty. Still, maybe due to the sharp contrast, the overall image can only be called super sexy…

Moroha inadvertently glanced at a certain location on Satsuki.

It's a pity that it's flat.

Strictly speaking, there are some slight curves. Yes there are. But, after looking at the charming curves of Shizuno, you'll feel that Satsuki's slight, slight shapes are just an afterimage.

"What are you comparing, Fraga?"

Satsuki is frowning at him. How…how sensitive!

"I'm called Moroha."

"Don't evade the question! Also, Fraga is Fraga."

"Satsuki, I won't reply you if you don't call me Moroha.

"…If I call you Moroha, can I go berserk?"

"I sincerely apologized. Please have some mercy…WAIT."

Moroha's tone and eyes became sharper.

Sensing his seriousness, Satsuki lowered her raised fists.

Moroha is staring fixedly at Shizuno.

"Ummm,ummmm, Moroha? This…this girl……." Looks like Satsuki also noticed it.

Both of them concentrated on Shizuno.

Her eyes are closed, but what's alarming is that there's totally no breathing motion on her packed chest. It looked like…Moroha forced down his rising panic, and rushed forward to check on her condition. Supporting himself on her chair, he lean down and put his face in front of hers.

Her neck is so white that one could not imaging that there's blood flowing under the skin.

(You are joking. Tell me this isn't happening…)

If there is no breathing, then the situation is bad……

Moroha, with no hesitation, moved his ear right in front of the motionless Shizuno's lips.

Is Shizuno still breathing?

"Shu…Saura……"

A tiny exhalation with her voice. She's alive!

Moroha is surprised, but before he can think further, his head is grabbed on both side.

Gently but firmly his face is pulled right to the front of Shizuno's face.

Having Waken up silently and stealthily, her eyes are already opened.

Those deep dark orbs are concentrated on Moroha's features.

The only unnerving part is her ice-like face. While her sleeping expression is like that of a doll, when awake she's like a Noh Mask, totally no expression.

"Good morning…… Darling……"

Then, Shizuno's face came closer slowly.

(Another headbutt?)

What a lousy day this is. Moroha wanted to hold his head and lament. Still, with his head grabbed tightly by Shizuno, he can't move an inch.

At least he can braced himself for the impact——

[Chu…]

Shizuno’s lips lightly touch Moroha’s. What an unexpected development.

Moroha took a few seconds to realize that he just experience what’s known to society as a [kiss].

Thus, while he’s enjoying the allure, temptation and physical feel of a girl’s lips ——

“WHATWHATWHATWHATWHATWHATWHATWHATWHATAREYOUDOINGGGGGG RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR SISTER??????!!!!!!!!!” Satsuki suddenly seized Moroha from the back. Intending to physically separate his from Shizuno’s side, but——

“Wait Wait Wait. In any case, both of you keep away from me.” Moroha back-pedaled away from the two girls, pulling his head out of Shizuno’s grip too.

No time to dwell on the lingering feeling of that kiss.

(What a waste.) Moroha feels like crying.

Regardless, an angry Satsuki is no joke. Like a demon, she pursues him relentlessly: “How dare you, in front of me and to other girls, ki…ki….ki……..kiss! You…you unfaithful playboy!”

Moroha tries to mount a defense: “What do you mean in front of you? If we are brother and sister, there’s no need for you to get angr-”

“This is this and that is that!” Satsuki interrupted Moroha’s excuses.

Like a sonic weapon, the assault from left and right threatens to blow out Moroha's eardrums.

What this and that? Why is Satsuki so angry? Totally cannot comprehend.

"Fraga, that bastard! What did he do to you in your previous life…?"

"It's easier to list down what he didn't do to me!"

"Fraga, that bastard. Don't tell me he's a villain…?"

"That's right! I was driven to tears many times by him. In fact I feel like crying now!"

"Really? What an evil person……"

"Don't talk like it's none of your business! It's obviously you who did those things!"

"I already said I don't remember."

"You are talking like a politician. Are you trying to act dumb. You Heart-breaker!"

Listening to Satsuki's complains, Moroha is reaching his limits.

(I'm only 15 years old. It's a first to be called a heart-breaker…." Obviously clueless, Moroha can only sigh in his heart. Being scolded fiercely for no reason, yet he can't do anything.

"ZZZZzzzzzz……."

"Don't go back to sleep!"

I got into trouble because of you. Moroha cannot help but palming his face.

"Hey! Wake up, you succubus."

Luckily, Satsuki has switched her target and is roughly shaking Shizuno awake.

"You! What were you trying to pull seducing my Fraga?" (My Fraga….) How much of a brocon is she? Although Moroha had long since discarded the notion that Satsuki is a normal sister "I mistook the person," reply Shizuno expressionlessly when she was forced awake by Satsuki's roar of rage.

"You would kiss someone you mistook?"

“I was half-asleep.”

“You would kiss someone while half-asleep?”

“Why are you so agitated?”

“Even me, I’ve not been kissed in this life yet! How dare you jump the queue?”

Originally thinking that Satsuki would continue to rage further, instead she became a shivering, crying lump. What a temperamental girl with her rapid mood swings.

“…Really?” In contrast, Shizuno remains cool and expressionless.

Her thoughts hidden, Shizuno looks towards Moroha.

“Me……?” Moroha pointed at himself.

Shizuno nodded her head, and asked:

"How were my lips?"

“Are you asking me for feedback?”

"It’s for future reference."

“What are you trying to practice for? In any case, why aren’t you in shock or anything?”

“Not really. It’s not like I lose anything.”

Shizuno replied unconcernedly, while Moroha felt his face stiffening.

(Come to think of it. This person actually went back to sleep after with no care or concern.) Moroha, like facing a fearsome beast, looked carefully at Shizuno.

“——It’ll decrease.”

“What will?”

“Your value as a girl will decrease. Please take more care.”

“Your words are very amusing.”

“In any situation, I believe that it’ll be your words that are funny.”

Although broken out of his pacing by Shizuno, looking at her calm beauty, Moroha decided that he should just let it go.

Shizuno twitched her mouth and revealed lovely dimples. Although she looks like an introvert, it's still a very bewitching smile.

(Obviously a natural-born beauty, don't always keep an expressionless face. What a waste.) Moroha muttered in his heart.

"Then, if it happens again, I shall try to be surprised."

"Please do."

"Like this?"

Saying that, Shizuno woodenly gave a monotone "Ahhhh", clapping her cheeks with both hands.

"That's great. PERFECT." Moroha casually clapped a few times.

"My value as a girl didn't decrease, right?"

"It went up in a straight line," Moroha replied jokingly.

While harmlessly joking around, this is proving to be quite fun. Moroha really thought that.

"Why are the two of you looks like you are enjoying yourselves? Even though it's your first meeting?"

Moroha heard this very displeased voice. For Satsuki who was temporarily pushed out of the scene, she started expelling her angst as only a young girl could, with tears in her eyes.

"How are you going to recompense me," demanded Satsuki as she turn her reproachful gaze at Shizuno.

Shizuno, as if the matter doesn't concern her at all, turned her head away.

Moroha then realized he had been setup. A setup to point Satsuki's anger at him via introducing a flammable subject into their conversation.

"Ah…no…..that is……"

How do you explain away this awkward situation? Just when Moroha is groping for words……

"Why are you so heartless to me? Onii-sama is an idiot! Dummy! Two-Faced

Shape-shifter[1].

“Two-Faced Shape-shifter…..”

“If you like that woman so much, just marry her!” After that salvo, Satsuki ran out of the auditorium crying.

It ended up being a mess from beginning to the end.

“A person as tempestuous as a storm.”

Regarding Shizuno’s statement, Moroha can only agree.

Then——

“Shall we go? Since we are in the same class, it should be the class meeting after this?

“I’ll stay here for a while longer.”

“You’ll be late.”

“That’s my intention,” reply Shizuno calmly as she leaned back on her chair. “Everyone has gone over earlier, are you the same type as them?”

“If possible, I would like to spend my school life in an orderly manner.” Moroha expressed his sincere wish.

(It’s not easy to get into a school that provide free tuition and amenities. I cannot let this chance go to waste.) This is Moroha’s opinion.

“I see. It's the opposite for me.”

On the other hand, that was what Shizuno said. Still, in Moroha’s eyes, she does not seem like a delinquent girl. If you have to state it, it’s more like she is a person who is extremely indolent, more specifically——a person who is weary of the world.

(Hmmmm. Anyway….)

He doesn’t really want to nag at anyone.

“So I’ll make a move first. By the way, can I ask you a question?”

Shizuno nodded her head.

“Those words in your dream. Did you mentioned Shu Saura?”

“It’s just meaningless sleep talk,” Shizuno replied after a short hesitation.

“Really? Still, although it’s embarrassing, can you listen to what I have to say without laughing at me?”

Moroha was going to scratch his head after saying that, but thought better of it. Changing his mood, he asked a question with a serious expression.

“Were you the <Witch of the Netherworld>?”

Shizuno’s expression remained frozen.

Like a Noh Mask, you cannot penetrate her defenses or guess her thoughts.

Still, Moroha strongly states:

“In my dreams, I was known as <King of the Netherworld The Pluto>, Shu Saura.

Moroha frequently dreamt bizarre dreams.

According to explanations from Akane Academy, those are fragments of memories from his past life.

And, in his dreams——

Sometimes he is called Fraga.

Sometimes he is known as Shu Saura.

That’s right. Although minute fragments, it’s undeniable.

Moroha has memories of 2 past lives.

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

1. ↑ **Bunbuku Chagama:** She actually called him a Bunbuku Chagama, which is a Japanese folklore about a shape-shifting Tanuki. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bunbuku_Chagama

Chapter 1 - The School of <SAVIORS>

The one, single reason why Moroha successfully entered the private Akane Academy: He is a special person.

Not in the present, but in an ancient time tens of thousands of years ago…….

Not on Earth, but in a distant galaxy hundreds of millions light year away…….

As a hero, battling endlessly.

A special person who had such a previous life.

With dreams as a medium to experience memories of their past life—— their heroic actions, thoughts and accomplishments; Possessors of indomitable souls that literally resisted the eons of grinding from the sands of time, until finally reincarnating into the world again, these people are known as <SAVIORS>.

Akane Academy is a school that only accepts and trains students who are <SAVIORS>, and Moroha is one of them.

His aptitudes were discovered in his third year of middle school. After listening to explanations from the relevant authorities, he was admitted into this school.

Barely into his high school life and he already suffered a shock.

Satsuki, known as Salacia in her previous life, was Fraga's younger sister.

To meet her again in spite of the unimaginably low odds involved in reincarnation, Moroha can only believe in the hands of fate.

Of course, it's also impossible for him to treat Satsuki as his sister immediately.

As Moroha walks into the classroom, he has eye contact with the seated Satsuki, who immediately turns her head away.

Looks like she's still angry.

Still, in no time at all, Moroha felt her hot, burning gaze on him. A girl who cannot be honest with herself.

(Really. Something really amazing happened just now after the welcoming ceremony.) Moroha can only smile bitterly.

Anyway, let's ignore all that, looks like the first class meeting is starting. Since Moroha had not sorted out his thoughts and feelings yet, he decided to ignore them temporarily.

In the Year 1 Class 1 classroom, everyone is sitting according to their class number. Moroha is seated in the middle of the last row.

There's exactly 30 students in the class, and everyone's a <Savior>. Perhaps due to their awareness of the importance of first impressions, everyone looked filled with confidence and ambitions. An attitude not expected from highschool students.

(In comparison……)

Moroha distractedly looked at the man standing the lectern. An unremarkable man around 40s, with black rim glasses and a side-parting hairstyle. An unhappy face just like that of a tired office worker.

"For this 1 year, I will be the teacher in charge of this class. My name is Tanaka Taro so let's get along."

Even the name is unremarkable. "Although this is a refresher, please pay attention. As all of you are special, please have the self-awareness and train hard during the 3 years of high school to become an outstanding <Savior>——"

After hastily doing his introduction, Tanaka started on a heavy topic.

Most of the students in the class were sitting upright and paying close attention on the lecture.

Moroha had never attended those private schools with entrance exams before, so he guessed that the mood of those schools is similar to this one?

The serious atmosphere is poles apart from the relaxed normal public schools he was attending up until last year, so he's having some trouble adapting. Now he is ashamed of himself for taking lightly Satsuki's warning to him not to fall asleep.

(Maybe I've been fooling around too much.)

Ok, I should buck up now.

"Universally known as the <Ancestral Arts>, those are the miraculous powers

that everyone used in their previous life. In this life, you should ultimately be able to wield it easily and effortlessly. Maybe you will have some doubts on that since you are not able to manifest anything now, that maybe you do not have the ability? Not to worry, me and the other sensei will patiently teach you all how to access your talents. As the first year concentrates on getting the basic down firmly, the lessons may be repetitive and boring, but I hope that everyone will put forth their best efforts……”

The miraculous powers used in the previous life, known as <Ancestral Arts>.

Hearing that, Moroha recalled scenes of Flaga’s fight.

The pure white aura swirling around the body; exhibiting superhuman abilities and martial powers. If you really can tap into that power, it’s not too far-fetched to call it miraculous.

Moroha softly clenches and unclenches his fists.

Similarly, several students were looking at their hands and doing the same thing.

Shooting a glance at the seat beside the corridor——Satsuki is busy taking down notes, probably writing down Tanaka’s words.

(Sensei already said that this is a refresher. Isn’t what he said already written down in the school introduction guidebook distributed before the start of the school term?

Although she could be considered the most serious and enthusiastic in the class, her attitude is dangerously entering the realm of comedy.

“Even so, when everyone is independent, you will be solicited to enter the <The Ord
White Knight Order> as an official member, and help to battle the <Metaphysical>.

“Sensei?” A male student raised his arm.

After Tanaka determined his name in the class register and called him, the student stood up respectfully. Moroha paid attention to this student who looked to be full of vigor.

“About that so-called <Metaphysical>, does it really exist? Before we entered

the school, the explanation was kind of vague and we were told that more details would be given in Akane Academy.

“Ah. I would like to know more too.”

“Is it really giant monsters?”

“Ya. These few years, the internet is rife with various postings like {I’ve been attacked by monsters, any questions for me?} or {My house is burned down by monsters. My life is over ＼(^o^)／.} Are you referring to those kinds of stuffs?”

Since one student asked, various other students also jump onto the wagon. Although more rowdy compared to the respectful tone shown by the initial student, the other students seems to be in good spirits.

Tanaka nods his head as he answers the students’ questions.

“Yes, about that. That information is considered classified as decided by the United Nations during secret meetings. Since this includes not letting the general public becoming aware of the existence of <Saviors> like all of you, of course the <Metaphysical> information is not widely known.” Although rumors or word-of-mouth from victims cannot be totally prevented, related information is never shown on the mass media. Naturally, as people connected to Akane Academy, we are also banned from leaking relevant information to outsiders.”

“Sensei, does that mean you have the relevant information?”

Tanaka nodded his head, took out and starts to operate a remote control.

In the midst of surprised cries from the students present, the blackboard at the front of the classroom split in half straight down the middle. Whirling on mechanical rails, the split parts slide to the left and the right, revealing the giant LCD screen hidden within the walls.

(What the hell. That’s so cool.) Moroha was touched by this scene.

“So then, although this is only a short video, let’s all have a look.”

Tanaka started the display.

(What kind of school did I enter? Ah….Ah……..). Moroha rest his face in his hands as he concentrated on the screen.

A view of the ocean filled the screen.

Loud whirling sound, it seems the video was taken on board a helicopter from a rather high altitude.

(Isn't there any closer view?) — No one demanded this.

That's because one look is all everyone needed to know how dangerous the scene was.

A massive mega-tonnage cargo ship lied capsized on its side and entangled by a monster. This means, the monster is more massive than the giant ship, and is so strong that it can flip the cargo ship to one side.

A quick description of the monster would be that of a headless squid or octopus, else a starfish with dozens of limbs.

A massive maw in the middle of the body with many bloody teeth gashing together.

Those massive limbs or tentacles are undulating constantly and wrapping around the cargo vessel. The massive steel frames that were strongly designed to withstand oceanic storms are now moaning in distress, and apparently on the verge of collapse.

The view is so disgusting it makes one want to throw up, though everyone in class is staring fixedly at the screen. It may be too much for some students, as some are holding their handkerchief to their mouth.

Moroha is thinking:

So that's a <Metaphysical>.

A monster that does not belong on this world, any place on Earth or any other natural environment.

"In all the <Metaphysical> that appeared in our country, that sea monster was the biggest ever recorded," Tanaka started lecturing to the class.

"During that battle, over a hundred <Saviors> were deployed, led by one of the <Six Heads>, the <White Knight Order> Japan Branch Head, Suruga Andou. Even so, it was a life and death battle that took more than 4 hours before the monster was destroyed. Although up til now <Metaphysical> would not appear

frequently, but when one does appear, only <Saviors> are capable of battling it. I hope all of you can engrave this into your heart.”

How many people, excluding Moroha, actually heard any of that?

Most of them are watching the screen with their mouth opened.

Dozens of <Saviors> with bloodthirsty faces rushed to battle the Dreadnought Class <Metaphysical>.

They are all super-humans, wrapped in flaring auras and running on the water effortlessly, wielding various weapons skillfully. Not only that, military helicopters were hovering in the airspace, carrying many other <Saviors> using dark arts, raining down lightning bolts like rain.

Is this the power of <Saviors>? The video clip playing in front of them is too shocking for words.

Even so, in front of the Dreadnought Class <Metaphysical>, they all looked like ants fighting a lion.

Maybe everyone in class is imagining themselves to be one of those ants.

After that clip, the screen continued to show various other clips of other <Metaphysicals>.

A giant double headed snake breathing clouds of poison, a giant ape with 6 arms that emits fire and a feline that can camouflage itself like a chameleon. While they are not as enormous as the cargo-ship crushing sea monster, they are still impressive monsters with high fighting abilities.

When an imposing 4-eyed humanoid giant appeared, everyone held their breath.

[<Metaphysical> suddenly appeared 6 years ago. Where did they come from? What’s their life-cycle? Even now we have no answers to those questions. What we do know is that they are drawn to assaulting populated areas, and that the only thing that can stand against them is us <Saviors>.]

The entire video presentation took about 10 minutes. During that time, the class was silent as a tomb.

What a surprise——Moroha looked around, feeling slightly depressed.

The entire class is now as solemn as a wake. Where did the boisterous high school spirit disappear to?

Fights with various strange and alien monsters. Moroha had experienced those many times in his dreams. He had originally thought that everyone here was the same, since everyone appeared so confident just now. He even felt that there might be some who would proclaim they are itching to have a go at those foes.

“Ah, my bad. I seemed to have frightened you all a little bit. <Metaphysical> may be strong and fearsome, but we have the advantage of numbers. We have also developed many tactics involving swarming the enemy and supporting each other, slowly and carefully whittling away at the enemy no matter how much time it takes. In this manner, it’s actually quite rare if someone dies in battle. And this school is founded to train you sufficiently in those tactics. As you are special, you are important personnel of the country. We will not carelessly abandon any of you, so please do not worry——”

Tanaka pretended not to notice the change in the mood, and tried to continue the class meeting via brute force.

The initial male student sitting near the windows is slump against his seat, so demoralized that he couldn’t even stay standing.

What is wrong with everyone? Tanaka is starting to become more flustered.

The strained tension in the classroom is gradually reaching the breaking point.

If the class falls into hysterics just on the first day, the future looks bleak. The cloud of unease keeps swirling around in the air……..

BAAAAMMMMMM!

A sharp bang on a desk shattered the silence.

Moroha turned his head to look. Satsuki is standing up with both hands on her desk.

“Born in XXX prefecture. Class number 30. My name is Ranjou Satsuki…….”

Satsuki with shining eyes is declaring loudly.

While everyone is stunned, it seeps into Moroha that she is doing her introduction.

“I will strive hard to be the 2nd most powerful <Savior> in the school. So follow me everyone!”

Satsuki started to twirl her side ponytail and posed proudly.

Her spirit is really commendable. Her action easily swept away the gloom in the classroom and apparently woke everyone out of their flunk.

This could be said to be a kind of leadership quality——

Satsuki was looking at Moroha sideways, showing a [How is it? Want to praise me?] naïve look.

Unfortunately…..nope. Are you such a big shot that you can boast so proudly? Moroha can only smile bitterly to convey that message.

(And you ONLY want to be the 2nd strongest. That’s really kind of you.)

It’s really comical if you think about it. Plus……

(Your words lack conviction.)

Still, from the way she was preaching to him on his nap earlier, it could be seen that she’s a born busybody. With her forceful tone, the initial impression would be that she’s looking for a fight.

What a waste of her kind-hearted nature. It really makes one want to cry.

The other students who heard her audacious declaration started yelling themselves.

“Why the hell should we follow an unknown wench like you!!!”

“That’s right. You are too damn cocky.”

“Uguuuu….”

Probably not expecting the negative reaction, Satsuki seemed taken aback.

“What the hell? That’s because all of you are so pathetic just now, so the great me just had to take you under my wings and teach you all how to be superb <Saviors>. It’s better if she had kept her mouth shut, but now she just poured oil onto the fire.

“Teach others…. is that something you can force on others?”

“Bitch, you think you are so great?”

“Be a superb <Savior>? I can farking do that by myself if I try!”

“Don’t be so arrogant! KNOW YOUR PLACE!”

Satsuki, suffering from a continuous barrage of rebuke, had long lost her head and is pushing back.

“SHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUP!!!! I’ll show you how great I am. When that happens don’t come crying to me to beg for my forgiveness.”

A great aspiration has unknowingly degraded into a childish fight in a comedy sitcom.

(Are you all elementary kids……)

Maroha covered his face. He really cannot bear to watch anymore.

The great debate of Satsuki vs. most of the class—— no, it’s a fight, continued on.

“Ah, Sensei? Time is precious; can we continue with the self-introductions?” He tried asking quickly to the highest authority in class.

“Hmmm? Ah yes, everyone should treasure each other as a precious classmate. So then, let’s start with the student number 1 for self-introduction.”

Tanaka had caught on with Moroha’s intention.

Although he has an unremarkable appearance, Moroha felt that right at that moment he is acting like a proper sensei.

“Yes! I am number 1……”

Anyway, although there are some people who are still bickering with Satsuki, the depressed vigorous guy from before stood up energetically for his self-introduction.

Satsuki face lighted up as if to say “I’m saved.” Looking at Moroha with her sparkly beautiful eyes, it’s like she’s declaring “Onii-sama, I trust you forever!!!”

It’s not like he wanted to play the role of an elder brother. With a complicated feeling, Moroha converses silently with his eyes to Satsuki not to worry about it.

The self-introduction carried on.

“I also came to this school with the aim of becoming the strongest <Savior>. Please take care of me everyone.”

“It’s a mandate from heaven to have me fight for justice and peace. I will work hard to learn all I can.”

“My most pressing goal is to get a promotion to Rank C as soon as possible.”

What is this? Everyone is actually pretty confident and ambitious.

Spurred by Satsuki, everyone is rushing to declare their similarly lofty goals.

“In my past life I’ve fought worse stuffs than that crappy thing. <Metaphysical>? Very well, watch me kill them all!”

“Ohhh, isn’t someone soooooooo very proud of their past life?”

“Shut your mouth! We are the <Saviors>! Isn’t this that kind of school? I’ll protect the country with my own hands!”

“Hey that’s not too bad. Allies of Justice, it has a nice ring to it.”

Finally, the decent into past-life boasting and the catcalls that followed.

The atmosphere did become more festive, but self-introductions had been abandoned.

Moroha looked coldly at the banter happening around him, as if he had a different thinking from the rest of them.

He is definitely not laughing at the dreams and future of his classmates.

He does not dislike the boisterous mood of the class.

It’s just that……listening to a whole day of “Justice” and “Saviors”, he already felt like puking. Just because of this, Moroha’s mood drops to the absolute bottom, and he’d like nothing better than to escape as far away as possible.

Still, if it were just because of this small reason then it would be inconsequential. The real reason is because……..

Moroha who was lost in his thoughts suddenly snapped back to awareness of his surroundings. That’s because the class had suddenly turned deadly quiet.

What? Mohora looked around for the cause.

All his classmates are concentrating their gazes on a girl.

Sitting to Moroha's front and left is…..Shizuno.

(What happened?)

Moroha was astonished. From his position, he can only see her glossy, long black hair, not her face.

Still, even if he can't see it, it must still be that ice mask?

"I say….you must be Urushibara-san? Is anything the matter?"

Tanaka is probing gently while checking the class register.

"Does your stomach hurt? Are you still frightened after watching the <Metaphysical> video? Or are you too shy to do a self-introduction? Maybe you have a joke to share with everyone for a good laugh?"

Just when everyone is feeling alarmed, Shizuno…….

"ZZZZZZzzzzzzz……"

"You are sleeeeepinggggggg againnnnnnnn!!!!!" Satsuki jumped out from her seat as she screamed out what everyone is thinking.

Moroha feels exhausted for a moment, while at the same time he cannot help but praise her. It's unknown if Shizuno can naturally fall asleep anytime and anywhere, but after the <Metaphysical> clip, Satsuki's fight, and the self-introduction, she still can slip off into dreamland. In a certain sense, it's not something that can be accomplished by those without a sufficient amount of guts.

(Didn't she say that she wanted to be late and go through high school disorderly?) It's certain that she lacks drive. Her attitude is completely reversed from most of the class who used the self-introduction time to toot their own horn. Why would she come to Akane Academy which is basically a training facility for <Saviors>? It's a mystery.

(She's really a strange person). Mohora seriously thought that, recalling the conversation with her just now.

◆◆◆

“Are you the <Witch of the Netherworld>?”

“Excuse me?”

No matter how much he fixated on her, her frozen mask-like face hid her thoughts and feelings.

“Are you still playing dumb? I should have been together with you in our past lives too.”

Even so, Moroha continued to question her.

That’s because Shizuno clearly called him Shu Saura, and also “Darling” shortly after.

Moroha have memories of 2 past lives.

One of which is Fraga, who is the protector of Salacia, and another.

He’s not sure which life came first and which second, but he is very sure that the current <Haimura Moroha> is reincarnated on this Earth after 2 previous lives. In the other life, Moroha is called Shu Saura, the Pluto feared and hated by all.

“I have very little memories of Shu Saura, and what I do have consisted mainly of his lone battles. But……”

A major difference from Fraga’s life.

“Shu Saura had a very trusted confidant. Someone who seem to serve as his right hand as well as his consort. An exceptional woman known as the <Witch of the Netherworld> or < The Royal Witch>. I’m sure you noticed that I don’t sound very sure of myself. That’s because while I’m sure of her existence, I can only vaguely remember those titles, and not her name or appearance.”

If Shizuno is really the reincarnation of that witch, Moroha would like to apologize for his amnesia.

Just like how he apologized to Satsuki.

After saying his piece, Moroha remained silent.

Silently waiting for Shizuno's reply.

"My apologies. For a while now I don't really follow what you were trying to say." And, Shizuno denied him again.

"Is that so? All right then."

Since he is getting nowhere with his inquiries, then it must be his misunderstanding then.

Wanting to apologize is only fulfilling his self-gratification.

(My apologies. Please forget what I said.) When Moroha wanted to say that —— "I heard about this before. If someone said "Have we met before", be careful of being accosted," Shizuno serenely said.

"Wait. Stop. I don't have that kind of meaning."

Don't destroy the mood! Return to me my sweet feelings of sorrows! Moroha wanted to protest.

Then, he saw the small smile on her face, and realized—— she's joking.

"You are quite the joker, aren't you?" complained Moroha.

"You are really a strange guy."

"That's wrong. It's the reverse, right?. You are the strange person here."

"That's so impolite. I'm a very normal girl."

"No. I've never met a girl as strange as you…..ever."

"How can a strange person like you say that?"

"Okay. Let's stop this endless looping argument."

Moroha then bitterly left to look for his classroom.

For some reason Shizuno, who originally intended to be late also left her seat.

Curious, Moroha chose to remain silent. Along with the similarly silent Shizuno, the two of them, without any conversation, walked side by side to the classroom.

◆◆◆

That was what happened just recently.

And the self-introductions came to an end. The awoken Shizuno and the ambitionless Moroha successfully go through their turn with short sentences. The last number, Satsuki, was willing to go through a second turn, but she could only retreat (with teary eyes) in the face of the class rage.

After that, Tanaka conveyed some other class matters and the class meeting adjourned.

That's also the end of the school day for that day. The time is just barely past noon.

As Akane Academy is a boarding school, you can just go back to the hostels for meals.

Moroha is preparing to go back for lunch after stuffing the distributed lecture materials into his bag.

"A moment of your time?"

Moroha raised his head at Shizuno.

Something interesting seems to be happening on the 1st day, thus everyone is taking quick glances at the two of them. Unnoticed by Moroha, Satsuki is also perking her ears at their directions.

While Moroha is wondering what Shizuno is up to, he waited patiently for her to continue.

"Do you have time after this?"

"Sorry. Since I'm in high school now I was thinking of looking for a part-time job after this."

It's a shame, but he had to turn down Shizuno's invitation.

Earn your own pocket money. You are not a man if you do not understand that.

"It's against the school rules to have a part-time job."

"What?"

His worth as a man was destroyed suddenly.

“Damn it…..”

Moroha cursed as he digs into his uniform pocket, looking for the student handbook to check the school regulations.

Instead, his fingers touched a cold metallic object.

“Ah right,” said Moroha as he took out the object.

It is a student ID Tag made of metal.

Carved on the surface is the Academy name, Moroha’s name, gender and student number.

Instead of a typical student handbook with an ID page, Akane Academy instead issued this ID Tag to the students.

When Moroha received his, he was somewhat pissed at the militarization of that common item. Now that he remembers the feeling again, it’s a double whammy on his psyche.

“It seems like some free time had cleared up.”

Moroha kept the ID Tag with disappointment.

“So then, please go out on a date with me?” Shizuno asked in a calm voice.

At that bombshell, the other classmates started whispering to each other. Like watching a show they are waiting for Moroha’s reply. Satsuki is pulling at her hair in frustration.

Moroha, ignoring the surroundings, replied: “Sorry, I’m broke.”

A cold wind seems to blow through the classroom.

Still, this is his true current financial state.

Another more practical reason why he wanted to find part-time work is because he’s poor.

“My treat?”

“No. I cannot allow that.”

“It’s common courtesy for the host to treat the invited.”

“If it is common courtesy, isn’t it the guy who has to pay?”

“Are you trying to tactfully decline my invite?”

“No. If possible I would like to accept.”

Being asked on a date by a beauty——you are not a man if you remained unmoved.

“Then, let’s go. I’m interested in you. Don’t look at my appearance; I’ve so much money that I can casually throw them into the drain. Just accompany me.”

“Even 1 yen is still money. Don’t waste it.”

Moroha felt a bit unhappy at her casualness towards money.

Shizuno blinked her eyes at his tone.

Surprisingly, not with an expressionless face.

After thinking a bit, she readily admitted her mistake: “I’m sorry. My words were phrased wrongly.”

Thinking (Do you really understand?), Moroha said:

“A date with you should be worth plenty.”

“Don’t degrade the feeling, now.”

Shizuno’s enchanting dimples appeared again. Is it really that fun to make fun of people?

“The money spent during serious talks and enjoyable chatting is definitely not a waste, don’t you think?”

“Still, I can’t say I’m happy being treated alone.”

“Your personality is so hard to handle.”

Shizuno looked upwards as if to appeal to the sky.

The guys around them are whispering fiercely to each other, “Is that guy an idiot?” “Why is he hesitating over such a beauty? What a pity.” “What is there to complain about? Let me replace him.”

Also, they have been staring at Shizuno’s chest.

Staring at those full orbs that will shake with any soft movements. That won’t change shape even when standing upright.

Everyone is guessing that the sticky situation between the two of them should continue for a while yet, but—— “Isn't it obvious that he dislikes you? A persistent woman will be hated!”

A third party entered the fray.

It’s Satsuki who had been observing the situation intensely with increasingly bloodshot eyes.

Without hesitation, she stalked towards them and parked herself on the opposite side of Shizuno, directly across Moroha’s table.

She definitely does not look serene.

(Oi, is she going to flare again?)

The seated Moroha is looking alternatively at the 2 of them. He felt cold sweat breaking out across his brows.

Satsuki is coldly laughing softly on one side and staring challengingly at Shizuno.

In comparison, Shizuno——

“Haimura-kun, about that date……”

“Why are you ignoring meeeeeeeee!” Protested Satsuki at Shizuno who won’t even spare a look at her.

Shizuno looks at Satsuki as if seeing her for the first time.

“Who might you be?”

“Ranjou Satsuki! Didn’t we have introductions just now?”

“I fell asleep, so I didn’t hear.”

“Listen to others carefully. I did pay attention to your introduction!”

“It’s fine not to pay attention to mine.”

“Please make an effort to build social bridges!”

“I was born anti-social.”

Compare to Satsuki who is mindlessly yapping away like a petulant puppy, Shizuno is effortlessly countering her.

“Enough!” Satsuki squeezed out that single word between her clenched teeth, and turned to glare at Moroha.

“Go out and play with me today!”

The spoiled demand from a cute younger sister—— it can only be describe as thus. Although her expression and voice cannot be described as polite, it’s the kind of casual, familiar communication between family members. Yes, putting aside the fact that she does not look like a younger sister, Satsuki also does not feel like a stranger to Moroha anymore.

Moroha nodded his head, and replied:

“Sorry. I already have a date.” He casually reached over to hold Shizuno’s sleeve.

“Onii-sama, you traitorrrrrrrrrr!”

Moroha leaked out a small voice when he was grabbed on his collar by Satsuki, who had on a really scary and terrible expression.

“Didn’t you just reject a date with this girl? If so, you should be free now right? Go out and play with me!”

“That’s just a breakdown in negotiation due to the lack of funds. Due to the same reasons, I cannot turn around and go out happily with you too.”

(If I do that, then I really will be a dishonest traitor), Moroha thought.

“Hummuuu muuuu muuuuuuu……” Satsuki reluctantly released Moroha, and ground her teeth angrily.

“Don’t you stand there and gloat with no expressions.”

Satsuki swung towards Shizuno, and talked condescendingly at her:

“You are Urushibara right? You must have some guts to have ignored me just now.”

“By the way, what’s your relationship with Haimura-kun?” Asked Shizuno.

“Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho!” Satsuki happily declared:

“Moroha and I were together in our past lives. Not only were we true siblings, we will lovingly call each other names, like [Salacia——] or [Fraga♥]. Do you

know that for both of us to reunite after reincarnation, the odds of that happening is a number so astronomically impossible that it doesn't exist yet in this dimension. THUS, the two of us are tied together by the red threads of fate so tightly that you will never comprehend it. HO HO HO HO HO!"

"Wahhhhh…." The surrounding classmates shouted in surprise.

"That really shocked me." "It's like a miracle." "That's so romantic."

Everyone started their discussions with this [I'm so touched] look on them.

"……Is that true?" Shizuno asked and Moroha nodded his head.

Still, Shizuno silently asked Moroha with her clear beautiful eyes, "What's going on?"

(Ummmm……?")

Moroha cannot seem to explain himself easily. Satsuki just declared that the two of them were together previously, and Moroha confirmed it. If this is true, then this topic would end right here and now.

BUT ——

If Shizuno is also with him previously, then he is the Witch's companion too. For Shizuno who is not aware of Moroha's memories of two lives, it's not strange for her to have reasonable doubts on Satsuki's claims.

(Weren't you lying just now too?) Accuses Moroha with his eyes.

Shizuno casually shifts her eyes away.

Maybe it's her conscience, but she does look a bit guilty and a bit upset. As if she is holding in several painful secrets.

Satsuki, not catching the delicate mood between them, makes a shooing motion.

"So we have lots of things to talk about. For the stranger who we just met, please stand to one side. Shoo, Shoo."

Ever expressionless, but a vein started pulsing at Shizuno's temper.

"….No matter your methods, I will not stand aside."

Although Shizuno’s language use is not really correct, her determination is conveyed to the surroundings.

In the face of Satsuki’s taunts, she swiftly set out to show her strength.

Shizuno grabbed hard onto the seated Moroha’s head and pulled him towards her.

And hugged his face into her overabundant chest.

(OHHHHHHHH!) The students watching the show became noisy over this new development.

Satsuki’s face is now stiffened in pure rage, and one of her eyebrows is twitching uncontrollably.

Moroha is stunned speechless.

His whole face is surrounded by a mythical softness.

Even if it’s through the uniform, or further through the bra, the sensation is undeniable. Shizuno’s breasts are supremely bouncy as she capriciously rolled Moroha’s face within them.

This way, Shizuno’s breasts and Moroha’s head are tightly wedged together with no gap between them. Even so, it’s not to the extent that there will be

difficulties in breathing, but a full sensory experience of the charms of that bouncy softness.

If this is not Shangri-La, then what could it be?

“Moroha….What are you doing……?”

From Moroha’s back came this soft deceptive voice from Satsuki. It appeared that she is not condemning the perpetrator [Shizuno], but the victim [Moroha].

“Ahgiganbumanyging.” (I didn’t do anything).

Moroha wanted to convey his innocence. But with his face stuck into Shizuno’s chest, he is not able to speak clearly.

“Oh….Is it really that comfortable?”

(What did you actually think you heard?) Moroha shakes his head side-by-side in denial.

The breasts pressed against him shook violently.

“Ah~.”

Shizuno leaked out a sweet yet anguished sound.

“ONII-SAMA YOU IDIOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Satsuki is raging like a little kid.

“Hentai! Sukebe! Pervert! How dare you do this kind of thing in front of everyone? Do you love it? Do you really love breasts that much? Are you even willing to suffer capital punishment just for breasts???!!!!”

As Satsuki talked rapidly, she grabbed hold of his back and started shaking him strongly.

On a side note, for Satsuki to be this flustered and condemning, it’s probably due to the perception that her beloved brother is being snatched away. In the right circumstances, she should be a tender and loving individual to her loves.

But, Moroha’s head is still squeezed between Shizuno’s melons.

With Satsuki’s rocking, Moroha’s head is forced back. When that happened, the tightly compressed flesh bounced back to their original shape, then

compressed again, then released again. The situation is getting worst.

What kind of Play is this? The sensory overloaded Moroha is starting to feel strange.

Moroha lightly taps Shizuno's side to request for release.

But, Shizuno continue to hug his head tightly, even increasing her strength.

"That's enough, Urushibara! Don't you feel any shame at using a women's weapon?"

Satsuki finally turned her wrath on Shizuno.

"It's better for you to be quiet since you don't possess any."

"Of course I have them! A woman's weapons!"

Satsuki stopped her shaking, and slapped her right hand onto her chest.

Slapped her right hand onto that relatively〜 flat chest compared to other girls her own age.

Shizuno, still hugging Moroha's head, looked at Satsuki's chest for a long moment.

"….I'm sorry, I said something insensitive."

"DON'T APOLOGISE SINCERELY AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

"….Right. There are some things that can be said and cannot be said."

"I'M NOT THAT PATHETIC AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

"Do not worry. We are still in our growing phase."

"I DON'T WANT YOUR PITY AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

Shizuno, looking sincerely apologetic, looked away while Satsuki stamped her leg in angry protest.

"It's fine. I lend him to you for a while." Shizuno let go of Moroha.

(I'm saved.)

Moroha greedily sucked fresh air as he is finally released.

"He's not your belonging. I'll deal with you later."

Moroha's head is now jerked towards Satsuki, and buried into her chest.

"How…How….How is it, Moroha? Is…is…..is it com…com….comfortable? Please check out the capability of a woman's weapon, although we are siblings, so you do not have to hold back! Although it's embarrassing, I will bear with it. Please heal my injured feminine pride, Onii-sama!" Looks like she is serious about her rage and competitiveness towards Shizuno. Red faced, she looks like she is throwing her everything into hugging Moroha's head hard.

"It hurt, it hurts! The ribbing, the ribbing hurts."

Moroha screamed in pain.

He meant "The rows of hard buttons rubbing against my face hurts." Satsuki is still a girl. Even if her breasts is not big, the unique softness belonging to a girl's chest is still there.

"ARE YOU SAYING MY CHEST IS RIBBED LIKE A WASHING BOARD!!!!!!!!!"

Satsuki blew her top when she misunderstood.

It's scary when things get lost in translation.

In pain yet surround by softness, Moroha can be described as half-enjoying and half-suffering.

Why is he dragged into this dispute on the first day of school?

Originally intending to return to the hostels, many of the classmates sat engrossed as if watching a blockbuster movie. Even students from other classes walking past are sticking their head in.

The crowd is getting bigger.

"Using his face to measure the size of girls' breasts, how enviable." "Plus the two of them are cute…." "Is he a noble from somewhere?" From the spectators PoV, it is truly a scene of two girls fighting over a boy.

It's Hell.

Truly a scene worth watching.

"Enough is enough!"

Moroha pushed away Satsuki's encircling arms and finally regained his

freedom.

“Didn’t I tell you to refrain from actions that will decrease your value as a girl? Don’t pretend to be dumb now!”

Moroha scolded Shizuno first, and then turned on Satsuki: “You are banned from talking about your breasts! Do you hear me!?”

“Um.”

“Onii-sama is always scolding me.”

Shizuno reluctantly agreed while Satsuki started complaining.

“In addition, don’t drag me into a fight between girls!”

“If Haimura-kun promptly agreed to my invite, things wouldn’t end up like this.”

“That’s right. It’s because you declined your sister’s invite that things ended up like this.”

(Is it my fault?)

Moroha covered his face as he felt a headache mounting.

“Let’s do this. The three of us will go out together, and to cool off.”

“Are you fine with the finances now?” Shizuno asked.

“My bad, but can you treat us for today? As compensation for my mental damage.”

“I’ll be happy to. It’s not a problem if it’s the three of us. I have some questions for her anyway.”

“If it’s not just us siblings alone, I don’t want that!”

“Let’s forget it for today. We’ll talk next time.”

“…3 people are fine too.” Satsuki agreed reluctantly with a cramped face.

Finally this romance comedy has ended. Disappointed, the crowd that had gathered to watch the show dispersed slowly.

“Damn playboy. May yours break in half.” Some guys also cursed when leaving.

Finally, the classroom emptied out and Moroha relaxed.

“So, let’s go.”

Moroha packed up his belongings and left with Satsuki and Shizuno.

On the first day of school, the day ended up becoming a date with two girls.

Chapter 2 - The Ideal Brother and the Unrealistic Sister

Satsuki is showering in her room after returning to the female hostel.

She had instructed both Shizuno and Moroha to gather in front of the bus station after changing out of their school uniforms.

Conveniently ignoring their protests of “Can’t we just go out like this?”

That’s because she’ll be going out on a date with Moroha.

Their first date.

She’s not willing to be in her school uniform for that special occasion.

(Ah, Fraga, please wait for me. No, I mean Moroha~♥♥♥.)

Relaxing in the hot water, she joyfully stretches herself.

Come to think of it, she was around 10 when she first dreamed about her previous life.

Originally she thought it was just a strange dream.

In it, Satsuki was a cute princess and was skilled with the sword. A majestic figure, it was the perfect, ideal image.

In addition, there was a warrior that’s always by her side.

His name was Fraga. An invincible, handsome and perfect brother who always treasured her.

Satsuki worshiped Fraga.

He was her first love. Or rather, her first love after reincarnating. Sometimes

she was troubled by the fact that she was in love with a dream figure, but she cannot deny her young maiden heart.

And now——

Despite millennia and light years, she is reunited with Moroha.

If this is not fate, then what could it be?

“LOVE♥! I LOVE MOROHA! LOVE YOU THE MOST!! ♥♥♥”

Satsuki finally could not contain the excitement in her heart and shouted out loud.

The loud declaration resounded in the bathroom.

That’s right. She can finally shout it out loud.

Salacia’s relationship with Fraga was a taboo love between siblings.

Although forbidden, they were madly and passionately in love with each other. Of course, they didn’t receive any blessings from anyone. Having children was even more out of the question.

But, Moroha is different!

In terms of blood or family lines, they have absolutely no connections with each other.

Marriage is even legal; there is nothing to fear anymore.

(No, no Satsuki. Siblings shouldn’t think about that kind of stuff.) Satsuki is twisting her body in embarrassment as she closed the water tap.

Then, she hugged her body tightly as if in pain.

Come to think of it——

If there was any problem, it’s Shizuno who seemed to have a subtle relationship with Moroha.

(Hmmp, she dared to say that I don’t have a woman’s weapon? I will make you regret your words〜.) Satsuki wrapped a tower around her wet hair and moved into her room nude.

She can confidently do that as the hostels in Akane Academy are single rooms

only, no roommate required. As a side note, for some people this was a problem as their room became as untidy as a pigsty in no time at all.

Satsuki would have preferred to wash her skin and hair more carefully and thoroughly, but that would take too much time. So she had to settle with a quick shower.

If she was late, the worst case scenario would be that Moroha and Shizuno started the date without her.

Those places that are not treated sufficiently will have to be hidden with her other strengths.

The naked Satsuki is laughing softly as she searches inside her wardrobe.

(Although mother laughed at me and said “Aren’t those a bit too mature?” I guess it was the right call to purchase them in advance.) She took out the underwear that she had prepared——black, lacy type.

Without a doubt, these are proofs of a sensual woman. They are tickets to a glamorous world that will befuddle your senses.

——Still, if you are suddenly invited to that world, it is still a bit frightening. But, this kind of stuff is dependent on the mood. Right!

(If it’s just a kiss～～～～～～♥)

Satsuki clutched the underwear tightly to her chest, and continue to be lost in her fantasies.

◆◆◆

Shizuno is waiting by herself at the south exit of the station. In this city, there are 2 main entertainment areas, one on the south side of the city and the other in the busy streets at the front of the station. For Moroha and Shizuno who are not locals, it’s easier to meet up at the station instead of following complicated directions.

Although suggested by Satsuki, Shizuno hated to go home. So she is still in her

school uniform, leaning against the wall and waiting patiently.

Unnoticeable to most, Shizuno had a small lock of hair that always curled away in its own direction. While most people would not care about that small errant lock of hair, Shizuno actually minded it a lot as she considered it to be ugly. No matter how much she patted or combed it down, it refused to remain in place. As it would draw attention if she tried to smooth it clumsily, she just gave up and endlessly reminded herself to ignore it. But, when she is deep in thought, she will play with that lock of hair as a habit, like now.

(What is happening exactly? Shu Saura…..no, I mean Haimura Moroha…..) How many times had it been? Those questions that she kept repeating in her mind.

Thinking about it, it had been slightly over a year since she dreamed about her previous life.

That characteristic common to all <Saviors> is known to her through her family connections.

Thus, while she was surprised that she was also one of those super humans, she quickly accepted the unalterable fact.

In her previous life, she is <The Royal Witch>, the women feared widely and condemned as the <Witch of the Netherworld>.

A notorious mage highly skilled in the dark magics, and the capable right hand of The Pluto, Shu Saura. An enemy of the entire world.

She had dedicated her all to her beloved king. Even if she was hated by the whole world, she had not a shred of regret.

And now——

Despite millennia and light years, she is reunited with the beloved king she had longed for.

The most important thing was that, without a doubt, Haimura Moroha is the reincarnation of Shu Saura.

When she was asked “Were you the <Witch of the Netherworld>,” she had to play dumb due to certain difficulties.

Shizuno and Moroha were husband and wife previously——if this giant

scandal were to be known to her family, Moroha might find himself suffering needlessly from the family's retribution. She had to protect him from these unnecessary troubles.

In truth, under her ice-cold façade, she is mentally shaking uncontrollably at the unexpected reunion.

If this is not fate, then what could it be?

Shizuno placed her right hand on her chest, and allow herself to feel the swelling of joy and sorrow gushing from within her.

The wind blew gently and seemingly caressed her body.

Yet, when the wind passed, Shizuno put down her hand and sighed softly.

(But…what is happening….)

Shizuno is muttering in her heart again.

Satsuki had already said this. She shared memories with Moroha's previous life as his sister. This does not match with her own memories of Shu Saura's life.

(….I want to clarify with him as soon as possible…but if I don't ask him discreetly, troublesome things may occur.) Because her stance was to play dumb and pretend ignorance of Moroha's previous life.

Because she had to never let Moroha discovered that they were husband and wife.

◆◆◆

Moroha returned to his room in the male hostel and swiftly changed his clothes. After, he strolled casually towards the station. This is in consideration that girls need more time to prepare themselves. Unexpectedly, when he reached the station south exit, he discovered Shizuno waiting, still in her school uniform.

Scratching his head and thinking "Shit. I let her wait too long," he said: "Sorry. I'm late."

Shizuno silently shakes her head. From her unmindful attitude, you can sense

her refinement and grace.

Moroha is thinking that maybe Shizuno was from a wealthy family.

Although she is an oddball who acted weirdly, her family background and upbringing cannot be hidden.

“THANKS~FOR~WAITING!!!!”

Shortly, an energetic voice sounded from the distance.

Like a small kid, Satsuki ran towards them with her ponytail dancing behind her.

It’s up to individual preference; while some people may be more charmed by a quiet, refined girl like Shizuno, Moroha did not hate the energetic, straightforward personality either.

“Did you wait long?”

“Urushibara-san should have. I just arrived.”

“Ahhh. I would like to say that line myself too. But being said that line is also quite cool.”

Satsuki said some strange things while catching her breath.

On the other side, Shizuno added in a request that makes one happy: “Not Urushibara. Please call me by my name, Shizuno. We are in a dating relationship right?”

“Oh I see. Please call me Moroha too. Since we are in a dating relationship.”

Moroha also request the same thing and Shizuno nodded her head softly in agreement.

“JIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII……” (Staring accusingly).

Satsuki looked displeased at their banter.

“What’s the problem? Your eyes are scary.”

“The two of you are sure friendly. Even though it’s your first meeting today.”

Satsuki looked to be in a bad temper again at her brother’s “betrayal.”

“We are just going to call each other by name. Aren’t you overreacting a bit?

The two of you can call each other by name too.”

“I’ll stick to calling her Ranjou-san.”

“I’ll only call you Urushibara.”

“The two of you are sure unfriendly. Even though it’s your first meeting today.”

A fight between two girls is too cruel, what a waste.

Moroha narrowed his eyes at the blinding glare of the two beautiful girls sparkling like jewels under the gentle spring sun, scratching his head continuously.

At that point, he finally noticed something.

“Satsuki, what in the world are you wearing?”

Moroha opened his eyes a bit wider and scrutinized at Satsuki’s dressing up and down.

On her upper body, a sleeveless vest paired with a short knitted singlet, showing off her delicate shoulders and collarbones.

Her bared navel and taut stomach is also charming, giving off a healthy glow.

Although her bust size is slightly miserable, other than that you cannot deny her allure.

For her bottom, a pair of cotton shorts. The type of design where you take a pair of very short shorts and cut it even shorter.

Her tight buttocks were leaking just a tiny bit of flesh from underneath those pair of shorts.

Of course, her slender long legs are revealed totally, to add on to the overall image of health and sexiness.

“Nothing to fuss about, it’s just my casual wear.”

Satsuki, wanting to show off further, leaned forward and struck a pose like a model.

Thrusting her chest forward, one can catch a glimpse of her bra peeking through her singlet.

It’s a seductive black, contrasted against Satsuki’s smooth white armpits.

A healthy, sexy image along with unexpected peeks into the extravagant, normally hidden parts. Moroha found that he is getting troubled.

A situation where he had no idea where to place his eyes.

Looking at Moroha’s troubled expression, Satsuki showed a pleased expression, as if thinking “Hooked you.”

Shizuno at the side muttered a single word:

“…Nympho.”

“What did you called me? I don’t want to be lectured by a dumb girl who would wear her school uniform to a date.”

“While I’m not taking her side, don’t you think you are dressed a bit lightly? It’s still April, you know.”

To Satsuki’s ears, it’s like Moroha was implying his agreement with Shizuno statement, and countered: “It’s already April! We are in the midst of spring! It’s not cold at all……ACHOOO!”

With her cute sneeze, all her arguments broke apart.

The breeze is warm and balmy, great weather for the opening of the school term, and also a great day for a date.

But definitely not the hot temperature of summer.

Satsuki pouted for a while, and as if trying to change the subject, accused Moroha: “What is this, Onii-sama? It’s really shameful for your sister if you appear in that getup in public?”

“This is my casual wear, what about it?”

Moroha is slightly confused. He’s wearing an inexpensive long-sleeve T-shirt suitable for both spring and autumn and cheap jeans.

“That’s what I’m asking you. You are going on a date with you cute little sister, but why are you dressed so shabbily?”

“Even if you say that, all my other clothes are similar to this.”

“I also feel that it’s better if Moroha wore something like a Polo shirt.”

“That kind of thing is expensive. In addition, you have to be careful when folding it else it’ll creased so it’s too troublesome!”

What’s wrong with T-shirts? It’s a close companion of the common people.

“Even if you said it’s expensive, if you go to somewhere like Uniglo[1], the pricing shouldn’t be that much different from a T-shirt.”

“There is some difference even if it is not much. As long as you can wear it, any clothing is fine. In any case, it’s a waste if you spend too much money on your

appearance.”

Moroha was still resisting.

Satsuki and Shizuno looked at each other and both sighed simultaneously.

“All right, all right, I get it. Let’s move on. Anyway, shall we get something to eat? I’m famished,” said Satsuki who was muttering “Onii-sama is hopeless” just now.

Moroha wanted to protest, but he wisely set out together without saying anything more.

Shortly, a MUS[2] burger chain store came into view.

Although located near the station, there seemed to be several empty seats. Looked like they’d be able to rest there for a while.

“Shall we go there?,” Moroha suggested.

“That’s unbelievable,” rejected Satsuki immediately. “It’s the miraculous reunion between us loving siblings! Couldn’t you pick a more romantic location,” Satsuki is throwing her childish tantrum again.

“Isn’t a fast food joint more common as a location for a family lunch?”

That statement is correct if you are talking about a normal relationship between siblings.

“Don’t use common siblings’ love to measure OUR relationship!”

“Even if you were to say such incomprehensible things…..”

“Let me simplify it. It’s your duty to cede to the whims of your younger sister!”

Satsuki placed her hands on her hips and declared with a fierce look.

“I said before that I cannot treat you like a younger sister.”

“Onii-sama is a heartless person!”

(I cannot take it anymore), Moroha scratched his head fiercely.

What can’t he take anymore? What Moroha can’t take anymore is his thinking: that the more Satsuki threw her tantrums, the cuter she became. It’s a serious illness, seek treatment immediately.

“I actually quite enjoy rice burgers. The atmosphere is more relaxing,” commented Shizuno.

Although Shizuno expressed no dissatisfaction, she still said:

“Still, please do not pick fast food just because it’s my treat today.”

“It’s not that. I just don’t like to spend too much money on food. If the price is too high, I will start thinking [Ah, at this price I could have eaten several meals instead], those kind of thoughts.”

While Moroha is describing his truth, Shizuno and Satsuki looked at each other again.

“Moroha, by any chance…..” Shizuno choked back her words, hesitating.

“Is Moroha’s family poor?” Satsuki asked straightforwardly without hesitation.

As expected of siblings, no trace of unfamiliarity between them at all.

Shizuno threw a look of condemnation at Satsuki.

“Yup. That’s correct,” Moroha confirmed with no awkwardness. He had never considered his family financial state as a source of disgrace.

“Since Moroha is fine with burgers, then let’s have burgers for lunch.”

“Urushibara, you traitor!”

“I’ve never said that I’m on your side.”

“No! I absolutely refuse.”

Satsuki may want to protest, but it was still 2 vs 1. The minority had to bow to the majority and they entered the store.

◆◆◆

Moroha waited at a 4-seater table, and the 2 girls came back after ordering the meal.

“……”

The two of them grabbed the backrest of the seat beside Moroha simultaneously. Sparks seemed to fly between them as they glared at each other. It looked like they are fighting for the rights to sit beside him.

“What? Compared to the sofa, did the two of you prefer the chairs?”

Moroha was being gentle with the two girls and intended to let them have the softer sofa seats on the opposite side.

If that’s the case…..he shifted himself to the opposite side and plonked himself down on the sofa heavily.

“Now there are two chairs. Please get along.”

As long as there are enough resources for everyone, wars will not be fought. Moroha nodded his head in satisfaction.

“Haiz.” Satsuki and Shizuno sighed together again.

Why are the two of them sighing?

After the two girls seated themselves, their meals were delivered to them shortly. [3]

“Are you fine with so little…..?” Moroha blinked his eyes at Satsuki’s meal.

Satsuki twisted her head to one side and ignored Moroha’s question. Even if she didn’t want to have burgers, there’s a limit to being stubborn, right?

She ordered only fries and red tea.

“Are you fine with only fries?”

“Fries are also served as a garnish in western restaurants! Isn’t it a refined dish?,” Satsuki gave an unreasonable explanation.

Ah well, carrot and cabbage, to one’s preference I guess.

“Itadakimasu.”

Moroha clapped his hand once in appreciation, and started on his burger.

This chain store is known for their rice burger. As the name suggested, it is a type of burger that used rice patties in place of bread, suitable for Japanese taste.

Moroha is eating a rice-burger with shredded roast meat as the main ingredient. Seasoned with soy sauce, the fragrance and taste of the rice is mixed with the sweet juice of the meat and crispiness of the raw cabbage. Combining all these ingredients in your mouth is the joy of eating a rice burger. [4]

“This is great! It’s been a long time since I ate this.”

Moroha, with great appetite, finished his burger in no time.

As he reached for his second, he noticed that Shizuno is elegantly eating by delicately taking small bites out of her burger, finishing only a quarter of it.

On the other side, Satsuki only ate a tiny amount of her fries, leaving a majority untouched.

“Ahhh, the fries are so tasty, but unfortunately I’m so full. I can’t finish all this by myself.”

Satsuki still refused to look straight at Moroha, but she glanced at him frequently out of the corner of her eyes.

Before he discerned the meaning of those glances:

“Don’t leave behind leftovers. What a waste.”

Moroha ignored Satsuki’s words and got a slightly angry.

“While everyone has a different amount of appetite, I hate people who waste food.”

“What…what is this? Only during these times will you act like an elder brother.”

Although Satsuki is protesting verbally, it can be seen that she is panic-stricken.

That’s because she had noticed the anger in Moroha’s eyes, that he is being serious.

“If I cannot finish it means I cannot finish. A girl’s appetite is small!”

She was chattering nonstop and giving excuses, but at Moroha’s angry glare she withered and her voice became smaller and smaller.

“Do…Don’t glare at me like that.”

After, she lowered her head and pouted, looking at Moroha with her upturned eyes, and whispered in an almost inaudible voice: “It’s unfair that only Urushibara get to <feed> you….”

“Let me have some then.”

At that point, Shzuno reached out her demonic hands towards the fries.

“Why are you stealing other people’s food?!” Satsuki jumped up and raised her head while glaring at Shizuno, who is calmly munching on the stolen fries.

“Didn’t you say you can’t finish?”

“Uguuu…those words are not for you. I wanted Moroha to eat them from me!”

“I see. You should have clearly stated what you wanted faster before I misunderstood.”

Shizuno smiled while reaching for more fries.

“I…I…I…I’m always clear on what I want.”

Her ponytail swung as she turned her head away again.

“The fries are so tasty. What a delight.”

“Right? Right? As long as it’s potatoes, Onii-sama will love it.”

When Satsuki heard Moroha’s words, she became happy and smiled widely.

“How did you know that I love potatoes?”

“Huh? Isn’t that what you liked in your past life?”

“I see,” Moroha sighed softly. Looks like he even inherited Fraga’s taste.

“It’s truly tasty.”

“How much are you eating, Urushibara?! Moroha’s share is almost gone.”

“Hahahaha. Don’t mind. Don’t mind.”

“I’ll mind! You need to be more aware, Onii-sama!”

Just when Satsuki is putting on a determined look…..

“Ah?”

“Oh.”

Moroha and Shizuno touched their hands together while reaching for the fries.

“Hahaha, when these kinds of things happens it’s quite embarrassing.”

“I actually think it doesn’t feel too bad.”

“IT’S NOT GOOD AT ALL!!!!!!!!!!”

Satsuki screamed, squeezing her eyes into a cross look and waving her arms wildly.

What a large amount of anger. What a waste of energy usage.

Until a growling noise sounded from her stomach.

“No! That’s not it. I didn’t hear anything!”

Satsuki, red-faced, sat down rapidly as if to hide her stomach.

Due to her cutesy actions, Moroha cannot help but laugh.

“See, I told you so. Just that small amount is not enough for you.”

“I’m already full! You heard wrongly!”

Satsuki waved her arms as she protested.

“I heard clearly.”

“Me, too.”

“I heard nothing!”

Just how much is she going to force herself?

“Do you want to eat my teriyaki chicken burger? I haven't taken it out of the

wrapper yet.

“I’ve never eaten that kind of thing before and I’ve no intention to,” declared Satsuki unwaveringly.

“Is Ranjou-san a rich girl who never stepped out into the world before?,” asked Shizuno as she daintily dabbed at her mouth with a napkin. Implied in her tone is “If that’s the case, then it cannot be helped.”

“Daddy is a normal white-collar worker. But I’m a princess in my past life!”

“Oh? You were a princess?”

While Moroha was shocked, he quickly accepted the idea. He remembered the elegant gown Salacia wore in his dreams.

“That’s right! Can’t you sense my royal presence looking at me now,” Satsuki questioned while twirling her ponytail.

Moroha reflectively compared the two girls in front of him.

One is dressed in high-exposure clothing; hugging her arms and swinging her legs while leaning back against the chair.

One is dressed in the conservative school uniform, daintily and elegantly eating her burger.

If Satsuki really was a princess previously, what exactly happened in the interval?

Was it pride? Or a difference in upbringing?

“Don’t look at me with regrets, Moroha!” Satsuki covered her head.

“Wait. If that’s the case, then I was a prince?”

If they were siblings, it was logical to think so.

“Obviously! Without royal blood, it’s impossible for one to become the Guardian of the Holy Sword.”

“Even if you say obviously….”

For Moroha with almost no memories of his previous lives, it’s like listening about other people.

Regardless, as he was born with a normal background, even if he’s called a prince now, there is no feeling of credibility.

“As long as you believe on the inside, it doesn’t matter what’s on the outside!” Satsuki clutches her fists as she continued to claim her royal blood.

“You don’t have many friends, do you?”

“Don’t speak like I’m always alone!”

At Shizuno's retort, Satsuki blamed her for spoiling her reputation.

“I have them! Friends or whatsoever, I have hundreds of them easily.”

“Please try to name for me 2 or 3 of them?”

“Hiri! Elue! Danapora!”

“Those are not Japanese names.”

Most likely those are all her servants' names in her previous life.

“So what? They have declared many times that “We are friends of the princess.””

(Looks like I guessed correctly with that “princess”……)

Satsuki leaned towards Shizuno, as if to whisper to her secretly, but continued to talk in a loud voice: “Although they were commoners, they were never afraid of me or my status as a princess.”

“That’s because they were sick of you, so that’s logical.”

“Shut up. I heard that!”

“I intended for you to hear that.”

Satsuki banged on the table this time.

“Don’t misunderstand! As long as I have onii-sama, I do not need anything else!”

“But you are overreacting.”

“You are making fun of me, right?”

Satsuki angrily held her head. Playing with her ribbon, she petulantly declared:

“As long as Moroha can stroke my head every day, and hug me once in a while, it’s fine for people to say I’m forever alone.”

“I give up.”

Moroha, by now, is dumbfounded by all Satsuki’s words.

He is starting to comprehend how difficult it is to handle this brocon sister that suddenly dropped down from the sky.

Let’s try to stroke her head now and love her like a little sister?

Nope. Impossible. Can’t do it.

Moroha definitely cannot treat her like a little sister.

To him, Satsuki is only a normal girl.

For this girl to declare continuously her good opinions of him, it is a big problem to him.

“What a waste, what a waste…..”

In this bittersweet and awkward atmosphere, Moroha is chanting those words softly.

“Mouu! Even Moroha is making fun of me. That’s so rude,” Satsuki complained with dissatisfaction on her face, With that, she aggressively grabbed Moroha’s teriyaki chicken burger off the table and ate it with large bites, as if giving up on herself.

Not only is she adept at tearing the wrapper away, she is eating the burger very naturally.

(Instead of “believe on the inside, doesn’t matter what’s on the outside”, it’s more like “leaking out what’s inside, and not noticing on the outside.”

“Hah….”

After Shizuno leaked out an amused grunt, Satsuki finally realised her gaffe and froze.

By that time, Moroha was laughing uncontrollably.

Satsuki was flushing red all over her body.

“Look, the tomato sauce is staining your hands.”

“What kind of food critic are you?”

Moroha continued laughing, tears rolling down his cheeks.

◆◆◆

How long can you last with only a cup of coffee? How long can you laze around in a shop?

Every student should have challenged that question before.

Is the food culture in a fast food joint similar to a bar where one can nurse a drink for hours?

Moroha absentmindedly pondered this question. To the business owners, is the coffee drinker or the bar drinker more disruptive? Since both kinds are time-wasters, the one who ordered the cheaper coffee should be causing more loss to the shop in general as compared to……..

“Both types are troubling to the owners.”

“Guess you are right.”

To Moroha who proposed this thought experiment during a lull in their chatting, Satsuki slammed down this conclusion.

Possibly due to Moroha laughing at her just now, her tone is still cold.

“Do you want another cup?”

“No thanks. I’m not finished with this cup yet. Don’t waste it.”

Moroha declined Shizuno’s offer and continue to sip at his lukewarm coffee.

“I’ll go get mine.”

“Get one for me too. I’ll pass you the cash later.”

“Hmm, everyone’s rich,” Moroha shakily complained as he collapsed on the table.

Shizuno returned from the counter, and their drinks arrived shortly.

Red tea. Red tea. Coffee.

Moroha's share was ordered too.

(Am I allowed such luxury?)

Moroha sighed internally at his puniness, and appreciation for Shizuno's generosity. After all, coffee tasted the best when it's piping hot.

Just when he downed the dregs of his first cup:

"Can I clarify something," Shizuno casually asked.

She is expressionlessly studying the tea in her hands with her exquisite eyes.

"Moroha and Ranjou-san are familiar to each other in their past lives?"

"We are not only familiar with each other! We were siblings! The world most loving and close siblings," Satsuki loudly declared before Moroha had a chance to reply.

(I wish that she will stop yelling scandalous phases like loving siblings.) Moroha nervously glanced around his surroundings.

"The world we were born in was dominated by an evil empire! As the Guardian of the Holy Sword, Fraga challenged the empire all by himself. As for me, I was the princess supporting him from the background. While it took us almost our entire life, the two of us tied together by love finally overthrew the Empire!"

Satsuki continue to describe their actions in their previous lives happily: "Although the empire armies numbered in the tens of thousands, they were no match for Fraga!"

"Even when a noble female warrior known as the <Light Speed> challenged Flaga, he defeated her immediately in an instant, stylishly."

"When you refused to aid my Onii-sama, your country was destined to be destroyed."

If you allowed her, Satsuki can spend hours describing how great Fraga was with no pause.

With her watery eyes, flushed face, exaggerated gestures, she is generating "I

love Onii-sama” vibes everywhere.

(What is this..this overblown…..)

For Moroha with no memories, he really cannot agree that those were actions done by him.

What is this heat on my face? Ah, it’s so embarrassing I want to plug my ears.

Conversely, Shizuno is totally absorbing the tales silently.

Only after Satsuki paused did Shizuno asked a question:

“….took your entire lives?”

“Yes. The empire was huge. Plus, the emperor was cunning and difficult to deal with. It took decades.”

“…I see. It really was a majestic tale. Thank you very much for telling it.”

After Shizuno thanked Satsuki, she absentmindedly played with a curl of her hair.

A look as if she was in deep thought.

Sensing that it’s better not to disturb her, Moroha remained quiet.

“Ho ho ho ho ho, I see you are speechless at the tales of Onii-sama’s greatness. It’s ok to weep in awe. I will not laugh at you! Ho ho ho ho ho!”

Satsuki did not catch the mood again and laughed arrogantly.

Thanks to her, Moroha did not catch the soft muttering of Shizuno’s voice, looking as if she finally figured out something.

“….<Ancient Dragon>.”

Still, even if Moroha had heard it, he wouldn’t have understood this fragmented and unknown phrase.

He only lost a chance to clarify with her.

“Don’t look as if you understood everything! My Onii-sama’s heroic tales aren’t over yet!”

Satsuki, as if to overwhelm the noise around her, started another round of storytelling in a loud voice.

Even if the shop is spacious, she was still attracting the attention of other customers.

As the scenes she's describing are too ridiculous, other people thought she was talking about some fantasy game.

Still, seeing as some customers looked irritated, Moroha decided to put a stop.

"We hear and understand the heroic tales already. Please lower your volume."

"If you are asking me why, that's because my Onii-sama's heroic achievements is beginning the next chapter now!"

Although Moroha was waving his hand to catch her attention, the overexcited Satsuki never even heard him.

Instead, she even stood up and leaned forward to hold Moroha's waving hand with both of hers.

"Moroha will also save this world, right?"

Her eyes filled with stars, and passionately continued:

"Do you know? Now, this planet Earth is targeted by the <Metaphysicals>. While we do not know their purposes, since you saved that previous world, you must be here to save this world too! So we need to fight. And this time, we won't let you go off alone; I will also try my best. For peace, for justice, for saving this world, that must be the reason we reincarnated here!"

As Satsuki spoke more passionately, the colder Moroha's eyes got.

The hotter Satsuki's hands , the cooler Moroha's hand between them.

"I've absolutely no intentions of battling the <Metaphysicals>."

Moroha rejected Satsuki's speech in a cold tone.

"…Huh?"

Not only Satsuki, even Shizuno looked surprised.

"Wh…Wh…What is going on? Why did you come to Akane Academy then?"

"Isn't it your intention to join the order?"

Both Satsuki and Shizuno asked Moroha at the same time.

“Of course I want to join the order. It is an international organization with great salary and incentives. Uncle and auntie will be proud of me if I got in, and I also can support them financially as my gratitude for raising me.”

“Did you say uncle and auntie?”

“Not your parents?”

“My parents died 8 years ago. I was raised by my uncle’s family.”

The two girls sucked in a deep breath at the same time

Satsuki is gripping her ponytail with both hands tightly; Shizuno is showing her condolences on her face.

Moroha knew that both of them will show that kind of expressions if they knew, so he had been trying not to say it out loud.

Still, even if he wanted to keep his mouth shut, he was not willing to lie to the two of them.

Moroha scratched his head and continued:

“I heard about it in the pre-school briefings. If you get a good result by the time you graduate, you can join the order as part of the clerical staff. For that position, you are only required the minimum skill in the usage of <Ancestral Arts>. My aim is that.”

After hearing that, the two of them changed expressions.

“I see. Please work hard to reach your goal.”

Shizuno seems to be cheering him on sincerely and nodding her head. It’s as if she is agreeing with him that < It’s great to work hard for your current family> and < The two of them must be great people>.

“You are lying,” screamed Satsuki in denial.

She released Moroha’s hand and pushed herself backward.

Shizuno observed Satsuki’s unbelieving face, while Moroha did not dare to look at her.

Satsuki started scolding loudly, “My brother— Fraga was an ally of justice, he’d never say such pathetic words.”

Moroha replied her as if confessing his sins, “I am now Haimura Moroha, not Flaga.”

The easy atmosphere between them shattered.

As if an invisible crack appeared between them.

Silence……

Satsuki angrily stared down at Moroha while standing.

Moroha was still not looking at her.

Shizuno placed her cup of red tea on the table.

The knocking sound is especially sharp.

The silence broken, Satsuki opened her mouth again, and spoke in a lecturing voice: “Onii-sama is a <Savior>, you know.”

Moroha took a very deep breath, and sighed out heavily.

“I not someone so amazing that I can be called a <Savior>.

Both of them were glued to their opinions, refusing to give way.

Satsuki’s face was twisted with loneliness and sorrow, and was forcefully holding back her tears.

Moroha’s chest was throbbing in pain. He didn’t want to create this mood, and just want to continue enjoying the date.

But on this point, he will not let go.

It’s impossible for me to be an ally of justice, or someone amazing like a <Savior>…….

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

1. ↑ It’s not a misspelling. The author purposefully misspelled a single character for obvious reasons. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uniqlo
2. ↑ Again, not a misspelling. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/MOS_Burger
3. ↑ At MOS Burger, your meals are delivered to your seats by the staffs after you ordered and paid at the counter, a small difference from most fast food

joints.

4. ↑ TL note: Not the best translation here, please proceed to your nearest MOS burger for a better description.

Chapter 3 - The Guardian of the Holy Sword

The male hostel of Akane Academy is a modern building completed around five years ago.

When one describes a male hostel, an image of a dingy, dirty building will emerge, but this building is different.

Designed like a high class hotel, even the entrance is modernised with an automatic sensor gate.

Moroha's room is located on the third floor, a carpeted room with western interior design. Mohora had long wanted to live in a place without tatami flooring and on a real bed. He was fairly dancing in joy when he moved into this room.

Moroha woke up to the alarm clock on the second morning of his high school life.

He sat up and blurrily looked around his room.

In addition to the bed and a study desk, the furnishing included a wardrobe, LCD flat screen TV, a bookshelf, a small fridge and a folding table. These were school-issued seeing as how they are everyday necessities.

There is even air-conditioning. Also, a high-end laptop computer with free, unlimited internet access.

To Moroha who came from a poor family, every item in this room is an expensive luxury item that he had longed for his entire life. He was deeply touched when he first realised he could use all of them.

For him, who came to school with almost no personal belongings, in a single night he had turned into a high school student with a fulfilling life. How much investment was poured into this school? While he contemplated that question, he was cheerful. "It's great to have entered this school."

Moroha climbed out of the bed and switched off the alarm.

Then he noticed the letter he had placed on the table.

“I’ll need to remember to post this on the way to school,” he muttered as he confirmed the address and name on the envelope. The address is his uncle’s home, which was where Moroha was living until now. He had promised to send a letter home after the end of the welcoming ceremony.

As stated before, his uncle and aunt who raised him are not considered well-off financially.

Nevertheless, they did not hesitate to take in the orphaned Moroha who had nowhere else to turn to. A very kind couple.

It is because of this kindness that Moroha wished to be courteous to them in return. If the couple had just been slightly relaxed or showed some small weakness to Moroha, the extremely well-behaved Moroha might have acted more like a playful child his age.

Although not as close to them as a real family, Moroha still liked and respected the two people who bought him up.

And because of that, Moroha was not willing to add to their burdens and was going to abandon a high school education. He wanted to enter society as soon as possible as a working individual so that he could repay them.

Of course the two of them objected strenuously, and wanted him to go to high school, and even University if possible. In his last year of middle school, they would discuss the matter with him almost every day.

The turning point was when he took a strange test in school. After passing the mandatory test required for all students in his year, he was declared a <Savior>.

Soon after, some high level executives from Akane Academy came and begged him to join their high school. Their sincere attitude, along with their unreserved explanations of the advantages and dangers of the academy, was able to generate some good will from Moroha.

Plus, it’s a boarding school, with all expenses waived. Basically, everything in the school is free, that’s the main draw for Moroha.

More importantly, with some hard work, he will be employed in an international organization upon graduation immediately. At that point, he can start to repay his guardians.

In the end, there was absolutely no reason for Moroha to refuse the invitation.

Since details pertaining to <Saviors> and Akane Academy were classified, his class teacher was sent to his uncle and aunt with an assurance of “It’s a great school.” Pleased, the two of them did not raise any objection for Moroha to attend the school.

“I will work hard,” promised Moroha aloud to the letter.

Scratching his head, he contemplated the truth of the saying: You’ll talk to yourself more when you live alone.

Ok, lets have breakfast. Wearing his sleepwear come house wear, he proceeded to the cafeteria in a T-shirt and shorts.

He was not worried about his attire as there are mostly guys in the cafeteria, and all of them were his peers.

The cafeteria is a huge room that can seat more than a 100 people at the same time.

The meal attendants will serve you after you queue in the line with your meal trays.

Breakfast for today is rice, Miso soup, fried lotus roots, egg rolls and grilled fish with salad as a side dish.

(A 3-dish meal early in the morning, how extravagant.)

A great situation for Moroha who was always hungry like any adolescent.

If his current life could continue like this for the next 3 years, he’d be living his dream.

(Still, the taste is not quite as good as Auntie’s cooking.)

Moroha daydreamed as he ate his breakfast. It’ll be a lie to say that he is not homesick.

(Just like the saying, Home is where the heart is.)

Suddenly depressed, he quickly finished his breakfast.

Back in his room, he gave his face a quick wash and tidied his appearance. Now he’s ready to go to school.

Opening his wardrobe, he took out his school jacket hanging inside.

The photo that was placed on the top shelf was revealed.

That was the last family photo he took with his parents when he was in elementary school.

Moroha lived with his family in a small countryside town. His parents, in partnership with the local agriculture farms, operated a small eatery with fresh products and ingredients.

When Moroha was seven, his parents drove a small truck out to the farms to stock up.

And a traffic accident occurred.

Moroha was in school when the school received the notice, he rushed to the hospital, along with his class teacher.

His parents were in critical condition.

“The critical issue is that they lost too much blood,” the doctor explained to the teacher in a low tone, ignoring Moroha who was a small child.

But Moroha was smart for his age, and understood their conversation.

As his parents were a rare blood type, a rural hospital did not have any stocks on hand. Even if some were rushed down, it’s unknown if it can reach here in time—— That was basically the situation.

Once he understood the situation, he unhesitatingly rushed to the adults, and cried out “Use my blood.”

He knew that he had the same blood type as his parents.

But the doctor shook his head. Moroha was too young and he cannot approve a blood transfusion using him.

Moroha begged and screamed. As he cried, he held onto the doctor and begged continuously.

He wanted to save his parents from the bottom of his heart, regardless of the price.

“Please pray then. Pray that your parents make it through,” the doctor replied

coldly, even till the end.

The blood did not reached the hospital in time, and his parents both drew their last breath at almost the same time.

Moroha was not able to save his parents——

Remembering this painful memory, Moroha bit down on his lips.

Eight years had passed since. It had taken a lot of effort before Moroha could control his emotions when he looked at the photo of his parents.

Near the end of the date yesterday, he fought with Satsuki.

The barely healed emotional scars were torn apart again.

But, it was not Satsuki's fault. The fault lied with…..

He looked at the boy in the photo.

The boy looked back at him with irritated eyes.

In the photo, his mother was hugging him, an elementary school student then, from behind. Due to that, he was exhibiting an unhappy and embarrassed expression.

To the current Moroha, that expression looked as if the boy was condemning him.

"Hah… don't glare at me like that, I understand clearly," muttered Moroha to himself.

"I can't even save my parents, so how am I supposed to save anyone else?"

If he met with someone who suffered the same past as him ——

If that someone were to boastfully declared: "I am a <Savior>", Moroha would have definitely stepped forward and punched him. After which, he'd lecture the person for his arrogance and presumptuousness.

◆◆◆

Akane Academy and most of its associated facilities are located on top of a hill.

It was a hill that's shaped like a pudding. While the top of the hill was very wide, the hill was not really that high. Unfortunately, while the route from the

bottom to the top was short in terms of distance, it was a steep slope. This made waking to school rather quite a difficult and arduous chore.

(Why are the hostels located at the foot of the hill? Since there's so much space at the top, why not construct it within the academy?) This was a common complaint amongst the students.

Moroha, as if encouraged by the summer wind, was challenging the hell slope.

(It's not too bad now, but when the summer heat arrives it'll be a killer.)

Just as he was thinking to himself, he spotted a familiar ponytail at a distance in front of him.

It's Satsuki.

He hesitated for a moment to consider if he should call out to her, but since he was not willing to drag out the awkward mood from yesterday, he chased after and caught up to her.

"Ah, I'm so sorry about yesterday. Even when you took time to play with me," said Satsuki hesitantly, after she stared dully at Moroha for a short while.

"I… I didn't mind. I went, just a little bit, overboard with what I said," Moroha smiled after he said that. Reconciliation successful.

After, the two of them continued on side by side. Their steps were light, no assistance from the wind required.

"For me, I thought about it late into the night," Satsuki, as if she could no longer take the silence, spoke ambiguously.

"I did my best to re-evaluate Fraga as a person."

Due to their difference in height, Satsuki looked up to Moroha proudly.

"Moroha, you don't remember much, right?" She sounded very satisfied about her ability to remember her past life, as if it was a great honor.

"I thought about it carefully last night and remembered; Fraga was not the type to spout things like [I fight for justice] or [I will protect the world] from his mouth. He'd just disappear into thin air and stealthily travel to the war zone himself, winning the battle single-handedly regardless of any injuries. That's

what he did until the end, when justice prevailed and the world was protected ——that's the kind of person he was.”

Even if Satsuki said all that, Moroha did not know how to reply. As he hesitated, Satsuki held out a single hand, indicating that he did not need to speak.

“It was my fault yesterday. [Fraga] is [Moroha]. Regardless of what may happen, I believed that Onii-sama will definitely fight beside me,” smiled Satsuki.

Blinding pure white teeth, a pure straight smile who no crookedness.

“You think too highly of me.”

“It’s fine as long as I believe. Don’t be so modest! As you are my Onii-same, be more conceited.”

Satsuki smilingly flicked Moroha’s nose with a finger.

(Hah….I just cannot say no to her.) Moroha thought darkly as he rubbed his nose.

But, there was no feeling of unhappiness.

◆◆◆

Lessons officially commenced on the second day of school.

Theories were conducted in the morning. While subjects on the <Saviors> were touched on, other courses similar to a normal high school were also held. This was in consideration to the fact that not all students will be able to join the White Knight Order, so a decision was made to help those other students to enter the University of their choice after graduating from here.

Even if special and secretive, Akane Academy is still a high school.

In addition, since English is the common language in the international White Knight Order, language lessons are more comprehensive than most other schools.

After lunch, it’s finally the practical lessons——

In other words, training to use <Ancestral Arts>.

Even if you aim to do clerical work in the order, a minimum skill level and knowledge was required.

Thus, Moroha was full of enthusiasm when he arrived for the lesson.

All the first years were gathered in the First Training Arena. A round building with a bowl-shaped interior, the ground level is an extremely spacious training ground and surrounded by rows of seats. The first row of seats was raised very high above the ground level, thus the training area was surrounded by high walls.

“This is impressive.”

“Thi…this is nothing right? I guess the size is only barely adequate. With this, us siblings can rampage to our heart’s content, right?”

“There are 2 more buildings like this.”

“!?”

Moroha, Satsuki and Shizuno were chatting loudly as they walked through a set of opened gates.

This set of gates leads to a tunnel that goes under the seating gallery and into the arena.

“Oh…..”

Steeping onto the arena, Moroha suddenly felt a wave of sleepiness.

After a few seconds, the sleepy feeling dissipated.

“Wha, Wha, What was that just now?”

It appeared that Satsuki had the same experience, and was hugging herself protectively.

“The interior of the arena is linked to a pocket dimension created by a unique <Ancestral Arts>. To describe it simply, the pocket dimension is similar to being in a [Dream World]. We just passed through the boundary, so we have all [slumbered],” Shizuno calmly explained while walking briskly in the tunnel.

“Why…why was there a need to create something like a pocket dimension?”

“Inside the pocket dimension, even if a hole is blown through your stomach,

you'll be fine immediately once you stepped out of it. Just like being shocked awake from a nightmare. With this assurance, you'll be able to rampage to your heart's content, right?"

"I don't like this….I don't want to imagine it……" Satsuki was holding her head in fear after being frightened by Shizuno.

"Hmm….It is assuring though," Moroha concluded.

If any normal school were to have such a huge and majestic building as a sport hall, it'll be their pride and joy. But [forming a pocket dimension within] is beyond anyone's expectation.

The three of them continued to chat as they walked down the tunnel, and finally emerged onto the arena ground.

4 teachers and their classes had already arrived, and the combined students were gathered together in one group.

When the school bell rang, Moroha and the rest of Class 1 gathered in front of Tanaka-sensei.

Everyone were not seated neatly according to their student numbers like in their classroom, but scattered around sitting or standing as they liked in a loose group as they prepared for Tanaka's lessons. Moroha, Satsuki and Shizuno were sitting together naturally.

One person who was sitting slightly further away caught Moroha's attention.

A male student who gave off the impression of a wolf.

A small amused grin on his face, he looked as if he despised everyone around him while he surveyed his surroundings. A brutish aura that caused everyone to be wary of him.

"Okay. Listen carefully," Tanaka said. With that, the lesson started and Moroha shifted his attention back to the sensei.

Another side note, the students and the teachers were all dressed in battle suits specially designed for <Saviors>. While the battle suits were extremely light and easy to move around in, the design revealed a lot of skin, embarrassing some of the more conservative students, thus it was not popular among the female

students.

Anyway, the class listened attentively to Tanaka.

“Hm. As was taught in the morning, saviors are generally separated into two groups. One group are the warriors that possess great physical abilities called <Light Saviors
Users of Light Techniques>and the mages called <Dark Saviors
Users of Dark Magics>Since the names are too long to be used conveniently, in Japan, we call them <White Iron> and <Black Mage>.”

Moroha compared his memories of Fraga’s battle scenes with the knowledge he learned from his lessons in Akane Academy.

The power to crush thousands single-handedly. Arms with the strength to cut apart a fully armored knight armored in one stroke. The speed to rush all over the battlefield like a whirlwind.

Those are all <Ancestral Arts> abilities used by White Irons —— <<Light Techniques>>.

“Also, since Sensei is a White Iron type; for the practical today I will be teaching you the usage of <<Light Techniques>>. For those of you who are <Black Mages>, please observe carefully from the side today. Don’t pretend that it doesn't concern you and slack off.”

Some students put on a helpless expression as if Tanaka had read their minds.

“Lazy,” Satsuki frowned.

“It’s fine. Ranjou-san is not “big” enough to discipline them,” Shizuno replied her.

“What are you talking about?”

“I'm talking about the future of your breasts.”

“Stop lumping them together!”

“The two of you, please pay attention seriously. If you act like this, how are you qualified to criticize others?”

Scolded by Moroha, Satsuki crossed her eyes.

“Won’t it be more efficient to have separate classes for White Irons and Black

Mages?”

“In a battle with a <Metaphysical>, it’s impossible to win in a one-on-one fight. Thus, teamwork and cooperation is very important. Therefore, we need to understand the capabilities of each other first. The lesson plans in the future are also all team-based activities.”

At Shizuno’s conscientious explanation, Satsuki nodded her head as she understood the concepts. At this, Moroha added his comment from the side: “Plus, for those people who can use both <Light Techniques> and <Dark Magic>, if you separate the lessons, they won’t be able to decide which classes to go to.”

“Uhhh?”

His comment seemed to shock Satsuki for some reason. Moroha simply thought what he stated was common logic.

Satsuki anxiously pointed a finger upward and faced Moroha.

“Onii-sama, since you have lost most your memories, I won’t blame you for not knowing. In our previous world, there were only White Irons, remember?”

“Now that you mentioned it, I don’t remember fighting any mage-like characters.”

“Conversely, in a Black Mage world, there seemed to be only Black Mages around. It’s said that there are no previous worlds where both types exist together.

So, a <Savior> that can use both Light techniques and Dark Magic don’t exist.

It’s impossible for one to exist.

“Hmmmmmm,” Moroha lowered his chin in thought after Satsuki’s explanation.

“Okay. Please look at Sensei now.”

Tanaka-sensei suddenly clapped his hands together for attention, and Moroha was forced to stop his contemplations.

“First, let me do a demonstration.”

Tanaka-sensei spread his legs apart and bent his knees.

“KUKUKUGUAHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA”

Although he had on a serious look of concentration, he let out a funny cry.

Yet, with the increase of his presence——

Tanaka’s body started simmering as if giving off heat waves.

Was it a dark grey shade? It felt like an aura of iron-like dark grey.

The aura that Tanaka-sensei was generating started to shake like a solar prominence.

For Moroha who grew up reading manga, it’s like [generating an aura field].

The battle suit made of special materials started to resonate with Tanaka’s plana and grew to cover more of his body, changing its shape and color.

Those suits were great items that will adapt itself to the need of the users as according to the user’s characteristics.

“Did you catch that? That’s Sensei’s Prana.”

The students let out a cheer of wonder.

Moroha was clutching his fists so hard that it started sweating. In Fraga’s memories, a warrior wrapped in Prana is a common sight everywhere in his world. That should be the case for all the other White Irons, right? Still, in this modern society, it’s exciting to see this happening in front of his eyes.

“How did you do that?” “Please teach us.” “I want to learn that too.”

The students were prompting urgently.

“I will be teaching you the methods now…is what I would like to say. Actually all of you should know how without any instructions from me.”

Tanaka-sensei put on an evil grin.

Several students were stumped by his words.

“All of you have access to your past memories and experienced this in your dreams. So, recall the sensations in your dreams to remember how you accessed your prana.”

Ah…all the students seemed to understand the hint immediately.

(Once he gave the hint, the question that was asked just now seemed quite idiotic.) Before Moroha came to the academy, he had never felt the experiences he had in his dreams actually happened in his previous life. Thus, he never had the whims of [since Fraga was like that, I can be a superhuman too!”]

“Right. Let me try that!” “Me too!” “ GAHHHHHHHHH!”

The students were all making various poses, and tried to release their energy.

No one was having any success and many were making comical screams.

Some of the black mages observing from a distance were rolling on the floor laughing. (ROFL) Although Shizuno, who was a black mage, was daydreaming expressionlessly.

“It’s not coming out! Why aren’t you coming, my invincible prana!!” “ GUAAAAAAA” “Something else is going to come out from my arse.”

The White Irons were bogged down in a hard struggle.

Even if someone were to tell them to remember the sensations, looked like it’s not that easy. Until now, no one was able to access their prana.

(If it was that easy to imitate their dreams, there would be no need to set up this school.) Moroha realized that he must take this seriously and not be careless.

“White Irons have seven Prana Gates in their body which are the source of their energy. The gate in your habitual hand will be the easiest to open, so try to concentrate there first.”

Although Tanaka-sensei gave more suggestions, no one reached success yet.

“HO HO HO~”

In the crowd, Satsuki raised her head proudly and stood up.

Strong looking students who looked as if they will activate their prana immediately by going “RAWWWWWW” were still concentrating. Moroha was also confounded by his lack of success.

Satsuki, looking as if she is silently gloating, was leisurely doing warm-up exercises.

But she discovered that, except for Moroha, no one was paying any attention to her.

“Look carefully! This is the true power of the great one who you all looked down on,” declared Satsuki loudly, spreading her arms and looking upward.

“You are still holding a grudge from yesterday.”

“Shut up, Moroha just need to stand one side and watch carefully.”

Satsuki opened her eyes wide and concentrated.

With a poof sound, both of her arms glowed like lanterns.

While the glow was not really strong, nor was she emitting it from her whole body like Tanaka, the golden glow was her prana without a doubt.

“That’s so great.” “Not from one hand, but two?” “Did you figure it out immediately, Ranjou-san?”

The classmates who were just fighting with Satsuki yesterday were all paying full attention to her now.

Satsuki raised both her arms, and replied in exultation:

“When I heard about the <Ancestral Arts> during the pre-school briefings, I was thinking [That’s so cool. Let’s try doing it just like in the dreams], and I started training and finally resulted in this. HO HO HO HO HO HO HO.”

After laughing happily, she beckoned to Moroha to stand up.

“Will you let me do an experiment on you?”

“Not a problem, but please be gentle on me.”

“I know.”

Smiling, Satsuki grabbed hold of his right flank and right leg. At this time, Moroha had a bad feeling.

“Hhhhhhhhhooooooooooo……”

Moroha was lifted up into the air like a placard.

Effortlessly.

“Whoaaaaaaaaaaaaa…” The observing students started applauding.

It was simply too unreal that the slim Satsuki with her thin arms could effortlessly lift up the tall Moroha, as if she's filled with great strength.

"Isn't this great? If you filled your arms with prana, this kind of things can be done easily."

"Hm. Very well done, Ranjou-san. That is an application of one of the basic light techniques: **<<Titan Strength Link>>**"

Receiving Tanaka's praise, Satsuki spin around, still holding Moroha, as if dancing in joy.

"I feel giddy, put me down."

"Ah, sorry."

Satsuki made a mischievous face and put Moroha down.

Just when he took a relieved breath…..

"Try and break out using your strength!"

Saysuki wrapped Moroha from the back with the prana-enhanced arms.

"Dummy, what are you doing?"

"Don't call me a dummy, I'll get mad! If you are not happy just try to break free, Onii-sama."

Although Satsuki is just playing a small joke on him as his sister, Moroha cannot take it.

That's because it's touching him. Those two round things.

Although Shizuno took every opportunity to ridicule her breast size, but to a 15 year old male, those are still deadly weapons.

"Damn it, I can't move at all…"

"Well, it's not your fault. It's impossible for you to break free without using <<Titan Strength Link>>.

"Fine. I got it. I surrender, I give up. You are amazing, so release me."

"HO HO HO HO HO," Satsuki finally release him while laughing.

Moroha went back to where Shizuno was sitting and sat down beside her.

Just as he was wiping the cold sweat from his brows, Shizuno suddenly hugged him tightly from behind, and breathed seductively into his ear: “Mine feels better, right?”

Two huge breasts were pressed flat against his back.

The elastic breasts keep changing shapes against him, entrancing a person even though the feeling was dulled by the battle suits.

“What kind of reaction are you expecting from me,” demand Moroha as he glared behind. Shizuno just revealed her dimples as she smiled slightly.

“Stop playing these jokes that’s bad for the heart.”

Moroha shrugged her off while smirking at her to tell her of her failure of getting a reaction out of him.

On the other side, after showing off the results of her hard work and abilities, Satsuki is still laughing. After sweeping a look at her classmates, she coughed a few times and said to Moroha: “Ho ho. So, Moroha? Do you want your gentle sister to teach you some tricks?”

Saying that, she threw another glace at her classmates. Before Moroha could say any affirmation: “Ah, so there is a trick to it?” “Please teach us too, Ranjou-san.” “We’ll appreciate it.”

The female classmates surrounded Satsuki like waves.

The male classmates were more stubborn due to their pride, so they did not join in the entreaties. But they did look at Satsuki with envy.

“It’s fine. Let me teach it to you! It’s a special service today, so you’ll all have to give me your gratitude. HO HO HO HO HO”

“Thanks so much, Ranjou-san.”

After being sufficiently flattered by the girls, Satsuki was getting more proud of herself. She took several glances with a happy expression at Moroha as if saying [Aren’t I great? A sister that you can be proud of].

True. At this moment Satsuki is really dazzling.

“Let me start my lecture. This is a special training method taught to me in my

past life by the female warrior who introduced me to swordsmanship. First you forcefully open the hand of your strong arm as wide as possible.”

As expect of a (previous life) princess, Satsuki put up a majestic pose.

The girls surrounding her followed her instructions. The males who originally faked indifference also secretly followed.

Moroha also did the same thing. Shizuno sitting at the side tilted her head as she looked over.

“Next, you form a fist with all your strength.”

GGGGGAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH

“Now, try to execute both actions at the same time.”

You cannot open your fist even if you want too. You cannot close your hand even if you will it. Inevitably, your hand will start shaking.

“Ah, my hand is getting warm!” “I remembered this sensation in my dream.” “Just a bit more and my prana should come out.” “This is so frustrating.”

The girls were all crying out while following the instructions.

“It’ll take some time before you will be able to access your prana. You can only keep practicing until you got it,” Satsuki leaked this information out reluctantly as if embarrassed.

Moroha was pondering deeply instead.

(Is it really so troublesome?)

Although Satsuki’s method is like adding on a training wheel when learning how to ride a bike, Moroha thought that this method was beating around the bush too much.

And——while listening to Satsuki, somewhere in the depth of his brain, a “SCREECH~~ SCREECH~~ noise was heard.”

That’s not a description of him being impatience, but a literal sound.

It’s as if there was a wall of glass in his mind, and a fingernail is scratching on

the surface, giving off an uncomfortable and ticklish feeling.

This is the first time something like this happened for Moroha. Plus, the feeling came on too fast and too sudden.

Although Moroha is trying to pay more attention to Satsuki, the SCREECH SCREECH SCREEN noise is getting more serious.

He's starting to develop a really serious headache.

(What's happening to me?)

Moroha closed his eyes, and as if in deep meditation, shifted his consciousness deep within himself.

Suddenly, something seemed to flash across his mind.

A familiar voice was heard.

{I do not know who you learn this from, but you will never improve if you continue like this no matter how much time passes, Salacia.}

A cold and aloof tone, but still filled with love for his sister.

Like listening to a recording of your own voice from a long time ago, a feeling of discord and self-derision——that's the kind of mysterious feeling felt by Moroha right now.

{Don't force your strength, that's a hindrance. It's best to be natural.}

Hearing that, Moroha awoke.

This should be the territory that's known as self-realization.

Moroha had reached that territory.

It may be close to you, but you may never find it your whole life——those are the prana gates in your own body.

"grrrrrrrr……."

"Moroha?" Touched on the shoulder by Shizuno, Moroha returned from his thoughts.

He slowly opened his eyes to find that his right arm is glowing with a white aura.

Compared to the amount generated by Fraga in his dreams, it's super dim.

But this is definitely the glow of prana.

(I did it. No……I should be able to do better.)

Moroha's left arm lighted up next, followed by both legs in quick successions.

Since he gotten the knack of it, he cannot stopped himself now. Solar plexus, heart, forehead—— In a flash——

Moroha's entire body glowed brightly in a white light as the seven prana gates in his body are thrown wide open.

"…is that, the same as Sensei's?"

Moroha gave a thumb-up at the shocked Shizuno as he stood up. As if to check the conditions of his body, he tried moving his body slowly and gently.

"You will be healed if you go outside, right? What about the building itself?"

"No matter how much damage is sustained from the inner side, it'll repair itself in a few hours."

"I won't be scolded then."

Moroha raised his right knee, and holding on to a strong intent of <Shatter> in his mind, drove his leg into the ground.

Destruction. Shattering.

The reinforced cement floor beneath him was totally destroyed, and spiderweb-like cracks radiated to a distance of 5 meters around him.

That was the Ancestral Arts, Light Technique <<Titan Strength Link>>.

While the same technique, the output between Satsuki and Moroha is vastly different.

"Moroha…I can't believe it…..That's so powerful……." Satsuki was staring with wide eyes.

In addition, the other girls being tutored by Satsuki were turning their heads towards Moroha.

"Hey, Haimura-kun. Did you open all seven gates so quickly?" Tanaka took a

quick look at the group of girls with their jaws hanging, and praised Moroha while clapping.

Ignoring all class boundaries, all the first year students were looking at Moroha.

Moroha was instantly surrounded by pressure with all the gazes. If it was anyone with slightly less courage, he'll probably have suffocated under all that peer pressure.

(This is bad. I overdid it.)

In that frozen moment, Moroha scratch his head.

"KYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA", screamed a girl in the class.

As if waiting for a signal, time flowed again.

"Haimura-kun, how did you do that?" "So there was really a trick to it?" "Please teach it to me."

The girls surrounding Satsuki were all rushing to Moroha like an avalanche.

"WE ARE CLASSMATES RIGHT!!!!!!!!!!"

The girls all surrounded Moroha and started shooting out questions at him rapidly.

There were even some who took advantage of the confusion to grope his body; it's already beyond the level of simple sexual harassment!

Still, being surrounded and pressed on by the soft bodies of young nubile girls, Moroha cannot help but feel comfortable.

"STOP THAT! THAT'S MY ONII-SAMA!!!"

A cross-eyed Satsuki pushed through the girls and squeeze to Moroha's front.

"Moroha is really great. You don't even need me to explain anything."

"Is..is that so," Mohora shakily replied as he caught hold of Satsuki who was throwing herself into him in a bear hug.

A slim girl's soft body twisting around in his arms; a nice fragrance waffling from her hair, Moroha cannot help but feel his heart beating faster.

“It’s great! Do you know how many months it took me to access my prana from 2 arms? Ha ha ha ha, you are making me look bad now.”

Is she happy or angry, cheerful or sad? Please stick to one emotion.

A girl with an extremely fast mood swing.

Still, in Moroha’s eyes, a girl who was also extremely cute.

“Satsuki, did you remember what you did just now?”

Moroha suddenly felt like teasing her a bit and grin unpleasantly at her.

“Uh,” Satsuki lifted her teary joyful eyes at him.

Moroha pounced onto this defenseless prey who had not realized her doom.

He held fast onto Satsuki’s waist with his right hand, and used his left hand to tickle her.

“Hahahahahahah, don’t…don’t tickle my side. Hahahahahah, it’s…its…cheating to go for the armpits.”

“You can try to break free if you cannot take it.”

“Hahahahah, evil. Onii-sama is so evil.”

Satsuki, who only opened two gates, was obviously not able to escape from Moroha who opened all of his. Thus, Moroha was able to continue exacting his revenge to his heart’s content.

Just then,

“This is surprising. There actually another capable character beside me.”

A strong yet rough voice shouted out.

Moroha, still holding on to Satsuki, stopped his tickling and looked toward the owner of the voice.

At a far distance from the students sat the guy, who Moroha noticed earlier, with his legs thrust straight in front of him on the ground.

The guy with the cold smile who gave a deep impression of a crazed wolf.

His shoulders were wide, even sitting down you could see that he had a very well trained body.

His name was…Isurugi Gen.

Due to the fact that he was staring coldly at Satsuki's group while they were practicing, it was thought that he was a Black Mage.

With everyone's attention on his, he arrogantly stood up.

When he stood up, it was realized that he also had a very noticeable body, maybe around 190cm.

No matter what his past life was like, he is giving out a savage feeling as if he was ready to fight anyone right then and there.

With a "foom" sound, Gen's eyes filled with power.

The muscles under his battle suit expanded.

Moroha had a sudden illusion that the surrounding was filled with the smell of blood.

That's because that was the color of Gen's aura, a blood like dark crimson.

Satsuki, Shizuno and the other students drew a quick breath, and compared the two guys who were quietly emitting prana from their whole body.

On one side, Moroha was still holding Satsuki and in standing in a relaxed natural state.

On the other side, Gen was rolling his shoulder aggressively with wide eyes.

Two people who are polar opposites. Under this tense atmosphere:

"I remember that you are the third year, Isurugi Jin's….." Tanaka sighed deeply and spoke coldly.

"Yup. Jin's my elder brother."

Even under that unnatural atmosphere, when the word "brother" was heard, some people started whispering to each other.

"It's very rare for brothers to be <Saviors> together. Even in this school they are the only examples," softly explained Shizuno to Moroha from behind him.

Moroha had also heard in the morning lessons that there is perhaps one savior out of every 10,000 people. So he had to agree that sibling saviors were really

rare.

“I asked Jin to teach me Light Techniques from two years ago when he first entered this school.”

Due to this miraculous advantage, Jin is bragging at his ability to open all of his prana gates.

“You are called Haimura right. So you also learned before entering this school like me?” asked Gen willfully.

“No. I’m learning about prana for the first time today.”

“Stop lying. Even for me, it took me an entire year before I can open all seven gates. This is not something that can be learned instantly. Stop pretending and tell the truth!”

Gen refused to believe Moroha and continued to press him for the truth.

Satsuki, still in Moroha’s arms, started retorting before Moroha could reply.

“So what if you used a year. Don’t use your pitiful knowledge to judge my Onii-sama’s greatness.”

“What did you say? The half-ass fella who can only light up two arms should go to one side and keep quiet.”

“What did you say? Stop describing me like a fluorescent lamp, it’s unforgivable!”

Moroha held back Satsuki who struggled as if she wanted to rush at Gen.

(Haiz, what a rash person.) Moroha smiled bitterly at Satsuki who was panting in anger.

“Hey, the both of you. Don’t try and fight in front of Sensei. You should all know this; <Saviors> are banned from using their abilities for personal reasons. I do not know about other schools, but Akane Academy takes a very strict stance on violence and the punishment is very harsh indeed.”

If Tanaka-sensei had not put in those words, Satsuki should have rampaged by now.

Mohora released Satsuki who had suddenly turned well-behaved.

Gen also grunted and released his tension.

“Let us continue the lesson. Since we have the rare opportunity of three people being able to release their prana, let me teach you something additional. The three of you, take out your student ID tags.”

The three of them followed that instruction.

“This is considered a weapon for White Irons.”

“This small thing?” Satsuki and Moroha looked at each other in confusion.

Gen is sneering at them as if saying: “You don’t even know this simple stuff.”

“Imaging the weapon that you want to use, and inject prana into the ID Tag.”

“Oh…..is any weapon fine?” Moroha asked.

“This required a very strong imaging on your side. For your target, you need to strongly and clearly remember the weapon you used in your past life. The weapon that had the strongest connection and compatibility with you in your past life.”

Listening to Tanaka, something seemed to burst into fireworks in Moroha’s mind.

With a bonus headache even worst then the one he experienced previously.

This time, without Moroha’s concentration, the familiar voice resounded in his head again.

A familiar scene appeared in front of his eyes, as if he’s daydreaming.

In a solemn shine far beyond the solar system, under a winter sun long gone in the past, Moroha and Salacia were facing each other.

Salacia, in a white Miko dress, was hugging carefully a longsword in a scabbard.

“I will not talk about other matters, but please allow me to say this——May the fortunes of war be with you, Onii-sama.”

Salacia look at Moroha with puffy, tear-filled red eyes.

Moroha calmly and silently took over the longsword.

A hilt painstakingly designed in the most exact details fit into his hand perfectly, as if to proclaim that it was not a work of art, but a partner for victory in the cruel battlefield.

With a ringing sound, the blade is drawn into the cold air.

The blade with a mirror-like finish, as if a masterpiece created by the gods.

Without testing, one can discern that this blade is a one-of-a-kind masterpiece forged and reforged countless times until perfect was finally achieved.

The sword is a priceless artifact all by itself.

Its name is <Saratiga>, the holy sword that Moroha is the guardian of.

At this point, the daydream broke apart.

With a light dizziness, Mohora returned to himself.

Why can he hear the voice of his past life? Why can he remember his past life via daydreaming instead of dreaming it while asleep? Was it the same for the other <Saviors>? Mohora was now seriously confused.

But, he had definitely gotten a reliable clue.

Now, he had to summon that holy sword to the present.

Mohora clutch the ID Tag tightly.

“Ahh…..Ahhhhh…..It’s surprisingly difficult to inject prana into an object.”

Although Satsuki was complaining bitterly in her own struggles, but Mohora did not even hear her in his deep concentration.

This proved how much effort he is pouring into imaging the details of the holy sword——his previous partner.

(Come, Saratiga……..)

Moroha released his prana into his ID Tag.

After a flash of light, the ID Tag in glowed brightly as if red-hot, and lengthened like sugar candy.

The hilt with the easy grip, the solidly built hand guard, the long blade, the sharp edge…all of these materialized as the sword lengthened. His previous

partner was being summoned into this world.

Finally, a sword appeared in Moroha's hand.

But, compared to the holy sword with the mirror-like blade and detailed body, this is a rather normal looking sword.

(Was my imagination lacking?)

Moroha disappointedly raised the sword and checked out its condition.

"Grats, Moroha!" "That's so cool." "It's so striking."

Still, the girls were screaming like fangirls with Satsuki as their lead.

Moroha became happier gradually as he regained the long lost feeling of holding onto a sword and started to think that everything is fine like this.

(Please take care of me again, Saratiga.)

Moroha slowly stroked the sword body, and decided that this shall be his beloved weapon from now on.

Chapter 4 - The Girl Named Ranjou Satsuki

At the start of the next day, the atmosphere in the class changed.

When Moroha stepped into the classroom, he was shocked as all the girls turned their heads simultaneously to look at him.

With very warm and affectionate looks.

Moroha as usual, sat at his seat in the middle of the last row but now with a cramped face.

“Ah, Haimura-kun.”

Just as he barely touched his seat, one of his female classmates rushed to his side.

The atmosphere suddenly turned ugly as the air was infused by feminine grudges of [Don’t jump the queue!], but as Moroha had shifted his attention to the girl in front of him, he failed to notice it completely.

She was a cute girl who seemed confident of her appearance; with a big ribbon in her hair that suited her a lot.

If not for the existence of Satsuki and Shizuno, she’d probably be the most noticeable person.

“Do you have time after school? If possible, I would like you to help tutor me in Light Techniques. I have many areas to need your help on. Of course, as thanks, maybe we can have dinner or something together after that...”

To the word “dinner”, Moroha’s mouth twitched slightly.

Although Moroha lived frugally due to his financial situation, he had never let anyone treate him before. He still had that much restraint.

But he had no qualms about accepting food in return for a favour.

Just as he was about to break into a smile of acceptance…..

“…Mohora already has an appointment.”

Like a phantom, Shizuno suddenly appeared behind the girl and grabbed her

shoulder, whispering softly to her.

“I….I….I’m sorry!”

The girl retreated hurriedly with an expression as if she was having a heart attack.

“It’s just not possible to let down one’s guard.”

“You are the same,” retorted Moroha as he stared dreadfully at Shizuno who appeared out of thin air.

“You just caused me to lose my dinner.”

“Doesn’t the hostel provide those?”

“I’m in a growing phrase. Eating a 2nd dinner outside is hardly an issue.”

“I could treat you to dinner, all you can eat.”

“I don’t like to eat free meals.”

“Teach me light techniques then?”

“Aren’t you a black mage?”

“You are so dense,” sigh Shizuno. “Ranjou-san is glaring at me, so I'll be returning to my seat,” and she left.

Glancing out of the corner of his eyes, he saw Satsuki, who had just opened the classroom rear door, staring at them from across the room.

Since Moroha pretended not to see her, she gave a “hmmp” and went to her seat.

Ignoring the grudge filled air generated by jealous girls.

They were in that condition because they knew that Shizuno had a date with Moroha two days ago, so they were all regretfully muttering things like [She got ahead of us] or [I was too slow].

In such a complicated atmosphere ——

“This pisses me off.”

From the front door of the classroom, the large body of Isurugi Gen appeared.

He swept his gaze around the classrooms once, and all the girls who were dreamily looking at Moroha tried their hardest to avoid looking Gen.

Even the guys, who were originally embarrassed by the delicate mood of the girls, strived not to look at Gen in the eyes.

“Isurugi-Kun, good morning to you,” greeted some of Gen’s cronies who had attached themselves to him earlier.

Gen continued to look around the classroom with dangerous eyes, proceed to his seat beside the windows and sat down heavily.

“As I said, this pissed me off,” Gen leaned against the windows, and purposefully said that in a loud voice.

“It’s strange. Why are the looks being thrown to me and Haimura so different ?”

Looked like he just wanted to vent some frustration. After saying those stuffs, he seemed to lose interest and deflected, losing the will to bitch anymore.

“That’s because you keep saying those childish things, that’s why you are being looked down upon right?”

Satsuki was saying something outrageous again.

“What did you say, bitch?”

Gen, fully roused from his previous lethargy and stood up again. Moroha could not help but covere his face with his hands.

Gen looked at Satsuki with death in his eyes, while Satsuki fearlessly stared back with scorn.

A death-match …… did not happen.

“Huh. There’s no point in messing around with a weakling.”

Gen changed his mind and sat back down in a relaxed manner.

Although Satsuki scream “WHAT DID YOU SAY!” Gen was already ignoring her.

With that, the class that regained peace……did not happened either.

“Haimura, let’s have a duel and determine who’s the No.1!”

Gen with a maniac look in his eyes said some nonsensical things.

“This kind of thing, it’s better to decide it earlier.”

What did you meant by [earlier]? What was [better to decide]? Moroha could understand.

“The No.1 is you, lets decide it that way,” Moroha replied indifferently.

Moroha had absolutely no interest in his position in the school hierarchy.

Compared to this, the bigger problem was that he already felt sleepy before morning lessons.

“You bastard…….”

Temper throbbing and giving off a ferocious look. He’s already the No.1, what was there for him to be dissatisfied about?

“What are you saying, Moroha? Don’t you have any pride?” Satuski was pulling her ponytail in exasperation at the unbelievable words from Moroha’s mouth.

“Being honest and admitting your defeat is also something to take pride about. Isurugi had been practicing Light Techniques since two years ago, so he’s obviously above me in abilities.

Moroha replied that absentmindedly as he yawned widely. He’s really going to fall asleep. This is really bad.

“Che, you damn coward. How are you a <Savior> like this?” Seeing the unmotivated look on Moroha’s face, even Gen gave up after clicking his tongue once.

Another reason was that the bell had rung and Tanaka-Sensei walked into the classroom.

(I’m not a <Savior>.)

Moroha struggled to contain his yawns while he sat up straighter.

“Unbelievable,” said Satsuki as she left that one word before returning to her seat.

◆◆◆

Lunch Time——

As the cafeteria was crowded, Moroha, Satsuki and Shizuno decided to have their bread lunch at the courtyard lawn.

The weather was good and the springtime sun was comfortable.

“My good mood was destroyed by you,” complained Satsuki.

Shizuno looked at Satsuki displeasingly.

“I won’t shut up. Anyway, Isurugi was running all over you, why did you remain silent even so, Moroha?”

“Because the topic of "who's the best" is dreadfully boring.”

To Moroha, lunch was the most important thing right at this moment. He eagerly tore open the bread packaging.

“Don’t you feel any defiance when other people ridicule you?”

“Nope, none whatsoever,” replied Moroha as he stuffed his mouth full of pizza toast.

“I guess Moroha is more in love with money than power?” asked Shizuno straightforwardly from his side.

“[Love] is not the appropriate word to use. I’m not a miser or anything. I just felt that it’s hard to go through life without money, and I also cannot repay my Uncle and aunt. I don’t want that.”

“I do not know if I should describe you as being realistic or something else. What a hard man to understand.”

I have desire for money, but no desire for fame. That should be what Shizuno meant, I guess?

“That is why I feel that it’s best to keep a low profile. Although money is important, I don’t really want to be rich. As long as I can be someone that Uncle and Aunt can be proud of, I’ll be satisfied. Other than that, I don’t want to reach too high above my station.”

“Is that so? I see.”

Although Moroha wondered if he was being too obstinate, luckily Shizuno

seemed to understand.

After that, the sensitive Shizuno stopped talking and concentrated on opening her tea packet.

“If Onii-sama is not the No.1, then I won’t agree to it. Definitely not.”

And there was the self-proclaimed little sister who cannot read the mood, sitting on the other side of him.

“I was so angered by you that I couldn’t concentrate on the lessons the entire morning.”

“No, you had better concentrate on the lessons,” countered Moroha. “I’m not asking you to study till you spit blood out, but since the fees are free, please don’t waste the chance to get a good education.”

“This….I will admit that I am at fault on this matter,” said the embarrassed Satsuki as she played with her ponytail after being scolded by Moroha.

“Moroha is really an outstanding student.”

“I’m not up to that standard. After all the efforts my uncle spent convincing me to come to high school, if I were to leisurely pass my time here without making an effort, I’ll be so ashamed that I’d punch myself.”

Even though he was not putting any financial burden on his Uncle right now, Moroha felt that he might as well study hard instead of wasting his time. If he were to do that, he might as well go find a full-time job.

“AHHH~~AHH. I still feel so frustrated.”

Was it really that unbearable for your brother to be laugh at by others?

Satsuki had taken out a sandwich from her bag and was chewing through it savagely as if to vent her anger, while continuing to complain.

“Weren’t you the one who was complaining that Hamburgers were low class food? So Sandwiches are fine?” Shizuno quickly attacked Satsuki when she saw an opportunity.

Satsuki choked on her food and quickly gulped down some packaged orange juice.

“Sandwiches are elegant food invented by nobles!”

“How stubborn.”

“And this orange juice is not cold at all, so irritating!” Satsuki tried to shift the topic away clumsily.

Yes, it was a fact that lukewarm orange juices are terrible things. The increased acidity will stung the tongue and also leave behind a sticky aftertaste.

“Here, pass it over. I’ll cool it for you.”

“Huh? What are you doing, Urushibara?”

Satsuki tilted her head as her orange juice was taken away.

Shizuno took over the juice with her left hand, and was pointing at something with right hand.

『***TRACE——***』

Shizuno said that word significantly in a solemn voice.

Something seemed to electrify in Moroha’s mind.

『***Oh Child of Ice, Oh Child of Snow, lend me your breath, and freeze this with your small exhalation***』

While Shizuno was chanting something like an aria in a singsong voice, she seemed to be tracing something using her the tip of her right forefinger. .

That’s right. She was not pointing at anything just now. As if there was an invisible board hanging in the air, Shizuno’s graceful fingertip was writing a series of glowing glyphs.

A language that never belonged on Earth.

The language of the realm of magic.

Following her aria and gestures, the surrounding seemed to darken slightly. At their location in the centre of the courtyard with a cloudless sky overhead, it was a mysterious phenomenon. Shizuno was increasing the amount of mana within her by absorbing energy from the natural surroundings, and molding it into the form of energy she wished for.

Only a few seconds had passed.

While Shizuno was writing the glyphs, Moroha and Satsuki were mesmerized.

When she tapped strongly on the last glyph, that single line of characters seemed to rotate and disappeared into the juice package.

“Here, Its cold now.”

Shizuno casually push the package against Satsuki’s cheek, causing Satsuki to jump away in fright.

“Step One Dark Magic《White breath》. Did you adjust it to a low powered version, Shizuno?

“Dark Magic? The power that Dark Mages used?”

After hearing Moroha’s confirmation, Satsuki screamed as if crazed while Shizuno just nodded her head.

“That’s not allowed! <Ancestral Arts> can only be used for justice. The school rules also stated clearly that you can only use it during training, or in a desperate emergency.”

“It was a desperate emergency to chill orange juice.”

“Don’t crack this kind of bad joke, Urushibara.”

“Hey, don’t be so stubborn about these matters. It’s not as if we had troubled anyone, and you were helped, isn’t that great?”

“The me just now, who thought you were a model student, was an idiot,” Satsuki sighed exaggeratedly.

“Forget it, there will be no next time. I don’t want to be disciplined for breaking the school rules.”

Looking off to the side, she sucked greedily at the orange juice.

“Ah, it’s so tasty.”

Hearing this clumsy thanks, Moroha and Satsuki can only smiled bitterly at each other.

Following, the two of them also took out more bread from the bags.

“Hahahahahaha,” laughed Satsuki suddenly while pointing at Shizuno’s bread. “Curry bread? A girl is actually eating curry bread? That’s so damaging to the grace of a girl. Hey, why is it a curry bread? Is it because it’s yellow? Are you the yellow ranger in a Sentai show?”

Although Satsuki was hard while holding her stomach, Shizuno just ignored her and continue to eat her bread calmly.

One look and you can see who was the more graceful girl between them.

“I heard that the curry bread in Akane Academy is pretty famous.”

“Really? I should have chosen that if I’ve known.”

Although the hotdog he is chewing was tasty too, Moroha started to crave for a taste of the curry bread.

He also suddenly realized something: Except for him and Satsuki, Shizuno don’t seem to have much interaction with other people, nor seemed to have any other friends. Still, once and again she will provide information and intelligence when needed. It’s really unfathomable.

“Do you want a taste, Moroha?”

“Thanks. Let me share some of mine with you.”

“Here, say Ahhhhhh……”

Moroha took a bite out of the curry bread that Shizuno held over, and Shizuno, with another Ahhh, took a bite out of Moroha’s hot dog in his hand.

“What are you doing, Onii-samaaaaaaaaaa.”

“It’s tasty!” Moroha replied while looking at Satsuki who was clutching her head, chewing all the while.

The pairing of soft bread and crispy skin gave the outer layer a sweet taste, which combined with the exciting mature tasting filling; it was the perfect blend of sweetness and spiciness.

“You said “AHHHHH!” You actually said “AHHHHHHH!” And an In,in,in…indirect kiss!”

“What indirect kiss? Are you an elementary school child?”

“How could you do that when you already have a sister, you heartless playboy!”

“Heartless? Playboy? Is that something you said to your brother in the past?”

“I wouldn’t say that! Ah~ah, to think Fraga was so gentle last time. He will go [Ahhhhhh] and feed me every day. How did he change into such a philanderer?”

“Then let me feed you now…..?”

“He would go [Ahhhh] to feed me, yet he would mischievously kissed me on the face when I closed my eyes.”

“Were the two of you really siblings?!”

Facing Satsuki who was grinning foolishly while reminiscing and even drooling a bit, Moroha cannot help but look suspiciously at her.

On the other side, Shizuno calmly said:

“I had already kissed Moroha directly. At this stage, there’s really no point in making a fuss about indirect kissing or anything like that.”

Satsuki who was in her personal daydream suddenly snapped into her demonic face.

“How could I not make a fuss? How many times had I said this, this is a major event for a girl!”

“It’s only a touch between lips.”

“What do you mean by [only]?!”

“It’s not like I’ll get pregnant.”

“PRE….PREG….PREGNANT?!”

Hearing the word spoken calmly by the expressionless Shizuno, the innocent Satsuki blushed all the way to her neck.

“It’s unbelievable! For a girl to be unaware of the importance of kissing, it’s really unbelievable!”

Satsuki, shoulders shaking and hugging her arms, turned her head away with a hmmmp.

Her cheeks were puffed out, rounded like a dolphin's head.

On the other hand, Shizuno's dimples were showing up on her face. She must be feeling happy about teasing Satsuki.

The single organism that was straight-laced Satsuki had not notice that yet. Shizuno was still better at this. Looking at this, Moroha could not help but smile.

"I'm full." Moroha clapped his hand together in appreciation and thought about how peaceful the day was.

Of course, he would only come to regret his naïvety later in the day.

◆◆◆

After changing into the battle suits inside the changing rooms, the three of them walked together towards the tunnel.

For the afternoon practical lessons, they came to the first training arena again.

Possibly due to them being slightly early, very few students from the four classes had arrived. None of the four teachers had arrived yet either. Moroha's group walked toward their classmates.

Isurugi Gen was there too, and seemed to be saying something in a loud voice.

"My elder brother said that the threats from the <Metaphysicals> are increasing every year, and the White Knight Order will not be able to cope if they don't increase their war potential more."

Three guys were surrounding him and were attentively listening to every word he said.

He had already found some followers quickly, looked like he'd be forming his very own clique soon.

"But, Isurugi-kun, isn't that bad? That won't be a good situation to be in."

"Don't be ridiculous. It's great for us as it'll be the best job security guarantees. If we can be as active as my brother, we'll go far in the future. This is all thanks to the <Metaphysicals>."

His statement did make some sense.

But only in a twisted manner, similar to the logic of a thief.

“Ah, so that’s it. Isurugi-kun is so clever. That’s great.”

Gen was shamelessly declaring his views, and his cronies were clapping and cheering him on.

The rest of the class was frowning but since the strength of Gen was undeniable, no one got the courage to argue with him. In fact, seeing Gen’s group being so extremely conceited, they actually felt ashamed for them.

“I actually thought about this, that it’s better for a <Metaphysical> to turn a city into a sea of fire. If that happened, the country will have no choice but to increase the funding to the order.”

“Wow. If that really happen, our salaries will keep rising!”

Gen’s group started laughing outrageously.

Their wretched, obscene expressions were harmful to the eyes.

(Instead of calling them <Saviors>, it’s more accurate to call them thieves.

Moroha ignored that group and sat down on the ground. Shizuno did the same.

“You….you…..people…..” Satsuki said with an emotional expression.

Narrowed eyes, farrowed forehead and a trembling mouth. A face full of wrath, all the more remarkable due to her beauty.

“You people are all trash! A disgrace to all <Saviors>!”

Before Moroha could stop her, Satsuki had already walked toward Gen’s location.

“HUH? What nonsenses are you spouting out since yesterday!?”

Being scolded by Satsuki, Gen’s temper also flared up and he stood up quickly.

“I had let you off many times since you are a girl, but it looked as if you are getting too full of yourself,” declared Gen as he used his superior height to look down condescendingly at Satsuki.

“Trash is trash. Am I wrong to say that?”

“HUH? Who do you think you are? What rights do you have to look down on me, you damn shorty?”

“You are so dumb if you need to ask that? Remember what you were laughing about just a short while ago.”

“Ah, what about it? Are you my parents? Oh, I know, you didn’t like my words just now right? Well, we are humans too. We need to eat too, okay? Understand now?”

“My point is your aspiration is despicable!”

“Don’t tell me you are one of those “We are allies of justice” types? Listen to me, go back to kindergarten. Okay?”

“Same to you. Trash is smelly, please jump into an incinerator.”

“What did you say? I’ll grope your breasts.”

“Why don’t you die and reincarnate again? If that happen, you may become a slightly better <Savior>.”

A duel using lips and tongues as swords.

Satsuki and Gen’s insults were getting worst and worst.

Everyone was staring at the two of them.

“Shall we help her, Moroha?”

“That’ll only complicate matters.”

Shizuno also understood that, so she nodded her head silently upon hearing Moroha’s answer.

The situation will only get worse if you blundered clumsily into it. It’s a different case if one side was to strike the other, but as they are still in a verbal war it’s better to observe at the moment.

Just as Moroha came to this conclusion——

“What is this commotion about?” The class teacher of the 2nd class demanded as he entered the arena.

Gen displayed a “Another interruption” expression as he clicked his tongue in

irritation.

For Moroha, this should have been the end of this matter and he had relaxed himself. He was too naïve.

“Sensei, these two had already released their prana. It’s so impressive.” One of Gen’s cronies commented with an innocent face.

“Ah. I saw that yesterday. To reach this level barely into the curriculum, it’s really impressive.”

“So~~if possible could we have the two of them give a demonstration duel for the rest of us?”

“Oh? If possible I would like my students observe too. If the two of you are willing, how about it?”

Moroha clicked his tongue in irritation this time. So this was what’s going on. Just as he was about to restrain Satsuki—— “It’s fine. Let me teach this ignorant goon what a <Savior> should be!” Satsuki declared first.

“HEH HEH! That’s good. Then show me the strength of your justice.”

Gen accepted of course. An expression that he had been waiting for a chance like this.

(Damn it. Satsuki, you single cell organism.) Moroha ran out of excuses he could have used since the teacher approved the practice duel.

He could only looked on helplessly as the teacher of the 2nd class gave clear instructions for the preparations.

All the 1st year students were seated at the viewing gallery

Only three persons were standing on the training ground.

The referee, Tanaka-sensei, and the spirited Satuki and Isurugi Gen.

As they were standing in front of authorities, no more insults were being thrown between the two of them. But the two of them are glaring at each other with grudges.

“Ready, Start!” Tanaka gave the signal. Satsuki and Gen released their prana simultaneously.

Satsuki’s arms were emitting a golden light, but Gen’s whole body is awash in a blood red aura.

Next, the two of them materialized their weapons from their ID Tags.

Satuki’s weapon is a small double-edge sword. She wasn’t able to do this feat yesterday but was able to successfully materialize it today.

She must have practiced hard in the hostel yesterday. Although Satsuki loved to make many declarations and talked big, but she also had a hardworking facet in her.

And on Gen’s side——a giant fierce looking axe.

The observing students felt the oppressing will of the combatants and cannot helped but shiver.

Moroha also prayed that Satsuki remained safe.

“There’s no need to fear any injuries in the arena. You’ll be fine as long as you reached outside.”

“I’m not worried about that, Shizuno.”

Moroha did not want Satsuki to feel any suffering. Concentrating on Satsuki, He continued to pray silently.

“I’m Coming, Isurugi.”

Satsuki sounded a bit nervous, but she set her determination and attacked with a strong pressure.

“TAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.” With her shout, she raised her sword in both hands and swung down with a beautiful strike.

Only, Gen continued standing in place motionlessly. Or was he unable to move? Shouldering his axe, he remained motionless.

Satsuki’s sword arced once.

This was a strike enhanced by《Titan Strength Link》. If you were to take in such a blow victory will be decided immediately, right?

A blunt sound rung out and something was thrown into the air.

That thing kept spinning and a curve path, and struck upright on the ground behind Satsuki.

It's Satsuki's sword.

"…What happened?" Shizuno asked but Moroha had only seen a quick shadow.

Gen who had been foolishly standing like a motionless statue had done something with an incredible speed.

Looming at the results, he must have knocked away Satsuki's weapon with his axe.

"AH….uhhh…..?" Looking at her empty hands, Satsuki gave a confused look.

This meant that Gen's movement was so fast that Satsuki was not able to see and realized what had happened.

Victory had been decided in an instant.

Satsuki and Gen had a huge difference between their fighting abilities.

"Pick it up," said Gen confidently as he tapped his axe lightly against his shoulder.

"We can't continue the duel if you have no weapon, right. So pick it up."

Being pitied on by him, Satsuki could only tremble in shame where she stood.

"You don't have to go easy on me. We are just having a demonstration duel. Prepare yourself anew and we'll start over again."

Gen's words were filled with sincerity and generosity.

And because to this, all the more insulting it was.

Due to rage and shame, Satsuki's face color had already gone past red and into a blue-black shade.

"Hey hey, you need to buck up a bit more. It's not good if an ally of justice retreat just because of a small setback."

"I'll definitely make you cry and apologized to me…."

To pick up her sword, Satuki strongly turned her body and ran toward it.

Gen’s lips twisted upward in a despicable smirk.

Rushing forward, he swung his axe downward towards Satsuki’s unprotected back.

No blood splattered. Satsuki did not suffer any injuries.

In replacement, the clothing on her back was sliced apart with just the correct amount of strength. The cloth on her back and the strap of her bra were cut apart.

The white skin of her back was displayed fully to all the 1st year students.

“Noooooooooooo!” Satsuki cannot helped but knelt down. The skin of her back was slowly dyed red.

“Ku…HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA.” Gen was laughing to the extent of having tears in his eyes.

Moroha had already rushed out. With unbelievable speed, he had jumped out of the viewing gallery and landed onto the training ground. Running to Satsuki’s side, he quickly covered her with a coat.

“Oi oi, Haimura? We are in the middle of a duel, you know? Don’t interfere okay. It’s despicable right?”

“……”

Facing Gen’s taunts, Haimura did not reply at all. He was too furious to form any incoherent words.

“It’s also not right to bully those weaker than you too, Isurugi-kun.” At this point, Tanaka-sensei gave a word of warning to Gen.

“A demonstration duel is one thing, but a private fight is disallowed!”

“Don’t you have any awareness of what being a <Savior> means?”

“As one of the chosen, how could you….”

The class teachers of class two, three and four also arrived on the training ground and started lecturing strictly.

A wall of human bodies separated Gen and Moroha.

“Ah my bad,” Gen apologized in an insincere tone, and turning his body to squeeze through the wall of bodies, continue his follow up “attack” at the still shaking Satsuki: “Ranjou, did you hear that? It seems you are a weakling!”

Hearing that, Satsuki’s body jumped once.

“Shut up!” Although Moroha was unreservedly releasing his bloodlust, it did not even register at all on Gen standing near the teachers.

“Aren’t you Isurugi Jin’s brother? Why don’t you learnt a bit on how to conduct yourself like your outstanding brother….” While Tanaka-sensei tried to advise Gen, Gen is still exultantly ridiculing Satsuki.

“Ranjou said it herself that we are all <Saviors> and that for peace we had to battle the <Metaphysical>. If so, isn’t weaklings like Ranjou here the ones that’s disgracing all <Saviors>? She may be good at shooting her mouth off, but she’s such a loser in reality.”

Gen laughed heartily holding his stomach.

Kyaaaaa, screamed Satsuki sharply.

Next, she ran out covering her ears.

“Wait, Satsuki.” Moroha wasn’t able to catch her, his voice didn't even reach her ears.

Satsuki ran into the connecting tunnel under the eyes of the entire year one student body.

“Ha ha ha ha, remember this! Weaklings should surround and serve the strong.”

“Enough is enough. Know where to draw the line, Isurugi-kun!”

Gen continued to laugh hard. Even when the 4 teachers continue to admonish him, he treated their words as wind.

“….Isurugu.” Moroha glared at Gen again.

But, right now——

Satsuki’s small back had already disappeared from his sight as she ran outside the arena. He cannot but helped but to worry for her.

He wanted to hold her shaking delicate shoulders.

He couldn’t ignore Satsuki.

Moroha did not hesitate and chased after her.

◆◆◆

Satsuki was in the courtyard.

She sitting, hugging her knees, near the grassy area where they had lunch not long ago.

As all the students were having practical lessons at the moment, no one was around.

Except for Moroha.

As she had ran out of the arena, Satuski and Moroha’s clothings had reverted back to their original state. Moroha noted that he’ll need to cover her with a coat again.

“Only Moroha is not allowed to come near...”

“Why only me…..?”

“Because I don’t want you to see my pathetic face right now.” Satsuki replied weakly, eyes puffy and red from crying.

She kept silent after that.

Seeing her lonely back as she sat hugging her knees, Moroha found it hard to follow her instructions.

Still,

“If I cannot look at you, I can still stay at your side, right?”

Supporting his head with his arms, and positioned his back toward Satsuki.

Satsuki continued to remain silent.

So it means that he can stay at her side, Moroha forced himself to interpret her silence as that.

The weather report had stated that the spring season for this year will be a

good one. As proven by looking up into the sky, the mild sun was gently shining on and warming up the two of them.

“I don’t think that you have anything to be ashamed of.” Moroha, taking the sun as a role model, gently consoled the depressed Satsuki.

“I may not know the meaning of the existence of <Savior> in this world, but compared to the strong ruling over the weak, isn’t the side working towards a noble goal more impressive? In my opinion, Isurugi is the disgraceful side.”

Still, Satsuki continue to remain silent.

(I’ve ran out of ideas.)

Moroha decided to observe the sun and wait leisurely.

He may be scolded by the teachers later, but he cannot bring himself to care at the moment.

Compared to lessons, Satsuki is more important right now.

◆◆◆

How many sheep-like clouds had he counted floating pass in the sky?

“I wanted Onii-sama to praise me.” Satsuki said mumbled suddenly.

Moroha was shocked lightly by her sudden utterance.

The feeling of wanting to be praised, he also strongly desired that. He wanted the deeply respected guardians who raised him to say to him [You had done very well].

And, he wanted to repay them too.

In a certain sense, he chose this school precisely for that reason.

Being on the same wavelength as Satsuki, Moroha continued to wait silently for Satsuki to continue.

“Due to misfortune, the towns I lived in were attacked one after another by <Metaphysical>. Due to this, until my 3rd year of middle school I was forced to move house 12 times.

“If you keep moving around, isn’t it hard to make friends?”

Moroha felt Satsuki nodding her head.

“Still, I wasn’t lonely at all. I had Salacia’s memories and dreamed of Fraga every night when I sleep. To Salacia, Fraga was her world and everything. To me, it was the same.”

She confessed all that in a mournful voice and a soft tone. To Satsuki, her beloved Onii-sama is a supremely important existence.

While temporarily ignoring the fact that Moroha was that beloved Onii-sama for the moment, the loyalty she displayed toward that love wwould make anyone feel touched by her.

“After I passed the test and found myself a <Savior>, and informed that I’m not the only one who had memories of their past life, and that there is a school that gathered <Saviors>, I had a thought…….”

Moroha felt Satsuki’s gaze behind his back.

“I came here on the off-chance that I can meet up with Onii-sama.”

Moroha silently continued to listen to her confession with his back to her.

“That was the only reason I entered this school.”

Satsuki breathe in deeply through her mouth and nose.

“Do you understand what I am trying to say?”

She sniffed through her nose, and forcefully tried to stem the tears gathering in her eyes.

“Truthfully, [justice] or [save the world] are only secondary to me. I was only trying to act tough in front of Onii-sama, and wanted him to praise me. And, I wanted to fight by Onii-sama’s side. No matter the opponent or reasons, this time I will be by my Onii-sama’s side to witness his fights. That was my only wish.”

She revealed the truth and real feelings hidden in her heart.

“So I was only trying to act tough and being stubborn. When Onii-sama said that he did not wish to fight in this life, I became distraught and then got angry.”

She revealed the guilt hidden in her heart.

“My goals are not noble at all. I actually had no rights to preach to Isurugi, because I’m the same as him. Looking at him, it was like looking into a mirror and seeing my ugly side. I cannot resist myself and challenged him. And I lost……even when those fellow laughs at Onii-sama, as your sister I cannot even protect your honor. I am so useless…..”

Her voice started shaking and break apart as she talked, and after reaching the end she started crying again.

Hugging her legs, she rolled her small body even tighter into a ball, looking even smaller.

A vulnerable girl was crying silently.

“I beg you, Onii-sama. Scold me just like you used to. I am fine with any reprimand.”

She cried harder as she begged him.

So.

It’s enough.

Moroha turned his body to face her and held her shaking, delicate shoulders, and asked: “Do you like me? Not Fraga, but me?”

The suddenly frozen Satsuki lifted her head.

“Eh…..what?” Satsuki asked with a doubtful expression.

Then, her face spoiled by crying was blushed a faint gentle red.

Moroha continue purposefully:

“I will also be honest with you. I cannot treat you as my little sister, for I have very little memories of my past life. So, even if you go Onii-sama this or Onii-sama that, I will only be at a loss.”

BUT.

“The strength of your yearning, feelings and love for your [Onii-sama], I already know them well.”

Moroha purposely smiled a smile, [you brocon].

About justice, about <Saviors>, Moroha had no interest at all. In fact, he cannot match Satsuki's frequency most of the time actually.

So Moroha had no rights to lecture Satsuki.

Moroha felt happy now though.

For he is joyful at finally understanding the girl named Ranjou Satsuki.

And he liked her even more now.

"So, if you really liked me, I will receive your feelings."

As Moroha earnestly said out every word, Satsuki's face turned redder and redder.

"You said re,re,re,re,received? How are you going to do that?" Satsuki tried her best to ask while stammering. Even so, at this point Satsuki felt that steam was coming out of her head.

"AH~." To allow time for Satsuki to calm herself down, Moroha paused for a while.

Satsuki abandoned her previous pose, and unconsciously leaned her body forward.

Moroha, with his utmost feelings, replied:

"I will try my best to treat you as my little sister."

Satsuki revealed a complicated expression.

"Ah? You are not willing?" Moroha tilted his head and felt surprised.

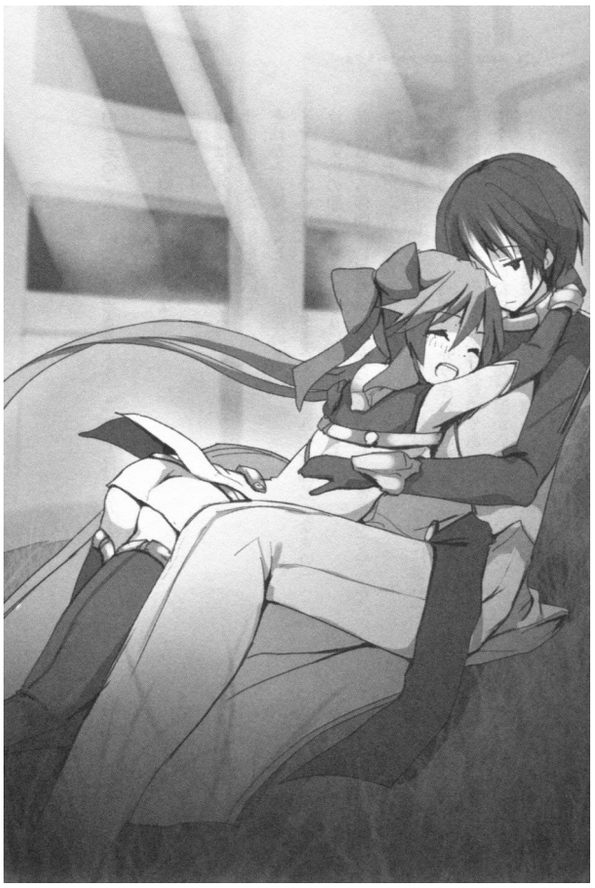
Satsuki also paused for a while, with her face twisting for a split second.

"How could I not be willing? Isn't that my wish all along?"

With a half-crying and half-laughing expression, Satsuki threw herself into Moroha's arms.

Going with her momentum, Moroha fell down and hugged her tightly.

The two of them lay on the glassy lawn hugging each other tightly.



Sure enough——

Even if he treated Satsuki like a little sister, the crime-like softness of her body, the sweet smells like a forbidden fruit from her hair, the warmth of her velvety skin were all a severe burden on his heart.

Moroha was trying his best to suppress his worldly desires, because the Satsuki who was wetting his chest is that pure, that warm.

This is a sister, Moroha had to continue to remind himself in his heart.

◆◆◆

After school, an obscene voice resounded in the school corridor.

“I say, that crying face of Ranjou was simply marvelous.”

“From now on, she won’t be able to show off in front of Isurugi-kun, right?”

“If not for that interfering Haimura who was acting tough, I would have shamed her more. What a pity.”

HAHAHAHA.HAHAHAHA.

The deplorable conversations between Isurugi Gen and his two followers who were not even trying to hide their rotten morals.

They were pushing aside other students, and walking arrogantly down the corridor.

Suddenly, their footsteps stopped. Someone was blocking their way.

It's Moroha with the setting sun behind his back.

With the backlight, he was using a pair of somber eyes to look at the group.

"What. Are you here to seek revenge for that girl?" Gen coldly laughed.

Moroha remained silent.

"I'm asking you what you are here for!"

Even when Gen started shouting, Moroha remained silent. He only looked back at them with his ever increasingly deepening and darkening fearsome eyes.

(This guy… can actually give this kind of look…)

Gen could feel sweat beneath his clothes.

"Moroha, you bastard! Don't be so full of yourself!"

One of Gen's cronies rushed toward Moroha angrily.

Just when he was about to grab Moroha, he found his face grabbed by Moroha instead.

Moroha's fingers were emitting some creaking sounds and were deeply forced into that crony's face.

That person cried out in pain but he wasn't able to free himself. He was finally thrown away like rubbish to roll his way to Gen's legs.

"Haimura, do you think you can leave unscathed after you bully one of my boys?"

Gen helped to lift up the fallen person, and used a rough and deep voice to growl out his displeasure. Even his followers started shaking at hearing that voice.

But, Moroha just continued to glare at them.

"It's surprising to me….." Moroha finally opened his mouth.

"Do you think you can leave unscathed after you made my little sister cry?"

This was said in a normal voice that will not cause any fear in people hearing it.

Yet Gen's cronies were so scared that their faces turned white.

"If you have the will, then I'll accompany you to the end. We'll see which of us is the No.1." Gen savagely howled.

"I'm not interested in the position of No.1, but I'll have you kowtowing to Satsuki for forgiveness." Moroha announced coldly.

Since both side refused to back down, a fight is imminent.

Tension rose in the air of the corridor.

As if one is locked inside a room with of explosive.

The other students had long disappeared. Gen's followers were retreating as far as they can.

It's imminent.

The tension filled air was disturbed by an untimely cough.

"Ah…ah…cough. How many times do I need to repeat myself before you all understand? A private fight between <Saviors> is not allowed."

Gen roughly turned his head behind him.

When did this happen? Without anyone's notice or awareness, Tanaka-sensei is leaning against the wall near them.

"Still, it's not like I don't understand your feelings. So let's change locations. So why don't you let me handle this matter? If you listen to me, I guarantee the two of you will get to fight as much as you want." Tanaka-sensei said as he wiped his black-rimmed glasses with his handkerchief.

Gen, intrigued, nodded his head. Moroha appeared without dissension ——

In this way, the curtains raised for the battle stage between Moroha and Gen.

Chapter 5 - The Dragon In Human Form

Around 30 minutes later, Moroha resolutely proceeded to the battlefield.

The time was still in the evening and the location was the First Training Arena.

To open up the slot, Tanaka-sensei wrote it down as [after school special training].

Thus, there were several people scattered around in the viewing gallery.

Many teachers were also gathered together in the gallery, and were loosely standing around the rim, right at the edge.

“Moroha, where were you? I ran all over looking for you. How did things developed into something so serious?”

In the tunnel underneath the viewing gallery, Satsuki looked very frustrated.

“On only the third day of school, there are already two guys who can open all seven prana gates. This is the first time this had happened in the entire school history. And now the two guys are going to have a duel. It’s understandable if the teachers will follow this event with great interest.”

“I still totally don’t get it!”

Shizuno was calmly analysing the situation; Satsuki continued to exclaim her questions continuously.

“Well, as a man, I also have some yearnings towards being the Class No.1.”

“Don’t say this kind of shoddy lies that are easily seen through!”

As Moroha humorously chatter while doing warm-up exercises, Satsuki looked worriedly at him.

In the afternoon lessons, Satsuki was disgraced in front of all the Year 1 students. Following that, won’t Moroha suffered an even more malicious disgrace—— “Cheer for me.” As he continued to stretch himself, Moroha winked at Satsuki.

It’s useless to lie to Satsuki. Since that was the case, he also will not be able to

ease Satsuki's anxiety even if he acted confidently in the face of certain defeat. Moroha was really unsuited to lying or bragging.

So, Moroha changed his viewpoint instead.

For Satsuki to be so anxiously worried for him, he should be happy.

He shall use that as his source of motivation.

"Um…I got it…. I will cheer hard for you. Your little sister will be your goddess of victory."

Did Moroha's thoughts reach Satsuki?

In the end, Satsuki forced herself to squeeze out a smile.

That's enough for now.

To change that refreshing smile into a real one, Moroha needed to pull in all his efforts.

As Moroha stretched his body strongly, he shapely looked towards the end of the tunnel. The loud chattering of the crowd, the hot atmosphere and the anticipation of the duel, all were blown into the tunnel.

An energy-charged breeze blew past and heightened Moroha's spirit.

His physical preparation was completed; his will and spirit were focused.

"…Ne?" Shizuno stared intently at Moroha and beckoned to him.

Hmmm? Moroha stopped his warmup and Shizuno said into his ears:

"If you win, I'll reward you with a prize. Something really great that will make Moroha really happy."

"Oh?"

"You'll just need to fantasize all sorts of possibilities while looking forward to it."

"What did you say??!!!!"

While it was a private conversation, Satsuki who was eavesdropping screamed from frowning.

"No. You don't have to react so exc….."

“What is [something perverted] that will make Moroha happy? What [fantasies]? It's…it's….it's…so perverted!”

What did you thought you heard?

Moroha and Shizuno looked at each other in the eyes.

“See! You can even talk with your eyes alone! Obscene obscene obscene obscene!”

Looking at Satsuki who was scolding them and stomping her feet, Moroha wanted to clear up the misunderstanding, but—— “I,I, I I I I also have a thought!” Satsuki brainlessly said some strange things.

As if to compete with Shizuno, she put her mouth next to Moroha’s ear and whispered in a barely audible voice: “……if you win I’ll give you a kiss.”

A hot breath breathing into his ear, Moroha cannot help but feel emotional.

“…Are you crazy?”

Moroha opened his eyes wide and asked her, to see that that Satsuki was blushing all the way to her throat.

“We…we are siblings right?! Don’t, don’t think of anything perverted!”

“Perverted……but, it’s a kiss right….?”

“This kind of thing is common in the western countries! Common!”

“If it’s western, I see.”

Even though we were Japanese. Moroha stared widely at Satsuki, while Satsuki as if to escape his stare turned her head sharply to her side.

Even if she was still as red as an apple.

Moroha observed Satsuki for a while, and turned to look at Shizuno.

(Am I the most conservative person here?)

Moroha suddenly and forcefully hugged the two of them to his sides.

With him as the centre, their faces were stuck together closely next to each other.

Influenced by his sudden and unexpected action, Satsuki was blushing even

deeper, and even Shizuno was frozen.

“I’ll look forward to both of your rewards.”

Moroha’s tense body and spirit was successfully relaxed in the best possible way.

Thanks to the two girls, he felt prepared and able to adapt to any situation.

Currently, Moroha was optimised to his best battle conditions.

Walking out of the tunnel, Moroha stepped onto the training ground.

At that moment, Moroha felt several waves of pressure washing over him.

Bloodlusts.

Gen was standing in the middle of the ground.

That unforgivable person. Satsuki’s enemy.

He had already surrounded his body with his blood red prana, and was resting his long-handled giant axe on his shoulder.

As if he was a cat facing a mouse, he had on a confident smile that proclaimed his total belief he’ll be the only victor.

Moroha quietly glared back at him.

“Haimura-kun, are you ready?”

Of course, Tanaka-sensei as the referee was on the training ground too.

The calm Moroha never took his eyes off Gen. He determined Tanaka-sensei’s position just by the sound of his voice.

Moroha nodded his head and walked toward the center.

Every step he took, the white aura around him became purer, stronger and more dazzling.

Moroha opened fully all the prana gates in his body and drew out more of the power that reached the realms of the gods.

(Come, Saratiga….)

The ID tag gripped tightly in his hand transformed and a sword materialized.

The distance to Gen had shortened to around ten steps away.

“Then ,ready….” Tanaka-sensei raised his arm——before that happened, Gen moved.

“KYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA”

Gen roared out strangely and jumped over in one giant leap, swinging his ominous giant axe over his head.

It’s a pre-emptive strike.

Plus it’s the same level as what he did during his duel with Satsuki, a strike so fast that you cannot see it.

It was obvious that Gen was trying to finish this in one single blow.

A powerful and fast blow was swung towards Moroha’s head.

Fu——Moroha lightly but sharply drew in a breath.

The sword held in his right hand started to move.

The delicately but accurately controlled sword strikes the axe away with a [clank] sound.

“Wha….!?”

Gen opened his eyes wider in shock.

Moroha, with no hesitation, followed up with a roundhouse kick into Gen’s stomach.

A kick enhanced by《Titan Strength Link》.

A blow that’s beyond human limits. It blew the huge body of Gen up into the air as if he was as light as a pile of sawdust.

“Don’t underestimate me!”

Gen, like a stunt actor, somersaulted a few times in the air and landed on the ground with a loud noise. Still, the impact must have hurt since he was holding his stomach in pain.

Mohora successfully won the first round.

The technique Gen used for his high speed strike was possible with one of the

basic Light techniques:《God Speed Link》

By filling your legs with prana, a White Iron gained godly speed and jumping strength.

When Moroha saw Gen using this technique on Satsuki, he compared it with his memories of Fraga's battles and remembered.

Fraga also knew how to counter it.

Filled your eyes with prana, and gained superhuman vision:

《Sky Eyes Link》

Another of the basic light techniques, Moroha used that to capture Gen's superhuman speed.

Moroha, who only learn about prana yesterday, executed this technique perfectly without anyone teaching him.

"It didn't seem like…a lucky blow," Gen grounded out between his teeth while holding his stomach.

"You are the one who shouldn't look down on others." Moroha coldly replied and readjusted his stance.

Holding his sword in his right hand, chest forward and a half-step forward on his right leg. An experienced and adaptive stance.

"It's my turn now, right?"

Moroha's body suddenly turned blurry.

With a speed unreachable by normal human limits, he rushed forward in a straight line.

"Grrrr, that's too slow." Gen grounded his teeth tighter and prepared his stance, holding his axe closer to his body.

Gen had devoted himself to training the prana hibernating within his body since two years ago. He took one year to learn all the basic light techniques used by the White Irons.

Of course, that included《Sky Eyes Link》.

“Hey, are you trying to compare our《Titan Strength Link》?”

Eagerly anticipating Moroha’s sword, Gen swung his closely held axe lightly.

Like in the first round, the sword and the axe clashed sharply——

Gen’s plan was in naught.

Just when Moroha’s body was struck by the axe, it vanished in the blink of an eye.

“You’re wrong. We are comparing《God Speed Link》.”

Moroha, with a speed vastly beyond what Gen is capable of, appeared behind Gen’s back.

“You’re joking…..”

Gen had spent two years to mold his current strong and prideful self. Now his face was twisted as if he’s living in a waking nightmare.

Moroha mercilessly sliced down Gen’s back.

With a surprisingly blunt metallic sound, Gen’s body was blown forward, rolling to a distance of five meters before he came to a stop.

If Gen hadn’t hardened his body with《Diamond Skin Link》, that strike would have ended the match.

Gen knelt on the ground with his face downward, panting in pain from the strike on his back.

“You are really a hard one.”

Moroha complimented him, while standing at the same place and examined his sword for any signs of chippings or bending.

“Is this the time to take it easy, HaimuraAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Gen angrily stood up on pure pride alone.

“I’m gonna kill you. I will slaughter you. I will slice you slowly into pieces, and chop you to death after you begged for forgiveness.”

Gen leaned his body forward as he struck the shaft of his axe repeatedly into the ground, as he threatened Moroha with spittle flying from his mouth.

“I guess you can talk all the talk you want.”

“DIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!”

Gen impatiently rushed forward blindly, swinging his axe widely.

As long as you increase your speed using《God Speed Link》, even if you are rampaging without thoughts, you’ll still have the destructive capability like a hurricane.

Still, if your movement was too straightforward, any dangers could be anticipated and avoided.

“It’s slow. No, it’s extremely slow.”

Moroha jumped into the center of that hurricane without hesitation. Dodging the wild axe swings, he strike Gen in the stomach again.

“GYAAAAAAYEWBASTARDAAAAAAAAA”

Eyes bloodshot, Gen was so frenzied that he couldn’t form any coherent words and only kept on screaming.

“Can we converse in Japanese?”

With his back to Gen, Moroha executed a back-flip.

With《God Speed Link》, Moroha gained the leg strength to somersault over Gen’s head.

Landing behind Gen again, he converted the potential energy while falling into an overhead chop into Gen’s shoulder.

Clank!

Suffering another unexpected blow, Gen was forced flat across the ground. Another humiliating pose.

“Didn’t you say that weaklings are a disgrace to the <Saviors>? Tell me, are you being a disgrace right now?”

At the moment he landed, Moroha savagely kicked Gen in the arse.

Gen rolled across the training ground again, a pathetic sight.

“Before exhorting the greatness of being a <Savior>, try tasting how a weakling

feels.”

By chance, Gen rolled to the front of where Satsuki was sitting in the viewing gallery.

His position on the ground resembled kowtowing to Satsuki for forgiveness. This made him trembled in shame.

A three dimensional battlefield is the reality when a White Iron used《God Speed Link》in a high speed fight.

In this dimension, Moroha’s battle ability was far beyond Gen.

On the surface.

In truth, Moroha was actually at his limits.

He was not handling Gen as effortlessly as he appeared.

After all, he only awakened to prana two days ago, plus this was his first fight using light techniques. It’s not wrong to say that he was operating on half-gleaned knowledge and lacked experience and mental preparation.

Proud, confident, underestimating his enemy and handling Gen with ease and skill. Moroha was not that great.

“Wait.”

The referee Tanaka-sensei gave that instruction. Following, he went forward to confirm the state of the collapsed and trembling Gen, to see if he can continue the duel.

Moroha regulated his breathing as he calmly observed the two people.

When Gen hardened his body using《Diamond Skin Link》at Moroha’s initial sword strike, Moroha had analysis the battle conditions and made the following conclusion: The duel may turn into a long battle needing dozens of hits before he can defeat the enemy.

For Moroha who lacked battle experience, it was difficult for him to predict any unforeseen elements that may happen during that time.

So, before any disadvantageous elements entered the duel, it was better to cut away at Gen’s confidence.

That was why Moroha adopted an attack plan where he'll loudly proclaim and showed off his "superiority".

Although he also satisfied some minor urges for revenge, it was more important to prioritize victory.

It'll be great if he had eroded Gen's will to fight.

"Isurugi-kun, there's too much gap between you and your opponent's abilities. If you continue, won't your injuries only increase? The worst case scenario would be that the reputation of your brother will suffer……" Tanaka-sensei, bending his knees, said that into Gen's ear.

If Gen was a common hooligan seen everywhere, or a bluff who had self-inferiority complex, even a despicable person who bullied the weak but fear the strong, the battle would had ended there and then.

"SHUTTTTTT UUUPPPPPPPPP!!!!"

Gen knocked Tanaka-sensei away to one side and stood up.

He's an unyielding warrior who refused to give up even after seeing Moroha's power up close with his own two eyes.

This was probably the results of his two years of training and teachings from his elder brother.

Moroha observed all this from his side and readied his stance again, holding his sword ready in position.

"TAKE THIS AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Gen's enormous body leaped straight up like a rocket.

Reaching the bottom of the high up ceiling, he flipped over his body and pushed off the ceiling.

Forming a tremendous force with the aid of speed and gravity, he cut across the air like a meteor towards Moroha. With his axe straight out in front of his, it was a blow consisting of raw power.

Because of this, it's inadvisable to meet him head-on blow for blow.

Moroha agilely jumped backward to evade.

Gen, ignoring everything, swung his axe with all his might and smashed into the ground.

(I was seen through.) Moroha cannot help but clenched his teeth.

Gen's powerful blow shakes the entire building and surprised the teachers in the gallery.

The smooth training ground was completely shattered, spider web-like cracks radiating from the point of impact.

Even the building materials underneath the floor were twisted and bent; the reinforcing steel plates are scattered, and the steel foundations were poking out of the ground.

The destruction this time was incomparable to that done by Moroha's test yesterday.

Moroha established his balance on the still shaking floor and sharpened his eyes.

Within the dust-filled air——

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

Gen's laughter resounded.

When the smoke cleared, Gen's huge body reappeared and, opening his right eye exaggeratedly at Moroha, elatedly laugh at Moroha: "You'll have nowhere else to run to this time, right?"

That's right——the grounds had been broken up. Even if you processed superhuman speed, there will be some decrease due to terrain obstruction. It's the same as in the boxing ring – to use speed to disturb and confuse your opponent; the tactic can only succeed if you are overwhelming in speed to your opponent.

On this unstable ground, Moroha had to give up on his tactic of using speed and movement.

Moroha had worried that Gen would do something like this.

For if the situation had been reversed, Moroha would had undoubtedly used

the same plan as Gen.

Because of the halt called by Tanaka-sensei, Gen gained the time to think and came up with the plan.

“HA HA. Let’s go blow for blow now like real men!”

Gen lifted his giant axe high and happily rushed forward.

Moroha blocked the blow with the sword in his right hand.

Both had strengthened their arms with《Titan Strength Link》. Sparks flied as the sword and axe crashed together.

“GYAAAAAAAAAA!”

Gen attacked continuously without pausing.

Moroha, like a precision machine controlling his right hand, use his sword to block, to disengage, to sweep aside, and to redirect.

10 rounds, 20 rounds, they kept going to and fro like generals in an ancient battlefield.

“How about this!” Gen raised his axe about his head.

That ominous shaped axe slowly was dyed in a blood red colour.

The weapon was wrapped in prana.

“HAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Gen swung his red and black axe over.

Moroha raised his sword horizontally, intending to block the swing.

The two weapons clashed.

An unbelievable force blew Moroha away uncontrollably backward.

(What was that amount of force just now?)

Moroha narrowed his eyes suspiciously after rolling across the floor a few times.

The shattered floor, the exposed reinforcement bars and the weapon-like foundation rods jutting out of the floor slashed across Moroha’s body like a

grater.

Using《Diamond Skin Link》to harden his body, he avoided any serious injuries and leaped upright from the end of his roll after calculating the correct timing and force.

“Die with this last blow!!!!”

Gen ran over heavily to follow up with a victory, his readied axe glowing with a blood red shade.

(That’s it!) Moroha answered his own question.

Fraga fought like this in his dream too.

While filling his whole body with prana, at the same time, letting prana flowed into the body of the holy sword.

(Can I do that too?)

Moroha tried flowing prana into the sword from his right hand.

The body of the sword glowed weakly.

Compared to Gen, that white glow was definitely unstable and unreliable.

(Che.)

Moroha swung his sword to try and counter Gen’s attack. The two weapons crashed again.

(Geh!)

His wrist suffered an unimaginable strong impact. As expected, Gen’s bloodaxe was still better at a higher level.

Moroha jumped backward, and took a few more steps back to decrease and level out the excess force of impact. In other words, he was completely driven back.

“It took me two whole years to learn that technique! Do you think you can grasp it that easily in the middle of a fight?”

Gen, sensing his imminent victory, regained his cocky self.

《God Speed Link》and the other Link skills are basic light techniques that

strengthened the body beyond human limits.

Above the basic techniques, there are the advance techniques that strengthened the attack power of weapons——this particular one was called《Venus》.

The results of Gen's continuous efforts and training over a long period of time.

Moroha looked at his weakly glowing sword and felt deeply the great difference.

(Truly……If I want to master this, I'll need around two weeks.)

He only achieved this little effect. Compared to swiftly filling the small ID Tag with prana, the principles in filling a sword with a larger volume is different. Moroha lacked practice.

"If you understand then die!" Gen attacked again.

He cannot block with his sword, it's impossible to counter and hit Gen first. Moroha will had to give his all to land an effective attack on Gen, while Gen will definitely be willing to take one strike from Moroha to get a chance to trade blow for blow with him.

If he were to take on《Venus》directly, Moroha will definitely lose. That attack power wasn't something that《Diamond Skin Link》can endure.

Moroha jumped to one side without hesitation to dodge the blow.

But, the cement floor he stepped on crumbled and caused him to falter for a split second.

Moroha's chest was sliced by that terrible axe dyed in red.

It was only a shallow wound that sliced apart one layer of skin.

Even so, a shockingly large amount of blood sprayed forcefully from Moroha's chest and dyed his entire torso red.

The true essence of《Venus 》was not simply to fill and surround your weapon with prana to increase it's destructive force.

You have to also refine your prana and convert it a pure destructive energy.

While enhancing the attack power of weapons to cut, stab or strike, the

refined prana was also forced into the target's body. The refined prana, once injected into the body, will act with an effect similar to poisons or toxins.

In other words, once you are cut by the weapon, the prana will destroy the body from within.

When his chest was sliced by the bloodaxe, Moroha painfully became aware of this.

Following the cut of the wound, his chest was being destroyed from the inside. If this continued, a [light scratch] will become a [critical wound with massive blood loss, exposing raw flesh and bone].

In the instance his chest was cut——Moroha's mind was flooded with Fraga's memories and mindset. Cross-referencing the information, he remembered that the technique known as《Venus》in Akane Academy had two effect. At that point, his body reacted instinctively.

Adapting《Diamond Skin Link》as an application, Moroha used his own prana to suppress and neutralized Gen's destructive prana inside his body.

Thus, he managed to lower the amount of damage to a lower level.

While he lost more blood as compared to a [scratch], he escaped from a critical hit.

From this, it was understood that Moroha, who had the past life of an outstanding hero, processed a rare natural instinct for battle.

Still, he cannot defeat the enemy in front of him with instinct.

He needed a more explosive [power] to win.

Satsuki, heart in her mouth, was intently watching Moroha's situation.

Moroha was at an advantage originally, but after the training ground was destroyed, he became disadvantaged.

Moroha started suffering due to his lack of abilities and could only take evasive actions, even rolling across the ground once.

When blood sprayed from his chest, Satsuki cannot helped but turned her face away.

(Moroha….is it the end? Are you losing…….?)

Satsuki's right hand continuously played with her ponytail nervously.

She never noticed that her left hand was tightly gripping Shizuno's hand beside her.

Moroha's battle suit——the red area on his chest was gradually becoming bigger and bigger. He was still bleeding badly.

Since he was moving all over the ground so violently, he doesn't have the opportunity to tend to his wound.

Although it's difficult to determine from a distance, but Moroha's face colouration seemed to getting worse and worse.

(Please win…quickly…quickly…)

Satsuki prayed strongly in her heart but heaven did not hear her pleas.

While Moroha did tried to attack Gen a few times when he was careless, they were just light strikes at best. Just like the jabs of an out-fighter boxer keeping his distance, it's impossible to end the match early with a KO blow in the short term.

Unless, the match ended early with Moroha's loss.

(At least, if the bleeding can be stop….)

Satsuki lowered her head as she cannot bear to watch further. The tears she had held back fell and wetted her knees.

"Please continue to worry for me….."

If not for her promise with her Onii-sama in the distant past, she would have run out a long time ago.

"Satsuki-san, raised your head."

Shizuno said in a rare strict voice.

Satsuki raised her head in surprise.

"You should know this very well. Moroha may act like he's joking, but he is fighting for you now. Thus, you have the duty to look at him until the very end."

Shizuno warned Satsuki while never moving her eyes from the battle.

“I will not allow you to avert your eyes.”

Satsuki felt that every word from Shizuno was whipping her.

“I’m sorry….”

Who was she apologising to?

Who was the one who declared that she will stay at his side, to watch his battles and to follow his back?

Satsuki opened wide her teary eyes and fixed them on Moroha, and determined that she’ll never miss another moment.

If Moroha was fighting for her, no matter the results, she will hold on till the end.

Shizuno was sitting beside Satsuki.

(I envy her.)

She could only hide those words and feelings inside her.

Of course, Moroha was in a desperate situation. It could even be said to be despairing.

It had reached the stage where you’ll want to stand up and screamed [STOP FIGHTING].

But, Moroha will never give up.

This is not a normal duel, but a fight for revenge putting his pride as a man on the line.

So, no matter how desperate the situation was, he will never give up.

Moroha continued to dodge the consecutive attacks that will KO him with one hit, just to bet on a minute chance for victory, and suffering more wounds in the meantime. Enduring enormous psychological pressure just to seek out any minor weakness and continuing to fight in this horrifying match.

All for Satsuki.

How could she not be envious?

(…What should I do?)

Shizuno continued to play with her errant lock of hair and tried to sort out her tangled feelings.

She had already formulated a plan for a counterattack in her heart.

A plan for Moroha's victory——no, a plan that MIGHT lead to Moroha's victory.

Why not tell him?

It was not due to her jealousy of Satsuki or any other type of selfish reasons. Compared to her strong hopes of [I wish for Moroha to win], those selfish reasons were insignificant.

If that plan was executed, Moroha's school life will be turned upside down.

Because she knew this, she cannot decide if she should say it.

(…What would Moroha do?)

Looking in front, Moroha was trapped by construction materials.

At that point, Gen fiercely chopped his axe at Moroha.

At the very last moment, Moroha blocked the axe with his sword but his body was blown away and crashed into the high walls surrounding the training ground. It looked like his accumulated injuries are disabling.

His body was numbed to the point of paralysis.

Gen was laughing: "You are pathetic."

Even so, ah, even so Moroha refused to give up.

Biting down on his teeth and desperately trying to move his body.

He still wanted to continue the fight, still wanted to claim victory.

Seeing Moroha's desperate struggles, Shizuno dashed from her seat without any conscious decision.

She ran to along the perimeter of the gallery wall and arrived on the spot directly above where Moroha landed.

On top of Moroha's head, on top of the wall, she cried out to her king.

“Did you forget? You should have another [Power]!”

Shizuno used her left hand to point at Gen, who was standing in the middle of the field as stolidly as a mountain.

“Remember quickly! You can do it! I guarantee it! So stop hesitating! Quickly!”

Abandoning her expressionless mask, she had on a face as if desperately longing for something—— Hearing Shizuno, Moroha subconsciously raised his left hand.

As he had impacted the wall with great force, he could only move slowly.

Even so, he forced himself to point his finger toward Gen who was strolling closer, confident in his victory.

“Uh?”

Gen stupidly pointed his own finger toward himself.

“What about me? Are you knocked stupid?”

Moroha cannot even summon the effort to be angry, and was putting his whole effort into moving his numb fingertip.

Following what Shizuno said, following what he had [remembered].

In the depth of his mind, something was madly rampaging around, roaring in anger: “Your strength is not limited to this! Release it quickly!”

Moroha conquered the rising impulse and pain increasing in his head and forced himself to calm down. He took a deep breath.

『**TRACE——**』

And, aria:

『***Purgatory of Hell, Conflagration of Gaia***

Fire burn good and evil without prejudice, purifying all in its intense mercy

All beings revert to bones at death, Let the cremation rites begin』

While singing the aria in a hoarse voice, at the same time——

Moroha’s fingertip, dependent on distant memories from tens of thousands of years ago, traced out the language of magic.

In thin air he traced out the trajectory of multiple glowing characters and completed three lines of complicated glyphs.

A process that allowed no room for errors in either his recollection or his writing.

Gen was getting closer.

(That’s it…..)

With the last of his strength, Moroha lightly tapped lightly on the floating, glowing characters.

The three lines of characters warped slightly.

That was all that happened.

(Did it fail……)

Moroha already had problems standing upright, so he leaned his back against the wall and slide down into a sitting position.

“Haimura, you understand the feelings of a weakling now? How would I know such a thing, I----idiot. How dare you lecture me? Let us begin the autopsy show that will induce horrifying screams from the female audience!”

Gen licked his lips with his tongue and lifted his axe with one hand.

“Looks like I’m the No.1, Haimura.”

“How boring….”

In front of the exhausted but bravely smiling Moroha, the warped lines of characters rotated into a swirl.

Slowly at first but picking up speed quickly, it finally spins at a high speed while throwing out sparks.

While absorbing the ambient light of the surrounding, it also shined brightly by itself.

Gen who was not paying any attention to it originally finally noticed it.

“What is this?”

Bending over, he looked intently into the rapidly rotating swirl of light.

In hindsight, even if he was taught by his genius brother, it was too harsh to blame Gen, who just entered school, for his [carelessness].

The swirl——

Suddenly turned into a mass of flames radiating a huge amount of heat and energy.

The flames swallowed up Gen like a living monster.

「————！————！————！——————！」

Set afire over his whole body, Gen rolled on the ground in pain.

His large body shook in convulsions and he was rolling around on the ground frenziedly.

Even worst, the flames were drawn into his body by his indrawn breath, resulting in his lungs being cooked evenly and thoroughly. Even his rights to death cries were denied to him.

The pain was unimaginable.

Even if you harden your body with《Diamond Skin Link》, you won’t be able to endure that amount of heat.

Even if you rolled on the floor, even if you activated prana throughout your body, you won't be able to extinguish the flames created by Moroha's mana.

To take away the life of its pitiful, pitiful prey, Step Three Dark Magic《Incinerate》merrily burned.

That's right. It's mana, the Dark Arts that Black Mages used.

The protector of Satsuki in his past life, Fraga who fought in the battlefield was a White Iron.

The King of Shizuno in his past life, Shu Saura who ruled the world was a Black Mage.

Due to Moroha having two past lives, he was able to use both Light Techniques and Dark Magic.

"Emergency!"

As the shout of the referee Tanaka-sensei, the teachers in the viewing gallery leaped down in a rush.

Teachers that were Black Mages extinguished the fire on Gen using water Dark Arts and Tanaka-sensei carried his blackened body out.

Moroha, still leaning against the wall, stared absentmindedly at the scene.

(So this…is a real battle.)

Gen was a strong opponent who cannot be defeated using immature Light Techniques.

Without Shizuno's instructions to use——to learn to be able to use black magic, it would be impossible to grab victory from near defeat.

Anyway——

(You…were really an incurable idiot till the very end.)

A despicable sadist who loved to insult other people arrogantly. Who make fun of and laughed at Satsuki who was weaker than him.

The inferior personality characteristics all revealed in the duel.

In the very end, Gen screwed up his victory all by himself.

That was his difference to the final victor Moroha, with never gave up and fought to the very end.

Moroha glanced toward the ramnants of the smoking flames born from vengeance on the ground and sighed. He felt really tired and his whole body hurt. Now that his tense nerves were relaxed from his battle state, he was just sitting in a half-conscious state.

At this time, two voices shouted down at him from above:

“Moroha!”

It’s Satsuki and Shizuno.

Satsuki jumped down directly from the gallery, ignoring the height. Shizuno hesitantly debated taking a huge detour to the tunnel leading to the training ground, but in the end decided to remain in position and looked down from above.

“Is it painful?”

Satsuki wanted to touch Moroha’s chest, but drew back her hand.

As long as you concentrate, prana will increased the natural speed of healing and stanched his bleeding. But it’s probable that it’ll be impossible to fully wash away that patch of red dyed into the suit.

“It hurts like hell; can you stroke it and say [Pain, Pain Fly Away]?”

“If you can still joke, looks like you are fine.”

“I feel that my body is going to scatter. Really, I don’t think I can move yet.”

“Idiot…..”

Satsuki knelt down, and ignoring his dirtied clothing, hug him gently.

A protest of [Satsuki-san you idiot, that’s unfair] came from above her, but Satsuki conveniently ignored it. Hot tears gathered as she looked at Moroha.

“Once again, you…kept our promise, Onii-sama. Even though it was such a far,far away promise.”

A time very,very long ago. A promise from the past life.

Only those words can Moroha remembered.

“As long as you worry for me——”

“——Onii-sama will always be victorious and returned to my side.”

Even if they had confirmed the promise several times, it still caused them to be emotional anew every time.

“So, we have to fulfil the new promise made today, right?” Satsuki closed her eyes and silently pushed her face closer.

(I think…I made a really…ridiculous promise.)

I’ll give you a kiss if you win——that’s what Satsuki said.

Moroha’s heart beat faster unconsciously.

He wanted to break away, but it felt like his body was paralysed. Well, the reason for the paralysis was that half of it was literally true due to injuries, and the other half was just an excuse.

Satsuki face came down so slowly that it made one wanted to scream in impatience.

Her sweet and hot breath was assaulting his nose.

Moroha cannot stop staring at her luscious lips.

(It should be better if I closed my eyes?)

If he doesn’t do that, his heart will burst from the visual excitement.

(This is common in western countries. This is common in western countries. This is common in western countries……..) Moroha waited with his eyes close.

Waited.

After waiting for ten seconds, thirty seconds, the kiss never came.

Moroha forced himself not to open his eyes even if he felt tempted.

Even if it’s Satsuki, she would need time to prepare her heart. If he were to do any actions that look as if he was rushing her, he’ll lose face as a man. After that consideration, the kiss finally arrived.

A small and soft feel was pasted onto Moroha’s lips.

While he knew that Satsuki was on the petite side, even he was very surprised to find her lips so small.

It felt like the lips of a child. Was there so much difference between the body makeup of a boy and a girl? The human body was simply mysterious.

Plus, the act of kissing was original a hot and exciting action!

When he was ambushed by Shizuno, he was not touched at all due to the lack of anticipation and surprise.

From the gap between the lips, it felt as if a stream of energy invaded his body.

That stream of energy made Moroha's temperature rise, disolving the pain throughout his body like mist.

Kiss BANZAI!!!!

Although it was hellish fighting a deathmatch with Gen, Moroha was receiving a heavenly reward now.

Then, the lips were pulled away from him in an unpleasantly simple manner.

He felt reluctant at the parting of their contact.

Moroha, savouring the aftertaste of the kiss, opened his eyelids.

A small girl around the age of 10 was in front of his face.

"Who are you?" Moroha cannot help but blurted that out.

The blue eyes of the little girl seemed to be smiling mischievously.

Looking at her closely, she was a girl as cute as an angel, especially with her blond hair, blue eyes and radiant smile.

"Did the pain fly away?"

The girl asked Moroha that. And without waiting for an answer, ran away from him with a "pita pita" sound.

She ran to hide fully behind a female teacher who had been standing there for an undetermined amount of time, and only stick her head out from her hiding place.

The beautiful blond haired teacher with blue eyes, who looked to be ten years

older than Moroha, was carefully looking at him.

Wearing a figure-hugging female suit with a pointed-hat like those wore by witches; the beautiful person can only be described as strange looking.

Where's Satsuki? Looking around, he discovered her struggling to break free from being fully tied up. By a rope made of some strange material that's moving around by itself like a snake. A part of the rope was forced between her teeth to prevent her from speaking and even her eyes were covered up.

"Impure relationship between genders is no good." The beautiful adult threw an impish look at Moroha.

"Principal……why……?" Moroha was shocked into silence.

That's right, this beautiful blond haired, blue eyed women was the principle of Akane Academy.

"The interaction between mana and prana can be very interesting. Normally they work in opposition to each other, but if you were to use your head slightly and think about it, the two forces can be made to support each other instead." The principal candidly talked to him in a conversational tone.

"This child just sent some of her mana into your body though your mouths. Your prana reacted to the "invasion" and raised its defensive levels, which also in turn increase the healing and regenerative effects of your body."

What? So it was just a medical procedure?

Frankly speaking, he was feeling a bit guilty over sharing a kiss with a child this small. Luckily, if the reason was as innocent as this, then he felt better in his heart.

"Do you need a more detailed explanation?"

Moroha shaked his head.

Because the principle did not appear in front of him to give him an educational lecture.

"I see that you have good observation skills."

The principle used the brim of her hat to hide the expression of her face.

And said in a very serious tone:

“You are an <Ancient Dragon>, right?”

A question that changed Moroha’s fate.

Chapter 6 - Rank C Promotion

If he revealed the identity of the person on the other side of the telephone conversation, he'll probably lose his life.

The Year 1 Class 1 teacher of Akane Academy, Tanaka Sensei, was reporting to [him] in a very respectful manner.

"Yes, it's unmistakable. An [Ancient Dragon]. One was finally discovered in the academy. Yes, I had long marked him to be quite exceptional and he didn't fail to live up to expectations."

For Tanaka-sensei who often looked tired and uninspired, it was quite unimaginable that he can actually put on a serious look and converse solemnly.

"He's called Haimura Moroha, right? I want his battle records." The [him] on the other side gave a clear order.

"I understand. I will send you the recording of the whole battle. I'll also send you his detailed personal information and those closed to him."

"Remember to send it covertly."

"Yes, no one will find out."

When the line cut off, Tanaka-sensei continued to bow at the waist to the empty air.

If he were not to do that, he won't be able to contain the dread occupying his heart.

◆◆◆

Why was he called to the principal office just barely into the school term? Moroha asked himself while sighing heavily in his heart.

This is the day after he defeated Gen, during lunch break.

There was a very high class looking work table made of polished wood in the office. The principal was sitting behind it with her hands resting in a cross position on the table.

She’s still wearing the triangular-brim witch hat that’s like her personal trademark.

Standing closely behind the principal was the little girl who had kissed Moro……given medical treatment to Moroha. Come to think of it, she was holding on to the principal’s arm tightly too during the welcoming ceremony.

From the resemblance, she should be a relative of the principal. Who was she exactly? And was it fine for her not to be in elementary school right now? While feeling puzzled over these side topics, he directly asked a question: “What is an [Ancient Dragon]?”

He was summoned to this office because of this issue.

“In Japanese, the meaning would be [A dragon from ancient times].

The principal gave a mysterious smile while resting her chin on her crossed hands.

“I can get that kind of definition by checking a dictionary.”

“It’s a kind of jargon among certain <Saviors>. Some people in the Japanese branch office of the White Knight Order also named it [The Eldest Heroic Spirit].

“The…eldest, heroic spirit…?” Moroha carefully repeated this phrase softly.

“That’s right. [The Eldest Heroic Spirit].

The principal subtly lowered her chin and voice, concisely began her explanation.

There was a thesis that was put forth within the White Knight Order in the past.

Every [Savior] were individuals who possessed the memories of their past life.

If that’s the case——

Since it was proven that a soul can reincarnate once, it’s theoretically possible for a soul to undergo a second reincarnation.

Thus, isn’t it possible for a [Savior] with two past lives to appear, and able to wield different [Ancestral Arts]?

Still, a Savior that will validate this theory never appeared.

Another theory was proposed to explain this:

It’s a common belief that a soul will need at least a few hundred thousand years to reincarnate once.

Only those souls that lasted through the ages without damage and in pristine conditions will be able to successfully reincarnate into bodies again.

In other words——

For a soul to go through two reincarnations into a third one, it would require the soul to have an indestructible will to last though almost a hundred million years.(TL: 100,000,000 years).

For such a huge and powerful soul, can the measly and frail container known as the human body contain it?

It’s another case if you are talking about the bodies of Celestial Beings or mythical creatures from a fantasy world. Thus, the theories were completely farfetched.

Finally, the Order made the following conclusion:

If a Savior with two completed past lives really appear, he is not human at all.

He’ll be like the legendary Heavenly Emperor that ruled over all fantasies since ancient times.

He’ll be a monster like a dragon.

“Is it really rare for a person to have two previous lives?”

Moroha was still at a lost even after hearing the origin of that name.

“Since a person had reincarnate once, it’s not strange for him to reincarnate again…something like that.”

“As explained previously, you are the only person proven to have an indestructible soul that lasted a hundred million years. Not only in this school but in the entire world, throughout history you will not find a second example.”

“Muuuuuu.” Moroha placed his hand against his face.

Although he don’t really had any feelings on being called a monster, nor does he think the entire matter is a great deal to fuss about, at least he understood

the term <The Eldest Heroic Spirit>.

“So, what’s going to happen to me?”

Since he appeared to be an extremely rare sample, would he be captured and cut apart by some mad scientist? Moroha cannot help but shivered when he think about it lightly.

“Nothing will happen to you. Except for our eager high expectations for a student with limitless potential and possibilities. Please learn as much as you can in this school, and complete great goals and accomplishments in the future.

At the flippant answer accompanied by a mischievous wink of her eye, Moroha cannot helped but feel slightly disappointed.

“Truthfully, I would be satisfied if I can just be part of the clerical staff in the order.”

“Haven’t you heard of the phrase <**With Great Powers Comes Great Responsibilities**>?”

The principal replied with a slight rebuke in her tone, but did not pursue the matter further.

Moroha cannot be bothered to argue further, plus he had no intentions for others to understand his thoughts, so he maintained his passive expression.

“Well, it doesn’t matter. I’m also a witch. With experience that witches are similarly held as an object of fear, I’m going to give you a fair warning. I think that you’ll be targeted by various people from now on, without regards to your willingness or thoughts.

The principal playfully rotated her hat and added:

“The only important thing is——protect those you care about and don’t lose your way. Understand?”

Moroha honestly nodded his head.

Because he felt that this is very valuable advice.

“That’s all I have to say. Do you have anything to add?” The principal glanced toward the girl at her back.

The girl who shared a kiss with him nodded her head after an [Ah!] sound.

“You will have misfortune with girls romantically. Be careful.”

She was saying something preposterous while giving an angelic smile.

“It’s the type of misfortune where many girls will make you suffer, and will also be driven to tears by you.”

“Don’t say something so absurd while smiling so radiantly.”

“To add on, Maya is also a girl, so please make me cry anytime.”

“Age. There’s too much difference in age.”

“So you are not denying that you’ll make girls cry? *Pita*?”

There’s nothing amusing about this……

Another strange person appeared. Aren’t there too many strange people in this school?

It’s more than enough to make him feel cold sweat gathering——after saying his pleasantries, he escaped from the office.

Once outside, he found Satsuki and Shizuno waiting for him. They only relaxed after Moroha told them that nothing major happened inside.

“Still, I never heard that Onii-sama had memories of two past lives…” Satsuki narrowed her eyes.

“It’s not like I was purposefully hiding it. I just never found the opportunity to say it…”

“JIIIIIIIIIIIIII……”(Staring)

“I’m sorry, but it shouldn’t matter right? The fact that I’m your brother and you are my sister will not change. I’ve already promised you.” Moroha frantically tried to muddle his way through.

“That’s right. It was important in the past, but it’s even more important in the future!”

Unexpectedly, Satsuki became cheerful suddenly.

Hands clasped behind her back, twirling round and round on the tip of her

right foot on the ground.

“We have more and more promises……” Satsuki raised her face toward Moroha.

That’s right——

The initial promise to always return to her side.

The promise to try his best to treat her as a little sister.

Or the promise to give him a kiss after his victory against Gen.

The new binding between their relationships is steadily increasing.

(I made a regretful promise with her though.)

Moroha shifted his eyes away from Satsuki as if to escape from her gaze, scratching his head.

It’s too cute to be looked at directly.

How could there be such as cute [sister] in the entire world.

While he was feeling awkward, a ringing tone from a phone sounded.

“EH? You had a phone, Moroha? I thought you didn’t have one.”

“Ya, I received this yesterday.” Moroha replied as he answered the call.

“Hello?” “Hello?”

You can hear the voice answering from nearby, because it came from Shizuno who was standing like a shadow behind the beaming Satsuki.

“Don’t make prank calls.” Although Moroha seem to be voicing out a rebuke, he was smiling gently.

“You received it yesterday……Could it be, Urushibara……?”

“Didn’t she say that she’ll give me a present if I defeat Isurugi? I’ve always wanted one of these but it’s hard to ask uncle to buy one for me. I was so happy last night that I unknowingly talked for a long time using the phone.”

“To be able to chat with Moroha in my own room, I’m so happy.”

“That’s too unscrupulous. Don’t think you can jump ahead just because you

have some cash!”

“You are wrong. I won that phone previously as a prize. It even came with 3 years free talk-time. Unfortunately, I’m already using a smartphone, plus that free phone isn’t really that user-friendly, so it’s difficult for me to use. It’s such a “waste” if I throw it away, right?”

Shizuno used her ultimate attack——Moroha’s favourite word.

“Is that true…?” Satsuki had a suspicious and doubtful look.

“It’s great that you did not waste anything. And I got what I always wanted.”

Conversely, Moroha with an expression of a child playing with a new toy started talking excitedly into the phone.

“How about this, let’s exchange numbers, Satsuki.”

“Really?”

Satsuki became cheerful again, a cute look similar to a dog perking up its ears.

“Of course.”

The two of them are friends, right? Even as siblings they are no reasons not to exchange numbers.

Moroha naively push his phone forward while Satsuki happily do her preparation on her side. After, they completed the procedure clumsily using their unfamiliar skills.

“All right, now I’ve a second contact after Shizuno.”

“I also have a third contact after papa and mama.”

“…Moroha, Ranjou-san, congratulations on your tear-jerking level up.”

Shizuno congratulated the both of them while pretending to be sobbing.

“It’s fine if I’m forever alone!”

Moroha accepted his fate but Satsuki appeared to be unhappy.

“I’m just joking, Ranjou-san. Here, why don’t you exchange numbers with me too?” Shizuno took out her smartphone.

“Don’t wanna.”

“Are you a kid? Learn how to behave from Shizuno.” Moroha poked Satsuki softly.

“You actually supported Urushibara instead of supporting your sister!?” Satsuki protested while exaggeratedly pressed against her head where she was poked.

“That’s obvious.”

Well it’s well-known that the both of them did not have a friendly relationship, Shizuno was the more matured side this time.

“Mu,Mu. My telephone number and Email address are very precious. So I can only give them to special people!”

“Ah, my hand is automatically deleting the precious telephone number and email address.”

“I’m soooorrrryyyyyyy. I’ll exchange details with Urushibara, so please forgive meeeeeeee!”

Satsuki held out her phone with teary eyes.

“Don’t wanna.”

Shizuno imitated Satsuki’s earlier words and hid her smartphone behind her.

“Why! Didn’t you asked to exchange contacts just now?!”

“Ranjou-san? Don’t you know that prices and emotions are always fluctuating every moment?”

“And you actually put on airs?!”

“My telephone number and Email address are very precious, so I cannot give them to your freely.”

“Heyheyhey, you are taking advantage of me now although you are a rich person——!”

“Ara? It’s because these things are done that we became rich.”

“I don’t want to listen to this twisted logic——.”

“Hey, Shizuno? Are you also a kid?” Moroha slightly poked Shizuno who

continued to bully Satsuki.

The corner of Shizuno's mouth edge upward slightly, revealing the dimples on her cheeks.

Of course Moroha understood that this was Shizuno's style of making a joke.

Still, Shizuno looked very happy at being slightly poked for some reason.

"For that person, you should use more strength when punishing her!"

"Do you want to try it again?" Moroha glared at Satsuki and she swiftly turned her head away.

Ultimately, the two girls finally exchanged their phone numbers and email addresses.

"Oh no. My hand slipped and deleted the data——"

"I'll take you on anytime if you want a fight, Urushibara!"

"——of the beauty salon I often visited."

Shizuno continued her sentence as if nothing had happened, all the while showing a hint of her dimples.

Satsuki's face was frozen from the point where she yelled out "Urishibara".

"I'll just enter it again later. Oh, What's wrong, Ran•jou•san?"

Shizuno asked the stiff-faced Satsuki in an upbeat tempo underlined with sarcasm.

(It took so much time just to exchange contacts.)

Moroha cannot help but smile bitterly, but with admiration in his heart.

"Moroha, why are you smiling….?"

Satsuki questioned Moroha when she spotted his reaction with one of her eyebrow twitching.

"Hmmp." Satsuki who unlocked her frozen state turned her head away childishly.

"In times like this, the brother should agree with the little sister, Moroha you meanie!"

She rushed to stand before Moroha in a rush.

“Still, as I’m a gentle and understanding sister, I will forgive you. Be happy that you have a great sister like me!”

With that, Satsuki suddenly stood on her toes, swiftly and softly put her lips onto Moroha’s cheek.

Moroha was struck speechless at being kissed.

“What’s with that expression? There’s nothing to be surprised about. I, I’m also fulfilling my pro..pro...promise for you beating up Gen.”

Satsuki was trying to justify her action with a red face and, shrugging her shoulder, walked back to the classroom. Even if she said had nonchalantly said [nothing to be surprised about], she was in an unnatural manner, even move the arms and legs of the same side of the body simultaneously.

“She’s cute but strong, a strong rival.” Shizuno sighed while saying that. After throwing a meaningful glance at Moroha, she left and followed Satsuki.

Moroha looked at the retreating backs of the girls and shakes his head. In the end, he never said anything like [I thought it would be mouth to mouth].

(On the face.....well, we are siblings I guess).

Even so, there was a residual warm feeling left on his face which felt really comfortable.

Moroha may be stingy and thrifty, but he was definitely not a greedy, stubborn person.

◆◆◆

And so, with this, Moroha leisurely passed his school life for around ten days or so.

As the first years gradually got used to their everyday lives in the school, the time came to the later part of April, when students discussed how they were going to spend the upcoming Golden Week.

After his duel with Gen, the looks Moroha received from his classmates became warmer and more passionate.

The girls' eyes were warm with yearning and admiration, while the guys' looks were passionate with jealousy and fear.

On a side note, Gen never appeared in school after that.

It was rumored that he was [recovering] from his injuries at home, but since all injuries, no matter how severed, disappeared the moment you left the arena, that rumor was too illogical. In addition, based on hearsay from Gen's followers who visited him, if Moroha's name was mentioned he would fall into a panicked state, shaking uncontrollable on the bed and refusing to step out of his room.

In some way, the class temporarily resumed a peaceful state——on that afternoon when everyone was thinking that way, a visitor to their class by a certain personage caused a huge disturbance.

"Is Haimura-san here? I've something to discuss with you."

An upperclassman asked into the class from the entrance in a deep voice.

The upperclassman was very tall and from his well built body, appeared to be strong and agile. Although he had on a serious expression, it was also an honest and frank face.

On his nametag: [**3-2 (White A) Isurugi Jin**]

Its Gen's elder brother.

Oi Oi, is he here to take revenge for his brother? The class descended into chaos.

Snatches of conversation can be heard throughout the class:

"That person looks to be really strong." "What's his rank?" "He's one of the top characters in the Japan Branch Office." "Oh, is he stronger than the official members of the order?" "It's rumored that he won against multiple opponents" " Really? Isn't he a student?" "It seems the teachers are learning a lot from him." "Haimura-kun run away quickly….."

"This is bad, Moroha…..," said Satsuki in fear just as they were leaving for the cafeteria.

"I don't think he looked that scary." Moroha replied her honestly, but Satsuki shook her head while shivering.

Even if advised against, Moroha will proceed forward bravely by himself, but —— “My bad. Can Urushibara Shizuno-san please come along too?”

Shizuno shot a glance at Moroha, hinting to him to [run away if there’s danger].

With Jin leading the way right in the front, the three of them reached the rooftop.

AN AMBUSH——did not happen.

It appeared that he just wanted to talk to them alone away from people. He probably chose this open but empty location so as to reduce any mental pressure in their discussion.

Jin stood before the fence surrounding the rooftop and started talking while looking over the courtyard.

“Haimura-kun, I’ll be direct with you. I’m here to recommend you for promotion to Rank C.”

As expected, he was not here because of his brother.

In Moroha’s eyes, Gen was a rotten person at first sight. On the other hand, his initial impression of Jin was that of a somber and steady nature.

“What is Rank C?” A phrase that seemed familiar yet unknown to Moroha.

“……The White knight order classified all Saviors into a few ranks for convenience. “ Before Jin opened his mouth, Shizuno murmured an explanation for Moroha in an uninterested tone.

Most students of Akane Academy are Rank D. The “D” for <Disciples>.

After successfully graduating and entering the White Knight Order, they will be promoted to Rank C, which is the “C” for <Common>.

“Oh, but I’m still a student though. Graduation is three years down the road.....”

“Even if you ultimately failed your graduation a few years down the road, as long as one has been judged as possessing abilities beyond the average, you can be promoted to Rank C even if you are still enrolled in school. In the academy,

there are 12 people, including me, that are promoted this way. So, the academy had made a decision judging you to be eligible for promotion.” Jin replied Moroha’s question.

Even if Moroha was listening to Jin, he just grunted a reply with flagging interest.

“You may not know this as you’ve just entered the school, Rank C Saviors are none other than [The True Swords of Justice], a position that everyone in the school look forward to.....”

“My apologies, I really have no interest in Senpai’s topic. Is there any incentive in promoting to Rank C?

“Ha ha. You are a really practical person. Incentive...Let’s see, It’s practically a given that you’ll be accepted by the White Knight Order when you graduate. Frankly speaking, it’s possible to go far in your career in the future”

“Anything else?”

Leaving aside the issue of being accepted by the order automatically, for Moroha who only want to be a clerical staff, it’s troublesome if he was made to go too far above his station.

“Ah, there’s also a scholarship grant. It may be old-fashioned but the recipients are all grateful for it.”

“Isn’t everything free already in Akane Academy?”

“Ha ha ha ha. That’s right. Calling it a scholarship is just a cover. In other words, it’s a monthly salary.”

“You’ll get that even as a student?!!!”

In a school that banned students from having a job, the word “salary” had so much allure.

“What about the disadvantages?” Moroha suppressed this ultimate temptation, and continued his questions.

“Why would you think there’s any?”

“If there were only incentives, you wouldn’t be here to “discuss” the matter

with me.”

“I see. Not only are you powerful, you have an agile mind as well. I wish Gen would learn more from you.”

Gen could only smile bitterly. Turning around to face Moroha straight in the face, he asked in a solemn voice: “If you are promoted to Rank C, I would like you to join the group under me, the Combat Corp [**Strikers**].

Another unknown phrase appeared.

The main mission of the White Knight Order is too destroy any Metaphysical that appeared as fast as possible, right? For most of the students who are Rank D, they basically will not be sent to the frontlines. But for us Rank C and above in the combat Corp, fighting against the Metaphysicals is also a part of our training.”

“And you want me to enter the Combat Corp?”

“Right. We really hoped that [The Eldest Heroic Spirit] would join us.”

No matter the incentives or disadvantages, Jin explained everything in an honest and straightforward manner.

“We’ll activate once or twice a month on an average, but will conduct special combat training every day after school without fail. So, a lot of time will be required from you. Don’t even think about joining a club. From the founding of this school, there had already been several sacrifices. As the literal meaning of that keyword, you need to have the determination of risking your life. So I will not force your decision.”

“Guuuuu....” Moroha used a fist to support his head and thought hard.

Time was not an issue. It’s the same as taking a job.

He’s not particularly fearful of [risking his life]. After experiencing Fraga’s battles, Moroha may have developed an illness similar to “not being afraid of heights.” Anyway, that was that kind of feelings so he was not particularly resisting for that reason.

The main thing was, can he really be of use? Moroha was very concerned about this.

“I don’t think I’m really that sort of person that you can trust so unreservedly.”

“It’s unfortunate for you, but the value of a person is not determined by himself, but by those around him.”

“What if I dragged the group down?”

“Please leave the team then. We are all risking our life too, so we don’t have the luxuries of bringing along dead-weights.”

Since he had already discussed so much with this seemingly straightforward and honest guy....

“Just as a reference, how much will the salary be?”

Isurugi without any evasion gave a clear and concise amount.

An amount that far, far exceed that of the initial salary of a new university graduate.

“I did it, aunt!!” Moroha cannot help but raised his arms and cheered.

“Is this kind of incentive really that great?”

“It’s really that great because of this kind of incentive.”

On one side, the worried looking Shizuno was trying to get Moroha to reconsider, but Moroha just smiled serenely.

Since he can received such a high salary, he can start sending money back to his guardians even before he joined the White Knight Order.

“Senpai, please take care of me from now.”

Of course, if he really dragged everyone down, he would leave the corp without hesitation. He will not do such unscrupulous things like sacrificing the lives of others just to repay his uncle and aunt.

“My sincere thanks and welcome. I’ll handle the paperwork for your promotion to Rank C. From today onward, please proceed to the Third Training Arena after school for group training.”

Jin put forth his right hand and Moroha gripped it strongly.

“I guess, I’ll start attending today too.” Moroha was startled when Shizuno

suddenly said that.

“Have you made up your mind too? Since it’s rare to find outstanding Black Mages, this is great.”

Jin also held out his right hand to Shizuno while smiling.

“Wait a minute. Is Shizuno promoting to Rank C too?”

“No. According to all reports I’ve received, she’s not at that level yet.”

Moroha also felt that was the case too.

In the practices for Dark Arts, Moroha and Shizuno are learning Step One Dark Arts, the same as the other students. While Shizuno exhibited reliability when tutoring Moroha, most of the other times she was just not motivated.

If this kind of Shizuno was an outstanding Black Mage, what went wrong in the middle?

“I had previously asked Urushibara-san to join us as a reserve member,” Jin continued explaining. Moroha simply cannot believe his ears.

“UH?”

“For people who are near Rank C ability, they will be asked to join us for training as sparring partners after school. For them, this was a rare chance for further practices, plus when they promoted to Rank C in the future, they will be able to integrate to the team smoothly. This is the so-called reserve members.”

“Shizuno...wanted to be that?”

“....Due to family circumstances, I had started Black Mage training since one year ago.”

“This was known to the principle, thus she recommended Urushibara-san to us.”

“Could this be an example of “Don’t judge a book by its cover?”

Could the reliable side that Shizuno exhibited when tutoring me, be only a small glimpse into her abilities?

Moroha was shocked into silence.

“Personally, regarding lessons or being a reserve member, I’ve no interest.”

“If so, why.....” Just when Moroha was asking a question, he stopped.

Because, her beautiful eyes seemingly carved by a master dollmaker was looking at Moroha’s face.

A naked and sincere look was concentrating on Moroha.

That was truly a stupid question. The hand that Moroha raised to scratch his head—— “PLEASE LET ME JOIN TOO!”

——was frozen.

A rude feminine voice resounded in the spring air.

Moroha, jerking like a rusted automaton, turned jerkily towards the owner of the voice.

It’s Satsuki who had arrived on the rooftop without anyone noticing.

No, she had probably followed them from the start secretly and eavesdropped on their conversation.

“No matter the Combat Corp or reserve members, please allow me to join in too.” Satsuki forcefully rushed towards Jin.

“Ummm, who are you?”

“I’m Ranjou Satsuki, a classmate of Moroha. A White Iron type,” Satsuki made her self-introduction energetically, causing Jin to become hesitant for a moment.

“If Moroha and Urushibara are going to train after school together, I must not lose to them!”

“Uh...I admit you have the drive. I’m just not sure of your abilities.....”

“Her ability is such that she got beaten badly by your brother.”

“Urushibaraaaaa!!!!!!”

Shizuno revealed the cruel truth, causing Satsuki to scream in rage and glared at her.

Jin’s face changed.

“Even for Gen, my estimate is that he’ll still need at least half a year before he

can be considered for reserve member status. If you have such a huge gap in skills with him, I'm afraid I must decline you."

"Why....how...."

Satsuki looked like her world is ending.

Her natural exuberance was cruelly destroyed without a trance left. "

"Not to worry. It's not like I'm rejecting you from joining permanently. First, you'll need to increase your abilities. I hope that we'll meet again to discuss your membership."

Isurugi Jin gave some words of encouragement to Satsuki, but she didn't seem to have heard him.

"We'll depend on you." "See you all after school." After exchanging a look with them, Jin left the rooftop.

A cold wind blew across the rooftop.

Passing through, it left behind an unpleasant silence.

Moroha wanted to say some consolations to Satsuki but he cannot seem to find the right words. He decided that the most important thing was to break the silence first: "Hey, Satsuki ——"

Moroha reached out his hand to hold her shoulder.

"I.....I'm not depressed or anything!"

Satsuki sprung away as if repelled by magnetism.

"Of course I'm not up to Oni-sama's level. I'm very clear on that. I'm just frustrated that I've being evaluated as being weaker than Urushibara. I will definitely catch up with her in the near future, so look forward to it, Moroha!"

Satsuki tried to act unconcerned while squeezing out a very forced smile.

"It's because I will definitely become much, much stronger in the future. Strong enough to stand beside you and watch your battles.
HO.....Ho..hohoho?!"

Satsuki continued to say out her prideful words and even laugh out loud.

In the face of her strength and will, Moroha found himself speechless.

Because, except for believing in her and waiting patiently for her, doing anything else will just be a form of insult to Satsuki…….

◆◆◆

Fast forward to after school.

Moroha changed into his battle suit and walked toward the third training arena with Shizuno.

“Let me welcome the both of you again, Haimura-kun and Urushibara-kun. Welcome to the Combat Corp, [Strikers].”

Captain Isurugi welcome them personally.

There were already about 30 other students gathered, consisting of either the main members or the reserved members.

Everyone gave off a fearless look, processing the presence that far exceed that of a normal high school student.

There was no simple atmosphere of a normal sports club. Instead, it felt like the group is like a lazing lion that was simply not hunting at the moment, or something like that.

A strong organisation with power as the main criteria.

That was Moroha’s first impression.

“Those third year——the same year as Isurugi-senpai, are known as the Golden Era.” Shizuno whispered.

“All the most powerful <Saviors> are gathered here. The number of <Metaphysicals> they destroyed is more than any other people in the Japan Branch Office. Originally, considering that the Akane Academy’s combat corps comprised mostly students, there should be very little opportunity for them to be activated. The golden era defied that logic and destroyed <Metaphysicals> left and right.”

As usual, Shizuno was fulfilling her role as the information kiosk.

“Which means that those people over there are more powerful than the adults

in the White Knight Order?”

“Yes. Most of the members of the golden era are established as Rank B.”

Most of the <Saviors> in the order are Rank C.

With great accomplishments, one can be promoted to Rank B, or the elite rank [Breaker].

“The current Combat Corps is not considered a student group, but as one of the main war potentials of the Japan Branch.”

“That’s hard to imagine.”

“It’s similar to a high school baseball team being mixed into the Professional League for the championship.”

“They are really monsters then.” Moroha cannot help but whistle at that.

“And there is the king of the monsters.”

It’s easy to know who Shizuno was referring to.

It’s Isurugi Jin.

The gallant man in the center of the monster’s nest.

He’s identified as a Rank A White Iron on his name tag.

The A for [Ace].

Even in the whole of Japan, he was considered as one of top Savior in the Japan branch of the order.

“So, Moroha-kun. Let’s enter the main topic for today.”

The King of the monsters started talking in a dangerous tone.

“While I was able to catch your duel previously, the rest of the group said they wanted to witness the strength of [The Eldest Heroic Spirit]. So can we depend on you?”

The content of his talk was also dangerous.

“I don’t think I’m able to show anything too impressive?”

“You can use either Light or Dark. Just use your most powerful attack on me.”

While Jin was talking, the air surrounding him started moving slowly. A pale yellow aura tinged with white radiated from his body like a heat wave.

A Prana colour that brings to mind, the stabbing violence of ruthless lightning.

The Battle Suit on his body had reacted and shifted into a design that carried several sharp angles in the cut of the clothes.

Even his slender body seemed to have grown bigger by a few sizes.

Something in Moroha's mind seemed to be blaring an alarm.

Shizuno was clutching Moroha's sleeve tightly.

Showing that amount of aura pressure just by opening his gates, it's unfathomable.

"It's not even an exam, is it safe?"

"Yeah, it's pretty safe——for me."

Isurugi displayed an unshakable confidence that he can take on anything that Moroha could throw at him.

Moroha wanted to whistle again, but abandoned the thought in consideration of the courtesy towards his upperclassman.

Once Moroha agreed, all the upperclassmen moved from the training ground to the viewing gallery.

Everyone was displaying an attitude of happily watching a great show. Still, there was no feeling of revulsion towards them, as everyone here was a strong person in their own rights. Thus, any single one of them has only pure and uncomplicated feelings to seeking strength, the so called desire for self-improvement.

"It's no good if we affect the surrounding. Can someone help to take care of Shizuno?" Moroha asked the upperclassmen.

The upperclassmen were all surprised and looked at each other.

Moroha was thinking that "Aren't all of you too relaxed?"

"All right. I'll take care of her safety." A short hair girl immediately stepped forward and volunteered herself.

“You are a good man, aren’t you?” The girl winked at Moroha while passing him, causing Moroha to be at a loss on how to respond to her.

“Moroha, are you fine?”

“You hear him too. I’m quite safe.” Moroha waved his hands and sent off Shizuno who was displaying an uneasy expression.

Eventually, the only people left on the training ground were Isurugi and Moroha.

“Senpai, aren’t you summoning out a weapon?”

Moroha was holding his ID Tag in his right hand while armoring himself in his white prana.

A relaxed and natural stance, able to adapt to any situation.

“I’m just going to take on one attack from you.” Isurugi replied seriously.

“I see. So I’m starting?”

“Please.” Surrounded by his lightning-like aura, Isurugi strongly nodded his head.

Treating that movement as his start signal, Moroha launched his attack.

He jumped straight up into the air with <God Speed Link>.

The superhuman leaping strength carried him all the way to the top of the arena that was more than ten meters high.

(You said you watch our match, right?)

Moroha flipped over and planted his feet against the roof of the arena, and launched himself downward.

The leaping power of God Speed Link plus the kinetic energy of gravity.

Moroha was duplicating the fearsome attack displayed by Isurugi’s younger brother a few days back.

Streaking through the air like a meteor and targeting the Strongest Savior in the Academy.

(Come, Saratiga.)

Moroha injected Prana into his ID Tag and summoned his beloved sword…… and he continued to inject more prana into his right hand.

Saratiga began to glow with a white aura.

<<Venus>>

After his duel with Gin, Moroha spent ten days to master this technique.

With all that, Moroha also threw in his pure muscular strength from <Titan Strength Link>.

“HHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.”

Moroha concentrated all the techniques he learnt up to this stage into this swordstrike, and swung at Isurugi.

“Guhhh.”

Isurugi crossed his arms and took on the attack from above squarely.

With the bracers formed by his battle suit and injected with his lightning prana.

Moroha’s attack and Isurugi’s defence connected directly, and with a crash generated a shock wave.

In that instance, sparks flew all over.

A typhoon-like disaster seemed to explode in the arena.

And…Moroha’s sword was blocked by Isurugi’s bracers.

Even so, the floor of the training ground was shattered into several pieces.

Previously, Moroha accomplished this level of destruction by attacking the floor directly, but this time the same amount of damage was done via shock waves only.

The entire arena started creaking alarmingly and continued to shake.

The viewing gallery was not spared either and shook continuously. Even Shizuno who was protected by a upperclassman let out a soft yelp.

Moroha, who only started school for two weeks, had demonstrated his strength and exquisite control of his Light Techniques.

Standing right in the eye of the Prana tornado, Isurugi who had blocked the sword with his crossed arms, said one word as if nothing had happened: “Wonderful.”

Ah——Moroha also fearlessly smiled back in return.

(I’ve haven’t done anything deserving of praise yet.)

He was not in the least shocked or surprised that his all out strike was blocked.

Since his attack was blocked, he pushed hard with Saratiga and flipped far away backward.

Pulling a distance away, Moroha re-establishing his stance.

『**TRACE**』

Holding his sword in his right hand, he traced out magic characters with his left forefinger, displaying a higher speed and accuracy incomparable to what he displayed during his match with Gen.

『**All Beings revert to bones at death, let the rites of cremations begin**』

The Aria for Step Three Dark Art『**Incinerate**』.

The magical flames that threw his younger brother into the abyss of death in a

single strike were now rushing toward Jin like a tidal wave.

Different from a physical attack from a sword, this is an immaterial heat energy attack that cannot be defended against even with <Diamond Skin Link>.

“Hmmmmm…….”

Isurugi’s relaxed expression was twisted into a frowning face.

A long, broadsword suddenly materialized into his hand.

Raising it with both hands, he slashed down with great strength, making a screeching, piercing sound.

As the broadsword cut through the air, a strong wind pressure expanded.

Hitting the wall of air, Moroha’s Incinerate detonated harmlessly without reaching Isurugi.

Light Advance Technique <<**Jupiter**>>. One of Isurugi’s favorite moves.

After eliminating the magical fire, the left over pressure continued towards Moroha.

(How powerful…!)

Moroha quickly covered his face with both of his forearms and protected his whole body with <Diamond Skin Link>.

Even if weakened, the remnants of Isurugi’s <<Jupiter>> was not to be underestimated. If Moroha doesn’t increase his defenses with Prana, it highly probable he’ll be blown away by the wind pressure.

An explosive sound sounded through the arena as the forces collided across Moroha’s body. While withstanding the Prana Vortex, Moroha cannot help but whistle in admiration.

Still, regardless their perception of time, only a few seconds had passed since the start of this “demonstration”.

After a short while, the vortex expanded itself and the arena returned to a silent state, as if to silently protest against the excessive use of force by the two of them.

Moroha and Isurugi dismissed their weapon materialization and restored the

original form of their ID tags.

“Didn’t I say I will take only 1 attack from you?” Isurugi admonished while smiling bitterly. “It’s against the rules to add a Dark Magic on top of a Light Technique.”

“Since it’s nothing that’s secretive, I was thinking I might as well demonstrate from both side.” Moroha nonchalantly scratch his head.

“In addition, Senpai…in comparison to defense, you are actually better at offense, right?”

In Moroha’s head, screeching sounds can still be heard. Similar to how one can determine if a runner is a short distance sprinter or a long distance marathoner by observing their muscle build, Moroha display his ability to judge other people’s skills just by observing their prana aura.

“Even if I asked you to fight with a weapon, it seemed likely that you’ll ignore me? Senpai should also demonstrate a little bit for us to see,” Moroha smilingly replied, as if a small child doing a prank.

“…and what have you seen?”

“I see that it’ll be very strenuous to keep up with Senpai……I’ll really have to put in more effort.”

“Hmmm…it looked like there was value in letting you see then.”

Isurugi’s initial cold unfriendly smile changed to a bitter helpless smile and he forgave Moroha’s naughtiness.

Is this the pride of an A-Rank Savior?

By this time, the other students have descended from the viewing gallery.

“You REALLY are a good man!”

“If it’s you, there’s absolutely no problem sending you to the actual battleground. Since the 3rd years graduated, we welcome anyone that is strong.”

“I originally though that it over-hyped that you can use both sides and underestimated you, but it’s amazing that you can wield both side at such a high

level.”

“That’s right. You can use Third Step Dark Arts already, I really want to learn from you.”

“It’s only a matter of time before you’ll be promoted to B-Rank right? I’m so jealous.”

Moroha received rave reviews for his performance. Since the goal of promoting himself seemed successful, Moroha let out a sigh of relieve.

It would had been really sad if the group had said “We don’t need you” on the very first day. Looks like he’ll be able to keep his position for at least one payday.

Moroha looked towards Shizuno.

She is observing him with her usual expressionless face.

Still, it feels like a posture of “Don’t make me worry”. Could it be his misunderstanding?

“It’s been a long time since I felt so happy, Eldest Heroic Spirit.” Isurugi came over and comradely put his hand on Moroha’s shoulder.

“Now that we have someone like you who can use both Light Techniques and Dark Arts, I’m feeling excited as the front line commander. Haimura’s greatest weapon is that I can use you everywhere.”

“You mean I don’t have a specialized position?” Moroha raised an eyebrow.

“It’s your versatility,” Isurugi explain in a clear and concise manner.

“In a battle where light techniques is more effective, you can be deployed as a White Iron; Conversely, if more dark arts is needed, you’ll be activated as a black mage. Wait…No, if it’s you, you can accomplished what other black mages cannot do, which is to cast dark arts right at the front line. With Haimura-kun, how much can my tactics expand? I cannot wait to test it out.”

It seemed like he got praised unreservedly by Isurugi. Moroha’s versatility is a rare part that can make the organization more responsive and adaptable.

This is an undeniably useful asset.

(Looks like I’ll be able to receive 3 salaries before being fired.) Moroha

scratched his head with a bashful face.

There's really no need to be embarrassed——Misunderstanding Moroha's thoughts, Isurugi solemnly nodded his head.

"So, let's start today's practice then."

"Captain, the arena floor is still a wreck."

"The battlefield may not always be in an undamaged condition, right?"

At Isurugi's reply, the rest of the team could only smile in agreement.

Everyone gathered in a circle and Isurugi shouted in a loud voice:

"WE ARE THE SAVIORS!"

And the team shouted out in reply:

"WE ARE THE STRIKERS FOR OUR PEOPLE, OUR PEACE AND OUR JUSTICE!"

Everyone was shouting at full strength and stood up straight. Just like real soldiers.

"Ummm, can I skip that?" Moroha discreetly asked Isurugi a little bit after that.

"Nope. Everyone should be of one mind. This is mental training for focusing on our noble goals so it's very important. I hope that you can memorize it by tomorrow."

"Geh…since it involve my salary, I'll do it." Moroha vaguely replied.

Still, on a practical note, the atmosphere around the team had suddenly turned more heavy and serious, as if a switch had been flipped. Maybe it's a form of self-hypnotism.

◆◆◆

The training of the Combat Corp was harsh.

Normally, as a student, one will have to spend the entire day attending the standard curriculum, now he had to attend a punishment gam-----no, bonus level where everyone else had vastly more experience and training then a Year One student.

Basically, training with the elites of elites in the entire country was very tiring.

Tactics, Formation and Teamwork – the 3 pillars that the harsh training focused on.

For example, setting up a defensive formation , holding the front line, supporting from the back with dark arts, prevention of gaps in the formation, learning to switch position with exhausted members. There was also scenario training where in the event of bleach in formation, having everyone separate into 2 groups and commencing an effective pincer movement practice, or doing an orderly retreat with the 2 groups supporting each other.

In an ideal situation, it was hoped that the power of 1 + 1 = Power of 3 or 4.

Helping each other, covering for each other's weakness, handing any situation, raising everyone's survival rate, the training aimed to fulfill these goals.

Against the Metaphysicals, one on one is definitely impossible.

What the Saviors hold as their advantages are their numbers. Thus, they have to keep capitalizing on that.

Or so was he drilled on till his head felt like exploding.

When finally released, the sky was already turning orange.

"This is the most tiring day since I was born." Moroha listlessly walked out of the school gate with heavy footsteps.

"Luckily I know how to slack during busy periods," remarked Shizuno in her usual expression while walking beside him.

"……Please teaches me how to do that next time?"

"I don't think it'll have any meaning for you to learn it."

"Why?"

"Moroha is not a person who is good at accommodating and work with others, right? So it'll only increase your fatigue."

"UH? Don't describe me as someone who is self-centered and selfish ok?"

"On that note, I'm very proficient in accommodating others."

“Don’t ignore me. Please agree with me.”

While Moroha was protesting, Shizuno increased her footsteps and escape.

And so they reached the main gate while playing with each other like this.

And, an unexpected person was waiting there for them.

“SO SLOW! The only person who is allowed to make me wait so long is Onii-Sama.”

Arms akimbo and with an impatient look, it’s Princess Satsuki. “We didn’t ask you to wait for us.” Moroha smiled and jokingly retort her.

Still, considering the feelings she had while waiting for them, Moroha cannot help but smile at her.

“I’ve asked a friend just now. Apparently there’s a great okonomiyaki shop around here. “

“You mean you check the web right?”

“Shut Up! Anyway, for me who had lived in both Osaka and Hiroshima, it’s information that cannot be ignored. Thus, to thoroughly investigate, come eat it with me?”

“I’ve no money.”

“No worries. It looks like you can eat it for only 300 yen.”

“Really?”

“Definitely. In return, you’ll have to cook it yourself though. Still, you can depend on me for that. It’s super cool to be able to cook okonomiyaki in Osaka, so I’ve practiced very hard.”

“Really?”

“Your vanities is of use for the first time.”

“You should be happy that you can eat food made by your own sister…..”

But, as if in opposition……..

“Sorry. If you want to go, go by yourself.”

Shizuno rejected Satsuki with her expressionless face.

“Uh…?”

As if not noticing Moroha’s bewildered expression, Shizuno continued in the same flat voice: “Moroha and I are both tired. Thus, we would like to go back early and rest.”

“Ummm…no, I’m not really that tired…”

“We have to practice in the days ahead too. Getting rested for tomorrow training is also part of the job.”

In front of Shizuno’s cool but correct statement, Moroha was forced into silence.

“I….I see. I didn’t….didn’t know that it was that tough. I’m sorry, I lack consideration.”

Satsuki bowed her head in apology while twisting into knots the ponytail by her side.

“You aren’t in the wrong. It’s just that, we’ll probably be training till late tomorrow too. So, even if you were to wait for us again, we’ll probably have to reject your invitation.

“……hmmm. I got it.” Still bowing her head, Satsuki replied in a small voice.

“……Then, can I asked you all out during the holidays?”

“Thank you, Ranjou-san. We’ll be happy to accept if that was the case. Right, Moroha?”

Satsuki accept with a small nod of her head, then turned and ran away with all her might.

“Hey, wait Satsuki!”

“Goodbye.”

Until the end, Satsuki never raised her head. Even when Moroha called out to her, she never took a glance back.

“Why did you have to say such hurtful words?”

“I don’t think those words were meant to be hurtful,” Shizuno replied in her normal expressionless way.

“Do you really need me to say it?”

“You are the one who won’t understand if it’s not said.”

Moroha glared at Shizuno with smouldering anger in his eyes.

Shizuno match him with her serenity and clear eyes.

“Moroha wanted to earn money by himself right? Buy, you also felt that Ranjou-san is cute also right? In consideration that you are unwilling to give up on both, I’m just stating out the facts, even if wise advise are hard on the ears.”

Within those artificially looking doll-like eyes, a strong will gleamed forth.

It’s like…a loyal retainer, even knowing she will displeased her ruler, stating forth the ugly truth and pure facts without any honeyed words.

This gaze is hauntingly familiar to Moroha.

“You…Are you sure you are not the Witch of the Netherworld?”

“I should have said this before. I do not know your past life.”

“Let me ask you another thing then. Ishirugi…when I was duelling the younger brother, you shouted out to me to use the dark arts, right? How do you know that I can use it, that I have 2 past lives?”

“I can answer that. Remember the incident with the juice cooling? With one look you correctly surmised that it was done with an adjusted『White Breath』. If not for a certain level of familiarity with the dark arts, it’s impossible to figure that out.”

Huuu, Moroha was cornered into silence.

Well, it’s not a big deal if she wanted to continuing deny it. Moroha concluded while shaking his head.

“Regarding Satsuki, didn’t I say this several times already?”

“Don’t bully Ranjou-san?”

“Don’t decrease your value as a girl.”

The expressionless Shizuno shook slightly at his reply. Without keen observation, no one would have noticed that she had widened her eyes slightly

in surprise.

“About rejecting Ranjou-san…you are not angry?” Shizuno asked anxiously. Apparently even she is aware and ashamed of her actions and finally leaked out some emotions.

“I already said that that’s not it. What I hated was your willingness to be the bad person in this situation. I am thankful for your help, but I hope that you’ll remember this: If a girl has to sacrifice herself for me, I wouldn’t be happy about it at all. I’ll prefer it if you make me happy with your smiling face,” Moroha urgently press his words against Shizuno who slightly flinched.

(Can you understand?) (Can you comprehend?) Moroha secretly observed Shizuno’s face.

In the end……Shizuno hid her true feelings with her expressionless face as usual.

(Really, what a troublesome girl…). Moroha thought as he scratches his head.

“Anyway, think about it for a while. I need to go chase after Satsuki.”

Since this is an emergency now, even if he didn’t convey his feeling swell enough now, he can slowly have a long talk again the future.

While Moroha was thinking of that, and ready to wave goodbye……

“……I knew you would say that.”

“What was that?”

Shizuno’s sudden words were too soft and Moroha didn’t really catch them.

“Did you say something just now?” Moroha slightly bent down to stare into Shizuno’s eyes.

At that instance, Moroha was ambushed.

“HMMmmmmmMMMM!?”

Moroha’s mouth was abruptly sealed by the soft and warm lips of Shizuno’s.

It was a gentle feeling, in addition an indescribable sweet breath enter through his mouth.

“What are you doing?”

Moroha came back to himself and jumped back to escape from Shizuno’s strange action: A soft kiss.

Still, this little kiss was enough to set his heart pumping uncontrollably.

“Did my value as a girl decrease again?”

The girl who kiss him for the second time, smiled mysteriously with her dimples showing.

“What are you thinking about? I don’t understand…”

Facing Shizuno’s dazzling smile, Moroha hurriedly place his hand over his heart and attempted to regulate his ragged breathing, “It’s fine even if you don’t understand.”

“Hmm? Why?”

“Else my little enjoyment of teasing you will disappear.”

“What…?”

“I mean it’s your worth as a man.”

What is going on here?

“By the way, aren’t you going after Ranjou-san? It’s better if you hurry.”

Without further explanation, Shizuno pushed Moroha’s back.

Taking strong action that’s against her normal behaviour, Moroha can only be confused by her.

Still, Moroha had to listen to her. If he had to continue staring at Shizuno’s face, the warmth lingering on his lips will never be able to cool down.

Moroha bid “See you tomorrow” to the disturbing self-sacrificing girl.

◆◆◆

“Did something went wrong somewhere?” Satsuki depressingly trudge down the hell slope and mumble to herself.

The only reassurance are the streetlight illuminating the roads. If you were to

trip, you'll probably be rolling all the way to the bottom."

"I finally got to meet Onii-sama…I thought that he'll praise me……"

A beautiful, invincible Savior possessing vast prana.

One who would only showed that incredible strength in the face of evil in the name of justice.

Everyone in her class will look up to her, everyday Moroha will hug her every day and say [That's my little sister], [I've fallen in love with you all over again] ……..

The super Satsuki that she planned at the start of the school term has dissipated without a trace in just 3 weeks.

This is the cruel reality.

Moroha, Gen and Shizuno have displayed a high level of personal ability, showing the potential to be <Saviors> that are above the norm.

Satsuki herself? Instead of vanquishing evil, it would be more accurate to say that she was shamed by evil instead.

The fateful reunion with her beloved brother, the brother she loved the most had abandoned her to undergo special training with another women.

She wanted to cry at how far her dreams were from reality.

"Kuuuuuu…"

Satuki sniffle her nose alone.

It's painful, but what hurts the most was her own uselessness.

Moroha, the brother she loved the most, met her dream expectation perfectly.

Right at the start of the school term, he had already made a name for himself.

He became a noted person in class and enjoyed high popularity among the girls.

He was discovered as the first and only [Ancient Dragon] in history and will without a doubt become a core member in the Strikers. No one in school will ever look down or underestimate him.

Satsuki is not jealous, but proud of him. She is growing even more and more infatuated with him.

But, it hurts deeply not being able to stand beside him.

She is so lonely that she wanted to wail and cry.

“Kuuu…even…sniff……Urushibara…had properly….hic…hic…followed beside him…….”

Satsuki forcefully swallowed back her tearful whimper back down her throat and refused to weep.

And…a ringtone came out from her phone.

Satsuki hesitantly took out her phone.

The caller is Moroha!

While she is at a loss on what to do……losing to the loneliness in her heart, she answered the call in the end.

“He…hello? Moroha, what is it?”

Her unexpectedly choked up voice was a shock even to her.

“I…I’m not crying! So don’t jump to conclusions! Ah…it’s really serious. The pollen allergy this year is really bad. It’s really hellish!”

Before anyone could asked, she clarified herself.

“Liar.”

There were two male voices.

One from the phone…and one from behind.

Satsuki turned around sharply and felt her knees go weak.

Moroha was standing right there on the slope with his phone pressed against his ears.

“Your eyes are red and swollen.”

At Moroha’s words, Satsuki hurriedly covered her eyes with her free hand.

“No…Nonsense! You shouldn’t be able to see in the dark…”

I've been had! Satsuki was so embarrassed that she trembled uncontrollably.

"What are you doing here!?"

"I suddenly craved okonomiyaki."

"I thought you had no money?"

"300 yen is an acceptable range."

"It's around 300 yen! Not exactly 300 yen!"

"I'm sorry. Can you borrow me 50 yen? I'll repay you next month."

"Irritating! Weren't you tired? Why don't you go back and sleep early?"

"Hey hey……."

On the slope, Moroha unabashedly smiled at her. Taking the phone away from his ear, he relaxed his arms by his side.

Standing proudly yet impishly, it was a posture that suited him very well, this brother of hers.

Staring at Moroha, Satsuki gradually forgot the tears wetting her face.

While Satsuki stared spellbound at Moroha, he cannot helped let out a satisfied grin.

At that point, he unashamedly declared," It'll be too much If you do not let me taste a delicious okonomiyaki, I may die and leave this world full of regrets."

And jokingly added: Because I'm born spoiled.

Satsuki nearly fell down.

Where was the serious atmosphere from just now? Satsuki narrowed her eyes.

"I got it. I take you there. You must be thankful to this gentle sister of yours!"

"Then you'll have to cook it well and make it more delish."

"I give it my all. It'll be so good that you will not be able to live without my okonomiyaki ever again."

Moroha and Satsuki were side by side by then.

Both started walking beside each other.

The night wind gradually dried Satsuki's tears. Raising her head, she discovered the moon is already high up in the sky. To her, this is a really special and beautiful evening.

"Hey, Satsuki. Since I've a phone now, can I call you before bedtime?"

"You…you are really a siscon, Onii-sama. This is really tough on me."

"Isn't it fine? Don't sweat the small stuff."

"Hmmmm……Okay. Although I'm busy myself, I'll accompany you three times a week on the phone."

"Oh, three times a week is it? I'm very thankful."

As Satsuki chatted happily with Moroha, she slowed down her walking pace to a stroll…….

◆◆◆

It was said that when God creates, he gave everything an inescapable fate. Of course, no one knows if this is true.

Still, when someone meets misfortune, it is undeniable that it happens not because of their fate, but due to the malicious will of a third party.

This is a commonly held opinion of [him].

The screen was showing the highlights of the practice match held among the combat corp.

"His" secretary commented after watching the video: "As expected of the current combat corp, when put among them his presence seems to be a bit lacking."

Sighing, the secretary continued: "[The Eldest Heroic Spirit] has finally appeared, but could we have been overly optimistic in our expectation?"

In regards to the regretful tone, [he] replied:

"If an appropriate Metaphysical appear, then the real capability of Haimura Moroha could be judged fairly. "

This seems to be a practical and normal point of view.

“Please stop joking. Such a convenient Metaphysical will not pop out of the blue so suddenly, would it?” The secretary replied with a faint smile.

“Ah, you are right. There won’t be such a convenient coincidence.” Saying that, [he] smile at the same time.

“In addition, a half-arsed metaphysical will be swiftly eliminated by Jin’s team without fail.”

“Truly, if the opponent is half-arsed, the [The Eldest Heroic Spirit] won’t even have a chance to enter the stage.”

[He] laugh mirthlessly.

Even if tens of thousands of years passed in time, even if the location is shifted hundreds of millions of light years away——the misfortune of men is always planned out in secrecy.

Chapter 7 - Hell Fire, Reside In My Sword

“Hello? Urushibara? It’s me, Satsuki. Will you go out with me?”

“I’m sorry. I’ve already have someone I liked.”

“Who is confessing to you! I meant to go shopping with me!”

Thus, Satsuki and Shizuno met up outside.

This was the Sunday on the same week that Moroha successfully joined Strikers.

Unfortunately, the sky was overcast on that day. No matter how you cut it, it’s not a good day to go shopping.

“The sky is strange today,” complained Satsuki while Shizuno tilted her head in puzzlement.

The atmosphere was uncomfortable as if the humidity was high. Goosebumps easily broke out over their skins.

Still, they can’t change the rest day. They could only go out that Sunday.

They took a 30 minutes ride on the public transport towards a newly opened shopping mall.

Newly launched just the previous year, everything still looked new and shiny. The complex formed a “ㄱ” shape if viewed from the sky, with a garden in the middle. Complete with an artificial pond, artificial grasses and shaded seats, it was a popular spot for people to take their meals.

Unfortunately, this picturesque view was dampened by the overcast skies.

Satsuki forcefully shake off her gloomy thoughts and readjusted her mood.

“I’ll like to buy a gift to celebrate Moroha’s promotion to Rank C!”

“……I’m a bit carsick……” Shizuno, with a pale face, replied gloomily as she held a handkerchief to her mouth.

“Irritating! You really know how to kill the mood!”

Still, even if Satsuki complained with her mouth, she still gently massage

Shizuno's back.

"".....why did you chose shopping district so far away? Isn't it fine to shop somewhere nearer?"

"When I spoke of plans in the classroom yesterday, Tanaka-Sensei recommended me this place."

"……you found this place on the internet, right?"

"EVEN IF IT'S ME, THE TEACHER WON'T IGNORE ME OKAY!!!! IT'S TRUEEEEEEE!"

Satsuki was twisting around in anger and denial, unknowingly indirectly admitting to the fact that she has no friends.

"…so, what did you want to buy as a gift?"

"I've no faith in my ability to pick a good gift, so that's why you are here!"

".....please don't make that kind of statement so proudly."

"That's because, last time as a prank I presented to Onii-sama some glass shards that I picked up at the roadside as a present. In the end he happily accepted with an "I will treasure this my entire life" and really did that."

"If you are trying to show off your love life, I'm leaving."

"Uh? Why? I trying to say that regardless of what I gave him, he'll happily accept. This actually troubles me, you know."

"……Can I go back now?"

While the bickering went on, they diligently look through the stores.

It's common for girls to spend a long time when they are shopping. After walking one round, they will need to discuss their choices and make up their mind. So they decided to take a break for lunch and rest.

After some planning, they decided to have lunch at the open garden and walk towards the center.

"It's not…..going to rain, right?" Satsuki muttered to herself while looking at the overcast sky and queuing to buy a crepe from a portable outdoor outlet.

Large amount of dark clouds were covering the sky, giving a feeling of oppression.

The previous heavy humidity in the air had completely disappear, so it didn't appear that it's going to rain, but……

For some reason, the prickly feeling on the skin in increasing along with a rising dread.

(Uh? What is this feeling?) Satsuki is starting to unreasonably feel a rising sense of discomfort and panic.

Seated at a outdoor table, even when overlooking the beautiful pond from the balcony and eating delicious crepe, she cannot calm herself. Thus, she asked Shizuno in a serious tone: “Hey. Leaving the weather aside, don’t you feel that there's something strange in the air today?”

“Strange? What do you mean?” Shizuno tilt her head curiously while holding on to her own crepe.

Apparently, only Satsuki is being sensitive to a rising danger. She attempted to explain her feelings into words to convey her thoughts.

“I think you are the strange one,” Shizuno replied with a pitying look.

Facing this person who is strangly dull today and instead said irritating words, Satsuki was about to say something to rebuke her ——

DONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN

A roar like thunder resounded.

Satsuki’s thoughts froze over.

Amid huge torrents of water suddenly pouring from the sky, Satsuki stood stunned on the spot.

Luckily, after being drenched by the cold water, Satsuki came back to herself.

“What is this?!”

Rain? Sudden Squall? No, it’s wrong.

Shizuno turned her head towards the pond with her mouth hanging open.

That's because there was something there that caused this infuriating, irritating yet graceful maiden to reveal this dumbstruck look.

GRRRRrrrrrrrrRRRRRRRRR

No, not something. It's some creature.

When she heard that growl, Satsuki understood immediately.

After being blown on by a breath full of blood scent, Satsuki understood immediately.

When she look upon that gigantic body, Satsuki understood immediately.

What was it that had a gigantic body, bloody breath, heavy shadow and deafening noise?

What did large torrents of water to suddenly fall from the sky?

Obviously, the answer will become clearer if she just raise her head and take one look.

But, it's too terrifying. Her body was paralyze and her hair stood on end.

Even if she is a savior, the familiar memorized battle tactics and preparation vanished from her head in an instant. All because of this fella.

Like a silent dark tsunami, creeping towards her endlessly.

Being surrounded by that evil presence, she felt that she had turned into a small, insignificant and powerless rodent, trembling uncontrollably.

Satsuki stared at her hands placed on the table and tried to order her fingers.

(Move…please move. Move a bit…just a little bit……please…)

Even if only a single finger twitch, it felt like she'll be able to break free of the trance caused by terror coiling around her.

Sadly, her fingers remain frozen.

At this moment, the area around her darkens as an enormous shadow loomed over her.

At this moment, the scent of blood grew stronger around her.

At this moment, the growling became louder around her.

Panicking and trying to remember how to move her fingers, the feeling of despair cause Satsuki to be unable to open her eyes.

And because of this, she can instead hear clearly——

“GUWAHHHHHH” “HELP MEEEEEEEE” “Mummy I'm scared!!!!!”

The tearful crying voices and screams of children.

Satsuki's eyes snapped open and she jumped up from her seat.

By herself, she stood off against that fella, staring at each other.

It’s a giant snake.

It’s a giant snake that had broken up to the surface from underground, arching its neck like a scythe. A giant snake with a single eye.

The torrent of water from the sky was caused by this snake breaking out from the ground and throwing all the water from the pond into the air.

A monster that does not belonged on this world, any place on Earth or any other natural environment.

It is a Metaphysical, the natural enemy of all saviors.

Why did it appear here? —— Satsuki have no answer to that even after thinking furiously.

She knows the reasoning very well though.

Those creatures known as Metaphysical, are more sudden than Natural Disaster and are more cruel to the inhabitant of the world.

Satsuki who had lived in cities devastated by Metaphysical know that very well.

The terrifying yet strangely majestic giant snake rear up like a tower stabbing the sky, with that single eye glinting right at the front.

Looking deeply into that fearsome, monstrous single eye, Satsuki——

“Come! The great me will be your opponent. Be thankful to me!”

——screamed out her defiance and challenge with false bravado.

With her golden prana surrounding both arms and summoning her slim sword, she attempted to control her shaking legs.

And, terrifyingly, the snake seemed to smirked at her. As if it understood human speech.

“Right. That’s a good child. That’s right, your opponent is me. Don’t distract yourself with other inconsequential people.”

Satsuki, trying to force out her courage, spoke out roughly:

“Urushibara, can you hear me? Snap out of it and wake up!”

“I’m sorry. I’m fine now.”

Shizuno who just shook herself out of her stupor, as if trying to salvage her dignity, brush back her silky wet hair back and stood up elegantly from her seat.

“Is that so. That’s good. Please contact the Academy for reinforcement immediately. After that, lead everyone to evacuate——try to save as much.....no, lead everyone to safety without fail.

“And Ranjou-san?”

“I will try my best to pin down this fella here.”

“But…to fight a metaphysical by yourself…..”

“ [Victory lies in numbers and teamwork], the iron-clad rule of saviors right? I knew that from lessons, but I don’t think we have time for that kind of preparation.”

Satsuki complained while taking on a stance with her sword.

The mono-eyed snake seemed to be happily looking at the slightly pathetic looking Satsuki, while swaying with it's scythe-like body.

“…please stop saying ridiculous words.”

“If I were to escape too, who knew where this fella will rampage next.”

If they were to leave this monster alone to rampage as it wills, how many people will be injured?Even worst, how many people will be sacrifice?

The surrounding will definitely turn into hell.

She will definitely not allow it to happen.

(Of course I'm scared…..Don't want to die…….)

Still, if she ran away to preserve herself, she'll undoubtedly will turn into a false <savior>.

(Right! If I run away, I won't be worthy to be Onii-sama's little sister!"

Satsuki forcefully squeezed out a smile.

What, isn't this for me the best reason to fight? Satsuki tried to convince herself.

Following the curve of her jawline, water dripped from her chin.

At the same time, filled with resolution and determination, Shizuno stepped up beside Satsuki.

"If that's the case, allow me to fight alongside."

"Uh? Reinforcement? Evacuation?"

"I've already sent a message to Moroha and the school. Everyone is evacuating correctly, so no one needs to lead them."

"It's enough with me alone. I don't need any burden." Satsuki screamed out loudly.

The delaying battle that's going to happen next can be said to be a suicide mission. Satsuki do not want to drag Shizuno...her friend into it.

Even so…

"Who are you calling a burden? I am the [Royal Witch] respected and feared by all. It's supremely easy for me to do a little thing like supporting you," replied Shizuno loftily while smiling with a bit of dimple showing.

『**TRACE——**』

Glaring intently at the giant snake, Shizuno wrote out glowing glyphs in the air with her fingers: 『***Oh Darkness of Ice, Oh Spirit of Snow, lend me your breath, and freeze this unto a silence deeper than death***』

Shizuno's surrounding drop into a darker gloom than that cast by the dark sky

or the snake's shadow.

The magic she cast greedily swallow the light in the area and absorb the ambient energy in the surrounding to power itself more.

Satsuki was shocked into silence.

Shizuno's magical skill is excellent. Even Satsuki who became a savior for only a short time understood this.

Shizuno's slender finger tranced out enough power as if to freeze the world into silence.

After writing 3 lines of glowing glyphs into the empty air, Shizuno gently tap them with the tip of her finger.

Ancestral Arts, Step Three Dark Magic『**Frozen Shade**』.

The smooth and glossy scales unique to a snake was covered by a layer of frost, the giant snake over 10 meter in length started trashing in pain.

Shizuno, who had never shown anyone the full extent of her skills, revealed her full strength for the very first time.

(How powerful…!) Satsuki was deeply shocked.

Shizuno actually hid the fact that she has as much, if not more, power than most Black Mage teachers in the academy.

And thus there is nothing more reassuring than this as support. Thanks to her, Satsuki regain her courage and determination to win.

"My turn," with a battlecry, prana gathered and swirls around her right leg.

Kicking off the ground strongly, Satsuki dashed towards the giant snake with the speed of a bullet.

She started her fight immediately with the <God Speed Link> that she just learn recently.

"HAH!! HA! HAAHHH!"

With both arms enhanced by <Titan Strength Link>, Satsuki chopped at the giant snake's body unhesitatingly with no finesse.

Coupled with the explosive power of <God Speed Link>, she avoided the blood sprays.

It’s hard to describe her fighting movement as being elegance. Still, Satsuki had long abandoned those childish impulses.

The giant snake was originally staring at the trembling Satsuki as if to verify the freshness of its lunch. Now unexpectedly it is being counterattacked furiously by that would-be lunch. Facing this, it abandoned its laziness and fiercely baring its fangs.

Satsuki was the same and was focusing strongly on avoiding the fast darting jaws attacking her.

During this time, Shizuno was shooting off multiple『**Frozen Shade**』, causing even more pain and suffering to the giant snake.

Unable to withstand the pain of frostbite, the snake finally extended it's neck to attack Shizuno, but had its head kicked away by Satsuki. She had not forgotten her duties as a white iron to protect the helpless black mage during spellcasting.

(Could it be…that this could actually work?)

Just when she felt a shiver of hope and leaked out a tiny smile——

Like saying [I was waiting for this moment], the cruel fate awaiting the two girls descended.

DOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

With a loud crushing sound, another giant snake broke out from underground.

“……you are joking, right?” Satsuki could only smile bitterly.

That’s because, an unbelievable scene continue to unfold in front of them.

CRASHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEDDDDDDDDDD

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

CRAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

Just like being in the middle of a bomb explosion, the loud crashes continued to resound.

With every dust cloud explosion, a snake appeared on a scythe like body.

Giant snakes over 10 meters in length kept popping out.

The suddenly insignificant Satsuki could only stared helplessly at this surreal scene that's like a CG re-creation of a Hollywood movie.

From the very first mono eye snake to the last 9 eyed snake.

A total of 9 Giant snakes.

No, it's even worst……

"This is....a multi-head?"

A 9 head hydra.

The category of Metaphysical where the number of heads is linked to the overall power exponentially.

In the case of the giant with 7 faces and 8 arms that appeared last year, it took a task force of over 100 saviors to take it down. Satsuki learn that during lessons.

And this fella had 2 more heads than that giant, a total of 9.

"This...this is impossible..."

Her sword had slipped from her nerveless fingers.

It sounded sharply as it hit the hard ground.

"Satsuki! What are you doing!"

A harsh reprimand from Shizuno came from the back.

And from the front, the 9-eyed snake opened its maw and approached.

Shizuno cast『**White Breath**』at it. Due to the sudden situation, she had only time to cast the significantly weaker Step One magic.

The 9 eyed snake brushed aside that attack effortlessly like nothing and

continued to press forward.

From point blank distance, the snake breathe out a grey cloud.

Shizuno swiftly grabbed and push down Satsuki, covering her with her own body to protect Satsuki.

Unfortunately, the defense level of a non-White Iron like Shizuno is limited. The two of them were brushed lightly by the cloud.

Satsuki reflectively squeezed her eyes shut, but there wasn't any feeling of pain anywhere.

No. Specifically all feelings below the knees have vanished.

Both her legs——were grey and petrified.

In addition, the petrification continued to creep up her legs invasively.

"Increase your prana output and resist the petrification curse!"

Satsuki, caught in a tangle with Shizuno on the ground, nodded sharply and followed Shizuno's instruction.

Luckily, she's able to prevent the curse from advancing further at great speed, but it's impossible for her to stand up on her legs.

No, even so ——

The 5 eyed snake moved forward and licked Satsuki's neck. Satsuki prepared for her death mentally.

"You…you…you……"

Even if she was pressed down on the ground by Shizuno, Satsuki still reached out and grab her weapon and desperately swing her sword widely with her limited reach.

This is only a weak defiance pushed by her fear of death and not really a wise or deliberate choice.

The 5 eyed snake, giving an impression of [Ara, how scary, how scary], leisurely pulled back its head.

That's right, for some reasons these monsters can mimicked human

expressions.

Even if they are snakes. Even if they are monsters.

The 9 snake heads continue to jeered and laugh at Satsuki, playfully sliding their bodies all around the two girls, causing Satsuki to fall deeper into panic. They even took turns to reach forward and poke Satsuki with their head playfully.

“Come at me then! Taking turns or all together, I’ll take you on!”

Satsuki raised her sword to the front, like a fur-bristling cat driven to a corner.

This is only a facade of bravery of someone driven to a corner and had given up.

Seeing this, the 9 snake heads happily open and closed their jaws.

It’s very abnormal——no matter which head it was, they don’t seem to have any intention of seriously eating them.

After the passing of time, even Satsuki was able to calm down somewhat and felt that small suspicion.

What were they thinking? What were their intentions?

Satsuki cannot comprehend the goals of this metaphysical.

“Hey, what do you think?” Satsuki asked, but receive no reply from Shizuno.

This was when, Satsuki discovered that not only her legs, but Shizuno’s entire back was petrified by the cursed breath.

To resist the curse, she is forcing out mana as much as she can and had slipped into a half-conscious state.

“AHHHHHHHH”

Satsuki was frantic. Even if they were not swallowed up by the snakes, the slow petrification will still finished them off. It could be even that for the metaphysical, the twisted expression of the two girls due to fear and despair was the real delicious meal for them.

The giant snakes had happiness glinting out from their multiple eyes. It was simply terrifying.

Satsuki had already lost her will to lock eyes with them, and with no resistant slowly close her eyes.

At this time, her mobile rang.

It was a specifically set ringtone.

The ringtone set for Moroha.

Satsuki snapped open her eyes and prayed.

Amidst the despair she saw a silver of hope.

Thus she prayed hard and grabbed onto that hope to break free of her despair.

“Moroha……”

◆◆◆

Taking a hot water bath whenever he felt like it, it was truly heaven.

For the happy-go-lucky Moroha, for some reason he cannot calm himself down today. For that reason, he left the bath early and went back to his room. After drying his hair with a towel, he checked the mobile on his desk.

There was a text message from Shizuno.

As this was the first text message he had ever receive, he had a pleased smile as he checked the message.

Reading the message, his smile froze.

Satsuki and Shizuno were under attack by a metaphysical and the situation is desperate.

Moroha changed into his battlesuit in record breaking time and flew out of his room.

{A metaphysical had appeared near the academy. Due to this emergency, all students are to gather in the mess hall. Repeat…}

A broadcast was sounded immediately from the speakers.

This must be part of the procedure for emergencies.

Moroha ran into the mess hall in a rare panic.

Everyone’s reaction was exemplary. Many students were already gathered in the mess hall that can be converted into a conference hall in a pitch.

The huge display screens, a source of many fights regarding the channels to watch, was displaying a view of an unusually huge metaphysical——the 9 head hydra.

The worst situation ever.

Although the video was taken from a distance away, the menacing presence of the metaphysical did not decreased at all. Compared to the shopping centre buildings, it was easy to determine the scale and size of that thing.

That huge monster actually appeared, everyone’s eyes was glued to the screen.

“Please tell me the situation!”

Moroha swiftly saw the figure of Isurugi Jin. It seems he was discussing something with the dorm head. He quickly moves to their location.

“It’s horrible. A Metaphysical as strong, if not stronger, than that dreadnought class that was defeated at Tokyo bay last year appeared. The teachers have already determined that it’s a multi head type. Even worst, a total of 9 heads that had never appeared before.”

“Forget about that! Shizuno and Satsuki are on location right now.”

“I know. Urushibara-san informed us via message. She said that to successfully evacuate the non-combatants, the two of them are keeping the target busy.”

The calm analytical tone of Isurugi is causing Moroha to become more frustrated.

I don’t need that kind of information. I already knew that from Shizuno’s message. Let’s reinforce them quickly! What I’m asking is if everyone’s preparation is completed?”

“We won’t be reinforcing them.”

The calm voice of Isurugi caused Moroha to explode in anger.

“WHY!”

“Facing that kind of monster, it’s unwise to rush in without a plan of attack. If we attack carelessly, there’s a high possibility we’ll be wipe out totally.”

“Aren’t you an A-Class? Weren’t you proud of how great the Combat Corp is?”

“If this was a normal metaphysical, of course it won’t be an opponent for us. But, that monster will probably require the full mobilization of the entire Japan branch to take down. That includes all A-ranks like me, as much B-ranks that can be gathered and probably as much C-ranks, with a hundred of them as a single unit, as backups. If we don’t go that far, we won’t have a chance.”

“Then what are we to do now?”

“Currently, the principal had already request help from the White Knight Order. We are to wait for the reinforcements and prepare the formations spearheaded by us. No point in making unnecessary sacrifices.”

What nonsense is this? Moroha was tongue tied.

His brain was about to explode.

Could it be…that not only Isurugi’s family, but no one around him had died even once?

That he had never experience the pain of eternal partings.

Was this why he was able to sprout these shitty words? Moroha’s anger reached its peak.

“This is ridiculous. If we wait that long, Satsuki and Shizuno will be dead by then!” Moroha screamed in anger.

Isurugi seemed to hesitate for a split second, yet continue to reply calmly: “This is a necessary great sacrifice to protect the majority.”

Moroha snapped. Something broke within him.

His heart started beating hard and erratically with an uneven rhythm.

He can hear the rush of blood in the depth of his ears.

His anger intensified to a single point.

“Listen to me,” Moroha says in a low and quiet tone.

He said this to Isurugi Jin, the monstrous captain of the combat corp, Strikers. One of the highest ranked White Iron in Japan.

“There is no life that can be abandoned easily in this world!”

Isurugi grunted once and took a step back.

The pressure that Moroha is emitting, a mix of hatred and bloodlust, caused Isurugi who was known for his steadiness and calm to panic.

“Forget it. I’ll go myself.”

“Wait a minute! Don’t break formation by yourself. I said it before that only the power of teamwork and organization can defeat the opponent. What can you do by yourself? Don’t forget the iron rule! Don’t let emotion cloud your judgement. This is an unnecessary sacrifice, it’s a childish self-satisfaction. Please reconsider…….”

Even if he was pushed down by Moroha’s presence, what needs to be said still had to be said. Jin used his full courage to persuade Moroha.

But, Moroha just glance once at Isurugi and he was struck silent.

Moroha just silently, resolutely turned his back on Isurugi and ignored him.

“Moroha-kun. Please calm down. No matter what, those two cannot be saved already.”

Isurugi plead earnestly towards Moroha’s back.

“Aren’t you all Allies of Justice?” Moroha coldly replied without turning around, and throw in his next line: “If we cannot even save two girls, how are we called <Saviors>?”

Isurugi can only reply with silence.

Moroha had already lost any expectation with this place.

So, he can only proceed by himself.

Towards the two waiting for him; to the place besides the two of them——

◆◆◆

The distance from the Academy male dorm to the shopping mall is around 20km in a straight line.

Moroha wrapped in pure white prana was running at full strength with God Speed Link.

His battlesuit had morph into a streamlined style, helping him to speed like the wind.

If he were to follow the main road, he'll have to make a huge circular detour following the hill path.

Thus, Moroha decided to jump towards his location in a straight line.

Kicking off the tar road, he jumped onto a nearby residential roof with God Speed Link.

A height normally unreachable by normal people, he cleared it easily.

In addition,

『***Feathers Dash, Light as Ash, Released me fast, From Gravity Lash***』

While casting magic with his left hand, he dropped his weight magically to almost zero.

After taking lessons with Shizuno, Moroha's Black Magic ability increased by leaps and bounds.

Once he landed on the next roof, he jumped off again.

The second jump was even further than the first.

In this way, Light Technique <God Speed Link> works in conjunction with Dark Magic 『**Decrease Weight**』.

Manifestation of Feather Weight

With this, Moroha jumped along the rooftops of the residential area and swiftly approach the shopping mall.

Every subsequent jump was further and faster, as if he was flying.

Along the white buildings, Moroha danced in the skies like a bird.

Light as feather, cutting through the air.

For a normal White Iron, it's not a difficult thing to jump over a building with God Speed Link.

But, compared to running full speed on the ground, this method loses out in

speed. Jumping continuously in a straight line or running on the ground circularly, which method is faster is irrelevant as the difference is not that far apart.

But, it's different for Moroha. Only for Moroha.

By decreasing his weight with Black Magic, and then jumping with Light Techniques, this is a method out of the common knowledge of Saviors.

Pairing the fastest speed with the shortest distance——

With incomprehensible haste, Moroha rushed towards the two girls' side.

He prayed that he will reach them in time.

He worried that they are not picking up his phone calls.

He imagined all sorts of horrible scenarios and had to continually shake them away from his head, only to repeat this again.

Moroha rushed through the city center like a tornado.

The speed he exhibited was too ridiculous, the movement he displayed was too unnatural, thus no one saw him at all.

Only a few minutes have passed since he left the dorms, yet he can already see the shopping buildings.

Also, the 9 scythe-shaped body of the hydra.

"SATSUKI! SHIZUNO!" Moroha roared, praying and hoping that his yearnings reached them.

Only a few more steps to reach them.

Moroha without hesitation rushed into the center of a 6 street traffic junction.

The unlucky vehicle that was just passing through had to swerve hard to avoid Moroha. Without a care, Moroha continued to swing between vehicles or jumped over them, crossing the junction without pause.

The next obstacle was a 4 story building.

Moroha leaped off the road and, kicking a tree as a jumpboard, ran up the side of the vertical building and reaching the roof.

The last jump was executed without hesitation.

Moroha finally stood on the shopping mall overlooking the destroyed center garden.

The hydra also noticed the brilliance of Moroha's white prana.

Raising all the heads, they mockingly laughed at him.

As if saying that they were waiting impatiently for his arrival.

Even under the multiple glare of the metaphysical, under the immerse pressure, Moroha desperately looked for the silhouette of the two girls.

Satsuki and Shizuno——FOUND! They were hugging each other and lying on the ground.

Surrounded by the hydra, they gave the impression of sacrificial virgin maidens in some ancient civilization ritual.

Shizuno's entire back from slowly pertifying, while Satsuki's was petrified from her toes to near her navel.

Was that the doing of the metaphysical? Unforgivable!

(COME! SARATIGA!)

Moroha forced Prana into his palm.

The tag in his palm reacted and morphed into his soul weapon.

The proof of a warrior standing on the battlefield.

Moroha is now a sword and the sword in his hand is Moroha.

"TAKE THIS!!"

Jumping from his high ground, Moroha plunged his sword into the nearest mono eye snake's single eye.

<<Venus>> Activated.

Using Saratiga as a conduit, Moroha forced refined prana into the organ, causing it to explode from within.

The head that just lost its only eye roared in pain, and trashed uncontrollably.

Moroha stable himself using the sword stuck into the broken eye and prevented being thrown off.

Next, the 4 eyed snake rushed towards Moroha with its jaws wide open.

“Che!”

Moroha pulled out his sword and dodge by kicking off the injured head hard.

The inertial of the 4 eyed snake was too great and it collided into the mono eyed snake head, causing both to be entangled together.

Although everything was still going as planned, Moroha’s situation was still graved.

Especially, the platform he kicked off was unstable, so his jump was only partially successful. He was dropping onto the ground from a height of tens of meters.

If this continues, he’ll smash into the ground at high speed.

『***The chains of hell clung unceasingly to all sinners***』

At the last moment, Moroha’s left hand trance out a line of glowing glyphs.

Immediately, dark chains seemingly made from the night itself flew out from Moroha’s left arm and wrap themselves along a tree.

Using this as a pivot point, Moroha swung around like a pendulum and he successfully stabilize his balance.

The chains forged from Dark Magic disappear without a trance and Moroha landed on the courtyard.

Although he remembered the spell for『**Bind**』in a split second, he was able to adapt the full effect successfully.

“I’ve made you all wait.”

Moroha stood up with both legs steadily on the ground, protecting both Satsuki and Shizuno who were just a few meters behind him.

“I just know…Onii-sama…will come.”

Resisting the spreading curse, Satsuki who was groggy with prana exhaustion

still felt happy inside.

“But…Urushibara…is in danger. Her pupil’s…colour…is getting lighter……”

“Acknowledge. Leave the rest……”

Staring at the hydra, he resolutely straightens his stance.

“…to me.”

Raising the sword in his right hand and bravely took a half step with his right leg.

With his chest held proudly forward, it brings to mind a heroic pose.

In return, the metaphysical waved their 9 heads at him threateningly, hissing at him just like normal cobras.

The enemy was much, much larger than him. And they outnumbered him.

To be frank, the situation the worst.

But, as long as Satsuki is looking at him from behind, he felt courage flooding him!

(First, I must fight numbers with numbers.)

Moroha swiftly arrange possible tactics and scenario in his mind.

Holding Saratiga in his right hand, he leap forwards so fast with God Speed Link that not even a mirage can be seen.

At the same time, he wrote out glowing glyphs with his left hand.

『***Like the pavilion on the sand, fragile and phantasmal, revealed as the house of seduction***』

Once the black magic is completed, Moroha’s single body split into 10 bodies.

That’s right, like a certain ninja art popular in pop culture, Moroha had split into several clones.

The 9 heads of the hydra seemed to wave in confusion by the sudden multiple targets, but decided to attack each different Moroha with a different head.

Just when the 6 eyed snake swallowed up its Moroha, that particular Moroha disappeared like a mirage.

At the same time, 3 other Morohas disappeared without a trance after being individually attacked.

Those that disappeared are all fakes created by black magics. Using light to create 3D images, Moroha who seemed to have multiplied, actually had cast the Step 1 Black Magic『**Phantasmal Image**』.

At this point, the real Moroha was approaching his true target——the 5 eyed snake's head. Dodging the fangs, he chopped at the maw as he rushed by.

Glowing pure white with prana, Saratiga sliced apart the maw like a hot knife through butter.

The 5 eyed snake collapsed on the ground and rolled around in pain.

Still, although the attack seemed very successful, it's far from a fatal blow.

Using the internal damage effect of <<Venus>>, the destructive power cannot be underestimated. But against the huge body of this metaphysical, the damage is still not significant enough. Similar to a 3cm cut on a human adult body, even if the cut is deep it won't be a fatal blow.

Also, 4 heads that were previously distracted by the clones were turning back and attaching him from multiple direction.

Moroha cast Phantasmal Image again and scattered the clones in multiple directions.

4 heads went off to chase after the clones while the 7-eyed snake chased after the real Moroha.

Preparing to turn around and meet the attacker, Moroha's grip tighten on Saratiga's hilt……and loosens.

(There's no end to this.)

If he could release prana equivalent to Flaga's, it'll be a different story. But for the current him, this is a long term battle like using an ice pick to chip away slowly at a large tree.

(Even so, the enemy will fall in the end……)

It's similar to the dual with Isurugi Gen, a long term battle of attrition.

But differently from that duel, Moroha simply do not have the time.

Moroha shoot a quick look at Satsuki and Shizuno.

Shizuno's situation is the direst. Although the petrification rate is slow, it was steady and all 4 limbs were petrified at this time.

He had to end this quickly, end this lighting fast.

(If that's the case, how about this….)

Moroha who was running at full speed turned around to face the hydra chasing him.

In his dual with Gen, a similar attack of the same rank ended it in one blow.

『***Dance, Dance, Spirits of Thunder***

No one live forever in this world, in an instant, in a flash, greed and joy

All are abandoned instantly; let the killing party commence this night』

As he sang the aria, he was swiftly tracing the glowing glyphs with a practiced hand and concluded the spell by hitting the lines with a hard blow from his left hand.

Instantly, the lines formed into multiple balls of lightnings——Step Three Dark Magic『**Ball Lightning**』, and the multiple balls exploded against the huge body like carpet bombing.

This time it's the 7 eyed snake's turn to trash in pain after suffering consecutive lightning strikes and burns.

Using Ball Lightning, the area effect damage greatly increased. But the forces are dispersed over a larger area and thus the snake did not received as much damage as expected.

Of course, Moroha did not know that Shizuno's Freezing Shade was not able to deal a fatal blow either.

As these techniques were not used against human targets but giant monsters, the firepower is lacking.

In conclusion, regardless of light techniques or dark magic, both have limited effect against this creature.

[Right tool for the job], this phrase passes through Moroha's mind.

Moroha really wanted to clicked his tongue at the impasse, but he's running out of time.

That's because the 8 eyed snake is approaching him fast after "snaking" through the trashing 7 eyed snake.

(Come.)

Using superior weight and shocking speed, the 8 eyed slammed hard into Moroha with a direct attack.

Moroha gritted his teeth and cross his arms, blocking using Titan Strength Link and jumping back at the same time to reduce the impact.

But, the impact was so stong it felt as if his body was broken into pieces.

"GAHHH……"

Moroha's body was blown far up into the sky like a piece of driftwood.

(That's too powerful.)

While being blown up tens of meters up into the air, Moroha understood this deeply.

If he had not refectively jumped back and lessen the impact somewhat, he would have been really crushed into several pieces when he landed on the ground in the end.

Moroha twisted his body in the air and regain his bearings. Looking down, he looked for a landing spot and also to access the situation.

Downward——the 9 head hydra seemed to be waiting for him impatiently.

The 7 eyed snake that just took a direct hit from Ball lightning had recovered and had joined back into the battle.

(That's…cheating…)

Moroha clutched his teeth tighter.

Overwhelming in strength. Overwhelming in toughness. Even overwhelming in numbers.

So this is the so called creature that required the full mobilization of the Japan Branch to defeat —— the Dreadnought Class Metaphysical.

Moroha's body was finally reclaimed by gravity, and he naturally drop down.

The metaphysical opened their bloody mouth to welcome him.

In Shu Saura's memories, there was no such convenient magic like flight magic.

It's the end.

"Gu……."

Moroha's mind conjured an image of a small boy.

A small boy that looked like him 8 years ago.

The boy was looking at him with darkened eyes.

— Of course it's impossible.

— You cannot save anyone.

— You cannot even save your mother or father.

He could see those condemnations in those darkened eyes.

"I…."

The right hand holding Saratiga was shaking.

"I…."

The trembling intensified, as if reaching a limit.

"I'VE ALREADY PROMISED HER!"

Moroha saw it.

Behind the image of the "him" 8 years ago.

Behind the gazes of condemnation, on the background far away.

He saw Satsuki.

Satsuki was crying.

Satsuki who had witnessed Moroha being thrown up into the air was crying uncontrollably.

Even so, she did not avert her gaze from him.

Even if she was terrified and was surrendering to despair, she still looked on.

No matter what happens, Satsuki will always call Moroha's name in her heart.

Satsuki forced down the fear of the petrification creeping up her body, and only single-mindedly looked at her Onii-Sama.

Seeing the swollen red eyes of this crying sister, Moroha sliced the air once.

Moroha sliced apart the image of him from 8 years ago.

"SCRAM! I'VE NO TIME TO PLAY WITH YOU NOW!"

That's right. We've promised.

No matter how difficult the battlefield, no matter how strong the enemy, no matter how far we are, even if fate threatens to tear us apart "I will always be victorious and return to your side!"

[Breath]

Moroha sucked in a deep breath.

His thoughts cleared.

At this height that can caused the sight to become dizzy, conversely everything can be calmly and clearly observed.

As if waiting for offerings, the hydra was shaking its body happily.

The shopping mall had suffered massive damage. Everything was broken.

Satsuki and Shizuno are still being corrupted by the petrifying curse.

Moroha took in everything he saw, and combine [ALL] into [ONE].

[HAAAAAAAAA]

Moroha steadly let loose his breath and ready his sword.

He relaxed his body, closed his eyes and delves deeply into his consciousness.

The sound of the wind rushing past his ear disappeared.

The sound of the streets disappeared.

The only sound is the beating of his heart, the flow of his blood and his deep

breathing.

And——Moroha seemed to hear the sound of seven gates slamming wide open.

Focusing, he forced the Prana dormant in his body to a high level.

The seven Prana Gates: Left hand, right hand, left leg, right leg, solar plexus, heart and brow, were gushing forth prana like a broken dam and releasing it throughout his whole body.

In the darken skies, Moroha was shining brightly in pure white as if ascending into heaven.

But, this is not enough.

“ROARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR”

Moroha roared toward the sky like a beast.

Being in his natural state is not enough to defeat this hydra. More power is needed.

If one does not abandoned the skin of a human and changed into an avatar of destruction, one cannot defeat a true monster.

CRACK. CRACK. Something seemed to be breaking in Moroha’s head along with a feeling that something is rushing up and down inside his brain. Something is gnawing away from the inside, bringing intense pain never experience by Moroha ever before in this life.

[Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh]

While Moroha is drawing forth prana from the 7 gates——

At the same time he is refining Mana.

From certain languages, magic can be translated literally as [Power from the Devil].

Like the devil, Moroha was ceaselessly stealing and absorbing all ambient energy from the surrounding, be it light, wind, heat or any other naturally occurring sources on earth to boost the power of his mana.

The darker the world, the more powerful he became.

Moroha also nonchalantly swallowed the pure white light of his own prana.

(MORE! I…NEED MORE! MORE MORE MORE MOREMOREMOREMOREMORE)

Moroha strained hiself with a low growl from his throat.

Without power, one can overcome difficulties.

Even if you prayed to God, no one will be saved.

Human Lives and Values are not so easily preserved.

For Moroha who had lost both parents, he had such a deep understanding.

The desire——for power.

The desire for absolute power that will resist fate, overturn adversaries, destroy enemies.

“I won’t arrogantly say that I’ll save anyone! But…..”

Visions flashes through Moroha’s mind.

Satsuki posing in her revealing clothes on their first date.

Satsuki desperately forcing herself trying to catch up to Moroha.

Satsuki with a red face when he is stroking her head.

Satsuki with terry eyes when she wanted to be praised.

Also:

Shizuno and their kiss during their first meeting.

Shizuno undeniable cuteness and her seductive yet daring attitude.

Shizuno and her dimples when she laughed.

Shizuno with her calm,solemn attitude and self-sacrificial but strong will.

Everything Everything Everything.

It’s all precious to him. He does not want to lose anything. So——

“I.....WILL DEFINITELY NOT FORGIVE ANYONE WHO WILL TAKE THOSE TWO FROM ME!!!!”

Moroha’s shout resounded through the clouds.

Prana rushed out form the 7 gates within his body, unendingly and unceasingly as if from a bottomless well.

And Moroha’s mana greedily absorbs and swallowed up the prana as if a black hole.

Prana turned into light and attempt to illuminate the world. Mana diffused into darkness and tried to swallow the world.

Both fought and compete for supremacy over each other and thus, broke each other’s limit.

This is the so called rivalry which raised the power of both through combat.

LOOK!

The white prana and black mana had formed sinuous lines around Moroha.

How much energy and power are hidden among those depths?

[White] & [Black].

The 2 extremely polar energy started to swirl. As if 2 tigers fighting, trying to bite each other’s tail.

Almost like the symbol for Taoism.

Isurugi Jin once said this: Moroha's value was his versatility.

He’s wrong. Very wrong. He was speaking as someone with a fixed mindset and no imagination.

The principal once said this: Prana and Mana can be made to work with each other if you were to think about it.

Moroha is the [The Eldest Heroic Spirit], an existence above common knowledge. One who can freely control Prana and Mana.

As if to break apart the world, Moroha’s twin power burst out explosively.

『**TRACE**』

Taking a stance with Saratiga in his right, his left hand wrote out the magic script.

He was not able to cut off even one single head using the internal destruction

of Light Techniques or the wide area destruction of Dark Magic.

Moroha understood that he cannot defeat the hydra if he continued the same method.

But, no because of this, Moroha had to think out a new and extreme alternative method, and sang the aria in a clear voice: 『***Purgatory of Hell, Conflagration of Gaia***

Fire burn good and evil without prejudice, purifying all in its intense mercy

All beings revert to bones at death,

For God abandoned humanity,

Let this corrupted world end, Let the trumpets sound, Let the time of judgement begin』

Aria and the tracing combined.

Something was continuing to crack inside Moroha's brain, and he seemed to hear another...him...speaking: "That's right. Let all witness the might and power of one who is called <The Pluto>."

This is a dark magic that's ranked two steps above Incinerate. The Step Five Dark Magic 『**Black Gehenna**』.

Finishing the five glyphs lines, Moroha tapped them to conclude the spell.

Not with his hand this time, but with Saratiga held in his right hand.

Darkness——

Suddenly, a mass of black flame not natural to the world manifested.

The black flame twisted around as if alive, but gradually concentrated onto a point.

Concentrated onto Saratiga.

Blending into the prana surrounding the sword, the sword seemingly burst into black flame.

WHOAAAAAAAAAAA!!

With sparks flying out from the black flame, Moroha raised the fiery Saratiga

high over his head.

He dropped down the sky like a comet trailing smoke behind him.

At this time, 8 heads were rushing towards him.

The 9 eyed snake breathe petrification smoke at him.

“ARRRRRRGGGGGGGGGG”

Regardless of all obstacles, Moroha slashed through with his hellfire sword. Amazingly, the immaterial smoke was cut apart and disappear without a trace.

Spinning his body, the hellfire swirl around Moroha like a whirlpool.

As he dropped down, Morohaspin the hellfire into a screw-like shape and approached the 9 eyed snake.

Piecing into the maw with the prana and mana combined sword.

And, an explosion of white and black——

<<**Venus**>> broke apart the internal body like a toxin creating pathways, and『**Black Gehenna**』flooded along the pathways burning everything.

Internal Destruction and Area effect destruction working together. A combined attack.

In the end, one snake of the hydra burst apart, destroyed from within.

Moroha is the only savior in the world capable of using both Light Techniques and Dark Magics.

Thus, he could forged a third path and create an all new skill of his own.

In the future, The White Knight Order will name it thus:

《**Yin-Yang Ancestral Arts**》-

ck Sword that Sears All Heavens

《***KURIKARA***》

Losing one of its heads, the other 8 heads rushed forwards together in a frenzy.

Moroha landed on the one of the snake body and majestically swung his sword several times.

All these time, his body was emitting light and darkness.

5 eyed, 3 eyed, 2 eyed, 8 eyed, 4 eyed, 6 eyed, 7 eyed——

Moroha destroyed one head after another as they attacked him.

“I am < **The Guardian of the Holy Sword**> and FLAGA SHU SAURA 『**The Holder of the Forbidden Spell**』! For you who have angered me, repent and burned in hellfire foreverrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!!!”

Shouting while dancing with his hellfire sword, Moroha was like a fiery whirlwind.

Fresh blood spraying into the air were vaporised by the heat.

Surprisingly, the mono eyed snake that was injured at the very first start of the battle was the last head to be bisected.

And, the battle ended.

Moroha seem to have effortlessly and instantly vanquished the hydra.

The giant snake bodies that had lost all the heads lost all strength and flopped to the ground lifeless.

6 of the giant headless body crashed into the shopping buildings and the buildings were demolished.

Looking at the wanton destruction below him, Moroha did not relax his fighting spirit.

Somersaulting with his sword held against his shoulder, he shoots towards the ground straight as an arrow.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

Moroha thrust out the deciding blow and piece the ground strongly with Saratiga.

Huge amount of Prana and Mana were pumped into the ground and the ground heaved.

The huge courtyard was broken into pieces, not unlike a cookie dropped onto the floor.

The surrounding buildings lost their foundations and were demolished.

The ground pieced directly by Saratiga exploded and a huge hole was created, revealing the enormous main body of the hydra hidden underground.

That body was pieced by Saratiga and all remaining prana and mana was released inside.

A pillar of flame shoots towards the heaven like an erupting volcano.

The enormous fiery pillar piece the high dark clouds and broke a hole in the cloud cover.

A shaft of light shine through the gap onto the destroyed shopping mall.

In a situation where no one was killed, a dreadnaught class Metaphysical was destroyed.

Haimura Moroha.

Just by the power of himself, and the feelings he held for his little sister.....

Epilogue

Moroha was tiredly climbing the hell slope leading to the academy.

Satsuki and Shizuno were walking by his sides but Satsuki had been nagging non-stop all the way.

“That was really dangerous! Onii-sama!”

His ears were growing tired from the same phrase.

When Moroha destroyed the main body, didn’t he destroy the entire shopping mall?

The ground broke, the buildings collapsed, Satsuki and Shizuno petrified right in the middle…….

“We were lucky that the first 9 eyed snake you destroyed was the key to undoing the petrification curse and so we were able to escape on our own. If not for that coincidence, what would you have done?”

While Satsuki was venting at Moroha, Moroha was trying to defend himself: “ No...that was unavoidable. I had to bet my life just to destroy that fella. Anyway, if I had held back, there could have been worst consequences……”

“Couldn't you have given us some consideration?!!!”

“I’m sorry. Please let me know what I can do to make it up to you?”

While Moroha begged Satsuki, she held a contemplative look going [Let’s see...].

“I would like to give thanks to Moroha instead.”

Shizuno facing straight forward was saying that expressionly .

“Uh? Urushibara you traitor!!!”

“Moroha, thank you very much. How would you like me to reward you? How about something that will greatly decrease my value as a girl?”

“Don’t take the opportunity to score points with Moroha!!!”

“Both of you are so energetic…..”

Which side was really the one who almost turned into stone and at the edge of death?

Moroha would like nothing better than to just lie down on the roadside and go to sleep.

Still, even if he was exhausted, he had to obey the principle who called him by phone and ordered him to report back immediately.

The principle also warned him that he'll have to give a clear and concise report upon his arrival, no details omitted. Just thinking about it, Moroha felt faint.

"Ah well. It's fine, since Moroha kept his promise."

Looks like her mood turned better after venting. Satsuki was scratching her face in embarrassment.

"Anyway, shouldn't you ladies be the one to lavishly reward me?"

"Lavishly? What do you mean by la…lavishly?"

Satsuki shirked back in fear and came to a suddenly conclusion: "Don't…don't tell me? You want me to also do something that will decrease my value as a girl as thanks?"

Satsuki was so embarrassed that she was red to her ears.

"Are you still desiring my soft gentle lips? Was it so unforgettable for you?"

"Wait...Imouto-sama. I think your fantasies had gone off a deviant path since a while ago."

"No~~. Stop, Moroha. We are siblings. It's too early to do that kind of things."

Satsuki had already stop listening. She was hugging herself and twisting her body shyly as she lost herself in some fantasy world.

"Shizuno, let's go."

Moroha heartlessly abandoned Satsuki and moved quickly away up the hill with Shizuno.

"WAIT!! DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND!"

Moroha turned his head to look behind and the angry Satsuki chasing them

and smiled.

Shizuno's dimples were floating up on her face.

The new leaves were dancing on the winds above the road.

The gentle sun, the greenery surrounding them.

Without their awareness the weather had turned sunny, nothing better to let one relax in.

He can walk along the road to school with Satsuki and Shizuno again. He can chat and laugh along with them again.

Moroha was satisfied.

The effort he put in today was not wasted.

Right, if he were to get more rewards, he'll be frightened instead of divine retribution.

After conquering the hell slope, the school gate finally appeared in front of them.

Isurugi Jin was waiting for them.

"I could hear you guys all the way from here."

Moroha suddenly felt embarrassed when he hear that from Isurugi.

"No, no. That was meant as being amazed by your resilience. Seeing how you guys are flirting, you don't looked like you had went through a life and death battle. It's amazing that the metaphysical was destroyed just by the three of you. It's truly heroic. I'll really like to learn from you guys."

If someone else was to say the same words to them. They'll have felt uncomfortable. But only Isurugi did not give them that feeling.

"Good job. Please accept my deepest respect."

Isurugi unreservedly praised and congratulate them.

Moroha stopped walking and look straight into Isurugi's straight and honest face.

This guy abandoned Satsuki and Shizuno to their death.

If Moroha had no resentment towards this, it'll be a lie.

But, Isurugi did not apologize for that decision. And that was why Moroha decided to forgive him.

He did not apologize because he ultimately believed that he made the correct decision. Believing that Moroha would win against the Metaphysical by himself would be against the norm. Regardless of the outcome, that was the belief and judgment of one capable of leading the combat corp. That of a leader.

Moroha do not want to be someone like Jin, who shouldered the fate of many people.

Moroha can only expand his full energy to protecting those right beside him.

Thus he changed his mind. He felt that if he continued to resent Jin who bears such a heavy burden, it be too despicable of him.

"It was really tiring. I will definitely not do that a second time."

Moroha untied the knot in his heart and grinned at Isurugi.

Isurugi's entire atmosphere calm down considerably.

"Actually, I've something to tell you guys. That's why I was waiting here," Isurugi said that with a big smile.

"I would like to invite Ranjou-san to join us as a reserve member."

Moroha grunted in surprise and they all turned to stare at the named person.

Satsuki was frozen.

5 seconds...10 seconds...15 seconds...

"EEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Satsuki screamed.

"Whywhywhywhy? Why do you want me suddenly?" Satsuki was screaming in confusion.

"You challenged that monster fearlessly because you were trying to protect the powerless masses right? That is courage were praising, a model savior worth emulating. Even with strength, that is something that couldn't be trained out by a normal people. It's something inborn. Someone like you who processed such a strong sense of justice is a rare gem needed by the combat corp. So I hope for

you to join us.”

“But…but…but…in the end I did not……”

“That’s just like Isurugi senpai.”

When Satsuki was about to deny her involvement, Moroha quickly cut in and hit her with his elbow to remind her to keep quiet. Such an honest person. REALLY!

“Even if you said that, it’s too much to have her join as an official member immediately, right? So you’ll have her join in as a reserve member to train her up, correct? Ah, such a comprehensive plan.” Moroha said in a rush with a face full of fake smiles.

Moroha had already advanced the conversation several steps in advance and said everything Isurugi wanted to say, so Jin can only smiled bitterly and nod his head. After a [Please think about it], he left them and head back.

“Isurugi senpai misunderstood...in the end the monster was defeated only by Moroha,” Satsuki whimpered softly.

“It’s impossible to win one on one with a metaphysical, this is a deeply rooted common sense. If it was known that this truth was broken, Moroha would be raised to an S-class Savior,” Shizuno explained this expressionlessly.

Satsuki, disturbed, turned towards Moroha and said: “ Moroha really did that thou...”

“Regardless of who defeated it or how many people did it, it’s no matter right? Rethink what Isurugi-Senpai said. He praised Satsuki’s fighting spirit right? We actually think that too, so you can puff out your chest and be proud.”

Moroha scratched his head and awkwardly patted Satsuki’s shoulder.

“Can I really do that?” Satsuki mumbled to herself and pinched her face hard.

“Feeling pain in her cheek, she finally acknowledge that this is reality.

“GREAT! GREAT! GREAT!” Satsuki started jumping around in joy.

“I won’t be pushed aside out of the circle. I can be beside Onii-sama’s side. I’m so happy!!”

At the end, she actually pounced forward and hugged Moroha tight naively. Moroha was feeling flustered over this.

Still, no matter what, a warm feeling flooded from his heart and he lowered his soft gaze at the Satsuki hugging him.

For now, even if it's just a tiny little bit, he really felt that this is his little sister, so he gently stroke her head.

"Remember not to become a burden to us."

"Irritating! If I promote to an official member first, don't hate me!"

Even after Shizuno tease her, Satsuki still maintained her radiant smile.

"Right! Since it's decided, Let's take a bath after we get back. And take a long nap. To prepare for the training tomorrow!"

"We still have to report to the principle thou."

Wanting to escape by herself, not so easy.

Luckily she had hugged him on her own free will first, so Moroha caught her firmly.

"Guuu. Moroha was not petrified. So you cannot understand our fatigue," Satsuki complained while struggling.

"Really. My legs still felt a bit stiff. Like there's some rocks grinding against each other inside the leg. It felt really disgusting."

"Ah, I get that feeling. It's the same for me."

"Right! Right! Although it could be our imagination…"

"REALLY?!"

Before Satsuki could finished, Moroha's expression turned serious, and he knelt down.

His left hand and right hand reached out…and groped hard on the legs of both Satsuki and Shizuno.

"WHAT?" "Ara."

Satsuki widened her eyes in shock while Shizuno put both hands on her

reddened cheeks. Moroha was just concentrating on checking the conditions of their legs.

Satsuki's leg was athletic and bouncy. No matter where he touched, the flesh is springy. It felt really good to stroke it.

On the other side, Shizuno's leg was surprisingly voluptuous. But it's definitely not fat. When he squeezes with his hand, his fingers would sink deeply into the extremely soft flesh. Enough to make anyone's heart pound.

"There don't seemed to be anywhere abnormal, even so should we visit a doctor and get a MRI done?"

While Moroha was stroking both their legs, he was talking seriously to them.

"Before that, maybe we should go to the police station……YOU PERVERTED ONII-SAMA!!!!" Satsuki replied with one eyebrow twitching in irritation.

Moroha jerked slightly, coming back to his senses, and finally realized the crazy thing he's doing.

(I worried about you both-- Really--)

Still, Satsuki was glaring coldly at him.

Maybe it's due to his guilt, but it seemed as if Satsuki's cold piecing gaze was stabbing at the hand on Shizuno's thigh.

"Ahhh ahhhh. As your sister, I feel so sad. Is there anything you want to say?"

"----------It's a really beautiful leg."

"Yes, let's make a trip to the police station. It's good for you to spend a night in a cold cell."

"I would like to visit a gynecologist with Moroha someday instead."

"STOP SAYING NONSENSE OVER THERE!" Satsuki was angered beyond reason.

"Moroha! Shizuno! Both all you are too fallen!" She shouted at the two of them while pointing at them.

"The great me will spend lots of time to slowly straighten you out. So be thankful to me! Ho ho ho ho ho!"

Satsuki maintained that position and laughed shrilly.

“The two of you are lucky to have me as a training partner. You should cry in joy.”

“Yes. I feel like crying now.”

“As above.”

“Come, let us proceed to the principle office then!”

Satsuki energectically dragged the two of them forward by grabbing their hands and taking great steps forward.

“Moroha and Shizuno exchanged a glance, and ——

The three of them smiled and chatted happily, walking forward...together.

Afterword

I wanted to write about a main character that's dashing to the extreme and great battles that sets the blood boiling.

I wanted to write about a main character with his childhood friend or a girl with an even closer relationship, and their clumsy yet mischievous triangular love.

With these two "concepts", I thought endlessly on how to fulfill these requirements for a story backdrop. And I thought of a way—— Reincarnate once, reincarnate twice and I'll get a main character with 2 past lives. Great idea right?

So, this became the main gear for this new story.

Because of two past lives, he possessed the greatest swordsman title and the notorious name of the greatest magician. Basically he's a very powerful character.

And in each past life, he had a different love-onto-eternity love that transcend one life time and continued to the next.

This main Character – Haimura Moroha's story, is this book "Seiken Tsukai no World Break".

If you had read until here and had felt the story was that little [interesting], please continue to pick up this series and continue reading. It's fine if you do just that.

The afterword this time is only 2 pages, so I've ran out of space for story introduction.

Thus, let's quickly move on to my thank you script!

Firstly to my illustrator Refeia-sensei: even before the story was written, sensei had helped to sketch out a normally impossible amount of high quality conceptual designs. Seeing so many beautiful coloured pages, I'm felt lucky I've had sensei's help in illustration. My heartfelt thanks.

Also, my editor Maizo-san spared no effort in each and every details and unreservedly gave constructive suggestions. My sincere thanks too. I will continue to be in your care in the future.

It's an uphill road to start a new series with many difficulties. Chief Editor Kitamura and Mr.T gave me their full encouragement and support. It really helped a lot and the draft had finally become a complete work.

I heard that this book also came under the care of the editorial department and the marketing department. I'm really thankful.

CAPCOM also announced the date of sales for Monster Hunter 4, that's great too!

Lastly, to all the readers who had picked up this book, my greatest appreciation all the way from Hiroshima. My greatest thanks to everyone.

I hope to see everyone again in the 2nd volume. Please wait patiently for it.

In the next volume, we'll reveal Shizuno's secret that was not shown in this volume, and Moroha will sliced apart that cursed fate with one sword stroke.

2012 October, Akamitsu Awamura